

NOTES  
ON *y-14-14*  
DRYDEN'S  
VIRGIL.

In a Letter to a Friend.  
With an ESSAY on the same Poet.

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By Mr. MILBOURNE.

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*Arma virum—Nonne hoc spumofum & cortice pingui?  
Ut Ramale Vetus prægrandis subere coctum.*

Perf. Sat. 1.

Thus Translated by Mr. Dryden :

Friend——What if I bring

A Nobler Verse? Arms and the Man I sing.

Perf. Why name you Virgil with such Fops as these?

He's truly great, and must for ever please :

Not Fierce, but Awful is his Manly Page ;

Bold is his Strength, but Sober is his Rage.

*Cadimus inque vicem præbemus cura Sagittis.*

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L O N D O N ,

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By M. MILDORNE

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# NOTES ON DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

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In a Letter to a Friend.

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S I R,

**W**Hen the late Translation of *Virgil* first appear'd in Public, you desir'd my Thoughts of it: The Task was not ingrateful; for tho I never had any great Opinion of Mr. *Dryden's* Performances of that kind, yet I had so great a Respect for *Virgil*, as made every thing which might endenizen him, acceptable to me: I set therefore upon reading the Translation presently, and cast my Observations on it into Writing: But meeting with many *Avocations*, of which you are not ignorant, I have

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had since no Leisure to look over or compleat them. Being at last Master of a little, I send them you; of what Weight they may appear to *the Few*, Time will shew.

And here, in the first place, I must needs own *Jacob Tonson's* Ingenuity to be greater than the *Translator's*, who, in the *Inscription* of his fine Gay in the Front of the Book, calls it very honestly *Dryden's Virgil*, to let the Reader know, that this is not *that Virgil* so much admired in the *Augustæan Age*, an Author whom Mr. *Dryden* once thought *Untranslatable*, but a *Virgil* of another Stamp, of a courser Allay; a silly, impertinent, non-sensical *Writer*, of a various and uncertain Style, a meer *Alexander Ross*, or some body inferiour to him; who could never have been known again in the Translation, if the Name of *Virgil* had not been bestow'd upon him in large Characters in the Frontispiece and in the Running Title. Indeed, there's scarce the *Magni Nominis Umbra* to be met with in this Translation, which being fairly intimated by *Jacob*, he needs add no more, but *Si Populus vult decipi decipiatur*.

But Mr. *Dryden* himself, after some little *v. litations* and odd *Complements* bestow'd on my Lord Clifford and the E. of Chesterfield, shews his *Triarii*, and in a large Battle, with a Front of extraordinary Length, but not very Deep, in his Address to my Lord Marquis of Normandy; Mr. *Dryden* knew he had to do with a Critic of the First Rate in that Noble Lord;  
That

That he perfectly understood the *Author*, and his *Translation*, and therefore try'd to tyre him so with a very familiar indeed, but tedious and confus'd Epistle, as might, if possible, prevent his looking more nicely into the *Translation*: and doubtless if that *Noble Lord* had patience to read over such a *Volume of Impertinence*, Mr. *Dryden* might justly give him leave to damn all the rest of the *Book*.

It may perhaps be worth the while to examine that Epistle a little, to see what Thoughts Mr. *Dryden* in it has of his own Performances, and the Intellectuals of others; tho a Man must be very carefull of his Movements, since a dreadfully barbarous, and unnatural *Postscript* lyes behind in *Ambuscade*, and Heaven knows how many little *Scribblers* have fallen into the Hands of those merciless Monsters, to the perpetual Terror of such unthinking presumptuous Creatures. However I'll March as warily as I can, and being forewarn'd, may be perhaps forearm'd too, till I have gone through what I design'd, and you expected from me.

After some Discourse of the Nature of an Epic Poem, He tells us, as he says, from *Bossu*, That *Statius* had a mind to try his Strength with *Virgil* on a particular Subject, as *Funeral Games*, as *Virgil* had with *Homer*: I have not *Bossu* by me, but if he talks so, he mistakes. *Statius* never pretended to come up to *Virgil*, much less to *Wrestle a Fall* with him in *Heroics*. *Tu ne Divinum Aeneida tenta, sed longe sequere,*

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*Œ vestigia semper adora*, was more agreeable to his Modesty. He might imitate Virgil without incurring the Name of *that Capaneus of a Poet*, which perhaps, may pass for a *fine Thought*, but indeed is *Nonsense*; nothing but *Lightning* could hinder *Capaneus* from entering Thebes in spite of all their Gods. Pray what hindered Statius from mating Virgil? And Virgil can scarce be said to borrow any thing from Homer in this case, since his Games were of another Nature as 'twas fit they should have been, only his were *Funeral Games* as well as those of Homer, and might have been so, tho he had never read the Grecians Poems.

After a long Story about the *Epic and Dramatic Poem*, especially the *Tragedy*, He closes his Paragraph, with a Character of his own *Tragedies*, tho he introduces it with a Reflection on the *Lord Orrery*, what ever that is, the rest is true on certain Experience. We can believe *Achilles* or *Aeneas* routed Armies in Homer, or Virgil. But, *Ne Hercules contra duos* in the Drama. This is coming to Confession for *Almanzor*. Afterwards He tells some more Truths of Himself, such as may perhaps make him a Hero, but of no perfect Virtue; However He's a Native of *Parnassus*, and bred up in the Study of its Fundamental Laws. Now if I'm not mistaken those are *Monarchical*, but Mr. D— since he received Mr. M—es stamp is of another Clan, a mere *Renegado* from *Monarchy, Poetry, and good Sense*. But let him  
praise

praise himself, while we wonder at his Writings, and conclude with himself, That All are not Heroic Poets, I add, Nor fit to Translate them, who have assum'd that lofty Title in Antient or Modern Ages, or have been so esteem'd by their partial or ignorant Admirers.

They are not to be rank'd among the three whom I have nam'd, This passage is somewhat obscure, for whether he means Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, or Tasso, Spencer, and Milton, or speaks of three where he had nam'd but two, only to burlesque Scripture, may be disputed. But why was not Mr. Cowley nam'd as well as Spencer, or Milton, since Spencer's *Fairy Queen* is no more finish'd than Mr. Cowley's *Davideis*, I know those who have little of their own, condemn the Superfluity of his Wit, the Reason is their Unhappiness, not His? Those who have Wit may use it, and those who want it may be Angry: But I'd sooner yield to my Lord Bishop of Rochester's Character of that Beginning of the *Davideis*, That It's a better instance and beginning of a Divine Poem than he had ever yet seen in any Language, than submit to the Censorious Ignorance of our latter Scriblers.

A Poet cannot speak too plain on the Stage—I'm afraid then a great many fine words in the *Conquest of Granada*, must be lost, such as *Vivarambla*, *Mirador*, *Escapade* &c. which may create some difficulties to Unhispanioliz'd Readers.



The Verse out of the 8th *Eneid* proves it not *Secretosque pios &c.* ( for so it should be written ) *Augustus* himself would have Honour'd *Cato* for his severe Virtue ; but neither *Virgil* nor any other *Wise Man* would have admir'd him for his *mistaken Republicanism* ; and had *Virgil* been suspected for such Principles, the very suspicion would have ruin'd what Mr. D. makes the great Moral of the Poem. But *Virgil* is not the only Person on whom Mr. D. has endeavour'd to fix a *Scandalous Character*.

For the Cause of Religion is but a modern Motive to Rebellion, invented by the Christian Priesthood refining on the Heathen. This is malicious enough, and would have been an Invention becoming Mr. Dryden's Wit, had he been unhappily admitted into Holy Orders ; tho' for ought I know, his very Christianity may be questionable. But I'm afraid, Mr. D's a little out in his Chronology. His old Friend *Lucretius* tells him, *Religio peperit scelerata atque impia facta*, and might not Rebellion be reckon'd among such kind of Actions, if he questions it, I'll shew him some Instances of *Rebellions under the pretence of Religion* before Christianity was heard of ; and since then, I have never heard of any sort of *Christians*, who have turn'd Religion into Rebellion, and Faith into Faction, but those of the Church of Rome, and their spawn of the Separation. Our *Republicans* are generally *Atheists*, and therefore tho' they are as ready for a Rebellion as

Heart  
I

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Heart could wish, it can't be said to be under Pretence of Religion.

He being murder'd by his own Son. I wonder where Mr. Dryden met with that fine Piece of History? How many Sons had Julius Cæsar? And by which of his Wives had He this Barbarian of a Son who murdered Him? I have heard indeed, that when Brutus struck him, he cry'd out *ἢ οὐ τιμωρ*. Cæsar had been us'd to call him Son familiarly, and out of Kindness, but no body ever said He was Cæsar's own Son: Now it's one of the Fundamental Laws of Parnassus to write True History. Therefore, if Mr. D. attempt any more,

——— *Pimplæum ascendere mentem*

*Musæ furcillis præcipitem ejicient.*

It would be a great Kindness to the World to give a good Evidence of the Truth of Virgil's Desire that his *Æneids* should be burnt. I don't remember any of his Contemporaries mentioning it; and Sulpitius's Epigram, and those Verses fastned on Augustus, and the Story in Donatus are not exact enough to build our Credit upon in the Case.

The Poetical Revenge he talks of was only fit for his Observation; a Critic would have been asham'd of it. Among Rowers, or Racers, or Archers, or Players at Whorlbats, if that Word may be used as English for the Latine *Cæstus*, some must have been worsted; but Virgil endeavours to represent their Case tenderly; and either some extraordinary Misfortunes,

fortune, or some *Machine* is brought in to excuse the *Loofer*; which needed not, had he made them *such* out of pique. Thus *Dares* was a Terror to every one, and could have been beaten by none but *Entellus*, who was a Match for a *Demigod*.

It's possible for a *Courtier* not to be a *Knave*, is a great *Discovery*, and an extraordinary *Condescension*. But what a Happiness is it, that Mr. D. can speak so freely as no *Dutch Commentator* could? Poor Scoundrels, silly illiterate Fellows they! What were the *Heinsius's* and *Emmenessius's* to Mr. Dryden? But one Poet may judge of another by himself. Excellent! Poet *Squab*, endued with Poet *Maro's* Spirit by a wonderful *Metempsychosis*, yet just before *Virgil* was no *Knave*. It was an ugly croaking kind of *Vermin* which would need swell to the Bulk of an Ox. He who'd burn a Collection of Mr. D's Works every Year to the *Manes of Virgil*, would be as just as He who sacrific'd a *Statius* to Him: I'm sure they'd blush, if Souls were capable of it, at the *Scandalous Parallel*; but He can speak what the French durst not. Yet would not a *French Army*, with the P. of W. at the Head of it, be very welcome to Mr. D. and, without doubt, they'd make us all *Free Subjects* presently.

*Aeneas* could not pretend to be *Priam's Heir* by *Lineal Succession*. Heir, to what? Did He pretend to reign at *Troy*, to set up again for the *Command of all Asia*? No, but He, and a few more, advis'd by the Gods to put themselves

selves under his Command, went to *seek their Fortunes* in another Country, from whence, tho' the *Trojans* had descended, God knows when, yet *Priam*, nor any *Heir of his*, had any thing to do there: But Mr. D. must be squinting at a *Prince*, who had no great Opinion of *his Merit*, and therefore gave the *Lawrel* to another; and thus *the Vengeance He deserves is not forgotten*. Yet, now I think on't, why should not *Aeneas* be *Priam's Heir*, since Mr. D. tells us in the very next Page, That *He married the Heiress of the Crown*. But how could that be, when here he observes, that *Helenus* and *Atys Priam's Son and Grandson* were still living? But these *Great Wits* have commonly very *bad Memories*, and must now and then, to *throw dirt at Princes*, or to *wreak their Teen*, be allowed to talk a little *Nonsense*.

It was not for Nothing that *Virgil* made the Office of *High Priest* vacant by the Death of *Pantheus* for *his Hero* to succeed in it. Of this great Discovery Mr. D. says, *If Commentators have not taken notice, he's sure they ought to have done it*. Now I'm afraid Mr. D.'s a little too confident here; and I durst adventure much, that *Virgil*, that most *Judicious* of *Poets*, had no such Thought in his Head: He says indeed, in the Person of *Hector* appearing to him in the Vision, *Sacra suosque tibi commendat Roma Penates*; and he tells us further of *Hector*, that presently after these Words, *Manibus vitta, Vestamque potentem Aeternumque adytis*

*adytis effert penetralibus ignem.* If by this *Aeneas* was made the *Pontifex Maximus*, it was not in the room of *Pantheus*, for He was yet living, and *Aeneas* meets Him soon after, and from him receives the lamentable Account of *Simon's Villany* and *Troy's Ruine*; and *Pantheus* was then flying with his Gods and his Nephew to seek for Shelter; *Pantheus* then turns again, as it should seem, with *Aeneas* and others to try their utmost to drive off the Enemy; and *Pantheus* is killed afterwards, in the very medley of War, when *Aeneas* had no time to look after his Gods; nor do we find him ever seeking for them; but when he returns home to carry off his Family, *Anchises* bears the Gods left at Home by *Hector* in the Vision before, along with them in their last Flight. Besides, *Pantheus* was particularly the Priest of *Apollo*, and not greater than *Laocoon* before, who was *Neptune's* Priest, of great Interest and Authority, and therefore made an Example of by angry *Minerva*; but *Augustus*, for whose Sake this deep Discovery was made, was the Chief Priest of all, not devoted to any one, but presiding over the Religious Ceremonies of all the Gods, and was no more *Aeneas* his Heir in this Office, than *Aeneas* had been the Heir of *Pantheus*.

But Virgil makes *Diomedes* give him a higher Character for Strength and Courage. A higher Character than whom? It must be than *Hector*: Now *Segrais* was much wiser to omit this Observation, than Mr.D. to make it;  
for

for *Virgil* says no such thing ; for tho they were *Ambo animis ambo insignes præstantibus armis*. That expression makes them not equal by any means, two Men may be very Brave, very Valiant, and yet one more so than the other ; and that very Addition of *Hic pietate Prior* ; was but to bring the balance even, that *Aeneas's* piety, might make up the defects of his Fortitude, when compar'd with *Hector*. And it could not at all become *Virgil* to contradict *Homer*, who tho he made *Aeneas* the second Champion of the Trojans, yet shews him every where inferior to *Achilles*, *Ajax*, and *Diomedes* ; and even *Hector* himself was thought too weak for any of them. *Diomedes* therefore only complements *Aeneas*, not as an over match for himself, but as a really great Man, whom they'd find it very hard to equal, tho he were inferior to one who was too hard not only for *Venus*, but for *Mars* himself.

Mr. D. next gives us ten Lines of *Diomedes* Speech, but prudently tells his Lord the Reason why he omitted the Translation. Because he had no Reason to desire he should see that, and the Original together. And this was a Favour he ought to have beg'd of every Man, for never, certainly was such an Original so barbarously abus'd before. Yet Mr. D. thinks, He has not succeeded ill in the version of those Lines : this is his old Distemper, admiring and glassing himself in the Mirror of his own Rymes ;

*Rhymes*; but let us consider a little how he really has succeeded.

*We met in Fight*; I know him to my cost; Virgil says not so, nor could Diomedes, they had met indeed in Battle, but Diomedes got no hurt, only Aeneas was struck down with a Massive Stone, and had dy'd under Diomedes Hand, had not his Mother luckily sav'd him, this then was an absurd Addition without Sense or Reason.

*With what a whirling force his Lance he tost.* Did ever any one talk so before? *Tossing* intimates no extraordinary Violence in a thing which is aim'd at a Mark, as a Lance is in Battel; *Tossing in a Blanket*, which the Translator deserves, indeed is somewhat a violent Motion upward, but downward it's very natural, as honest Sancho would have inform'd him; *Tossing* and *Hurling*, are very different, one infers Force and Rapidity, the other only a looser and more careless Impulse.

*Heavens what a Spring was in his Arm to throw!* Is too Philosophical for an old Grecian General, and no way fit for a grave, old Prince, to say the Ambassadors of another, nor is it in Virgil.

*And rose at every blow:* Wonderfully Heroical, and somewhat like honest Tyrrheus the Block-River.

*Two more his match in might.* Is false Grammar.

*They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight.* As if there had been but one Battle during

during the *Siege of Troy*; or as if that were a good Expression for the *Fortune of the War*.

*The War protracted, and the Siege delay'd.* Is very mean, and a little mistaken, the taking of *Troy* was delay'd indeed by *Hector* and *Aeneas*, but not the *Siege*.

*Both brave alike, and equal in Command:* Is intolerable, *Aeneas* was but a kind of Lieutenant General under *Hector*, not equal in Command with him, tho I find *Homer* calling *Aeneas*, "Ἀνὴρ ἄνδρων", and that before the *Death of Priam*.

*In pious Reverence to the Gods excell'd.* Mr. D. here forgets what he had rightly observ'd in his *Dedication*, That *Piety in Aeneas* was of a more extensive Importance, than only to have relation to the Gods, for it contains the whole Duty of Man towards his Country, and his Relations. Again, *Aeneas* was inferior in the Field to *Hector*, witness *Hector's* own Visionary Words to him. *Si Troja dextrâ Defendi possent etiam hæc defensa fuissent*, meaning his own, which if not true, had been indecent for the Ghost of so modest a Man as *Hector* was.

This now is Mr. D's Great Success, Mr. Ogilby's must appear much better to an Impartial Reader, and what if that passage were thus Translated;

*We too have try'd his Javelins distant force,  
And Hand to Hand have stop't his dreadful course,  
We've seen how high he'd lift his mighty Shield,  
And how his Spear like Whirl-winds rak'd the  
( Field, And*

*And had the Trojan spacious Bounds supply'd  
Two more like him for daring Valour try'd.  
War then had chang'd his Scene, and Greece  
had mourn'd*

*In ruins, by the Trojan Arms o'erturn'd,  
The War was long, the tenth sad Year at last,  
On our Victorious Brows the Garland plac'd.  
Great Hector, Great Æneas stop'd the Tyde,  
They two so long our utmost Force defy'd;  
Both brave, and both for Martial Deeds Re-  
nounc'd,*

*The latter more with God-like goodness  
Crown'd.*

*But an immediate Revelation dispenses with  
all duties of Morality: This is one of those ex-  
cellent Doctrines Mr. D. would have propaga-  
ted in the Church, had he once crept into  
Orders, his Divinity, and his Law is much  
alike, and were it fit to mingle Sacred Matters  
with his wretched Stuff, the case of the Israe-  
lites would by no means fit his turn.'*

*Or the honesty of his Hero would be ill defend-  
ed: It's wondrous Honesty indeed to be  
true to Whoring. Æneas had trespassed against  
Morality, and because at Heavens warning,  
he would not persist in it, he was scarce Ho-  
nest; now methinks, he represents a Penitent,  
who's not so far master of himself, but that  
he'll still hanker after folly, and with much  
ado, and Heavens warning and assistance,  
Subdues his Sensual Inclinations; but what's  
this to Mr. D.*

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But possession having cool'd his Love as it increas'd here. Virgil hints at no such thing; He represents his Hero pleas'd with his too amorous Queen, busy both as a Husband, and a Lover, as well as a Statesman, or Magistrate: Not to be chang'd, but by a Divine Command, and even then *Animum multo labefactus amore*; so no natural mutability could have diverted his Affections, only pitying Heaven put a full stop to them.

I think I may be Judge of this, because I Translated both, i. e. Ovid's Epistle of Dido to Aeneas, and Virgil's Episode; Very great indeed! and it may be they are Translated a like, and that must evidence the wonderful Acumen of this assuming Judge. But it would be well if Mr. D. could ascertain the time or date of Ovid's Epistle, and demonstrate that the Aeneis was written before the *Epistola Heroidum*; for if he fails here, Ovid was not so much out in his Measures as our Translator imagines.

Mercury calls Aeneas, not only a Husband, but a fond Husband. Here Mr. D's Memory fail'd him again.

Virgil makes the Intrigue between Dido, and Aeneas a Marriage, to make way for the divorce. This is one of Mr. D's Mysteries Revealed; To land himself could not have clear'd 'em better. But where, in the name of Folly, is the Divorce? If this be to be call'd one, there are many of our Modern Heroes of Mr. D's  
Cut,

*Cui*, who have forsaken their *Wives*, but can get no *Livia's*, tho they may *Julia's*.

*Ac veluti magno in Populo, &c.* This is the first Similitude which Virgil makes in this Poem, True; but his Translator whose Wit is the very Quintessence of decency, has help'd him to another. Then as an Eagle gripes his trembling Game, &c. and this where, according to his own Rules, it was by no means proper.

If I desir'd to appear more Learned than I am, it had been as easie for me to have taken their Objections, and Solutions, as it is for a Country Parson to take the Expositions of the Fathers out of Junius, and Tremellius. Very smart on my word! Mr. Bay's has a spite to a Country Parson, because refus'd to be one, and it's plain he has met somewhere with the names of Junius and Tremellius.

How came the Cuisses to be worse temper'd than the rest of his Armour? It may be they were not, but they had joynts, which an Arrow's pile might find, or the wound might be more inward, this then needed no defence; nor is the Story of Virgil's designing his *Aeneis* to the Fire any more credible, than Maximus Planudes's account of *Aesop's* deformity.

That *mixe* which they shed. This plainly shews how fit Mr. D---n may be to Translate Homer, a mistake in a single Letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but this word for *mixe* must be the Error of the Au-

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thor; nor had he art enough to Correct it at the Press; *This of the Gods, was so like our Common Blood, that it was not to be distinguish'd from it, but by Name and Colour.* The Name indeed, is no great matter, but the Colour methinks is very considerable; and Alexander thought so, when a wound having convinc'd him of the folly of his Flatterers, who had almost rais'd him into a conceit, that he was a God, he bad them view his Blood, and see if it were like that ~~ixox~~ which Homer attributes to his Deities.

*Non me tua turbida virtus terrent ait, for Turbida terrent dicta ferox.* This I should not have taken notice of, but that it's repeated again soon after. It may be Mr. D. had another Copy, or thought to mend his Author, and how foolish must his Solemn Subintelligit appear to any one who reads the Text, Turnus had not valued the haughty words of Aeneas at all; he had too much of the Hero in him, but the Gods, and Jupiter himself against him, were enough to daunt the boldest.

*Jupiter ipse duas, &c.* Mr. D's Critical Translation of *Quem damnet labor*, is as silly here, as in the Place he refers to, not but that others have made the same wise Interpretation, as well as he, but why may not those Lines bear this Metaphrase.

*Now JOVE on high the Sacred Balance hung,  
Ith' Scales the Lots of both the Champions flung.  
That Heaven might read the last decrees of Fate,  
And whom rough War would sink with Deaths  
eternal weight,*

I say, Turnus not only suffer'd her to carry him out of danger, but consented to it. For this, Mr. D. appeals to Turnus's words, which import no such thing, nor is the Supposition agreeable to his Character. Turnus was almost distracted with the affront of that *Phantome of Aeneas*, with which *Juno* had carry'd him away before. And when *Juturna* turn'd Charioteer, she threw *Metiscus* out of the Box, and assum'd his shape, which had been needless, but that she had no mind to be known to her Brother; and this was no extraordinary matter for a Goddess to do, if Turnus did but once turn his Head; but now at last by her *inglorious Management*, he finds her, and declares his suspicion of the tricks she had plaid before, for the *Agnovi* means no more, but I had some apprehension, or jealousy of such a thing; for had he been certain of it, he could as easily have dismounted before, and doubtless would have done it for his own Honour, his Mistress's security, and to avoid the Reproaches of Drances.

I am the first Englishman perhaps, who made it his design to Copy him in his Numbers, his choice of Words, and his placing them for the sweetness of the Sound. Is boldly spoken, and doubtless e're long Dr. B——s will tell us, that his Address is as exactly design'd to copy the purity, the simplicity, and elegance of Tully; and I think, the Poet and Orator have succeeded much alike; of which as to Mr. D. we shall have often occasion hereafter to take no-

tice. But why should Mr. D. boast himself of having *avoided the Cæsura* so much in translating, nay, in copying an *Author*, who added *Gravity and Majesty* to his own Works by a frequent, but judicious use of them. But thus Mr. D. boasts too in his *Preface* to his Translation of the *First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses*; and his Boast is just like that of *School-boys*, who think they have done a mighty Feat, if they have made a few *Golden Verses*. It's true, *soft and easie Lines* might become *Ovid's Epistles*, or his *Art of Love*; they might be so in the *Metamorphoses* to a Fault, for that Book is generally more noble and lofty. But *Virgil*, who is all Great and Majestic, who never descends to little things, nor goes big with *Foeries*, requires *Strength of Lines, Weight of Words, and Closeness of Expression*; not an *ambling Muse*, running on a *Carpet Ground*, and shod as lightly as a *New-market Runner*. And tho' we have a great many *Consonants* in our Language, yet withall we have such a *Variety of Words Native and Adopted, or Tralatitious*, that we may suit our Language to the *Style and Matter* of any *Author* whatsoever, and may make *Cæsura's*, if not affected, *beautiful and delightful*, and that *Roughness* they give may advance and not diminish *Majesty*.

The *Italians* are forc'd upon the *Cæsura* once or twice in every Line. This is like the rest of Mr. D.'s Critical Observations; *Cæsura's* are not unfrequent in that Language; but I dare engage

engage to point to many whole *Stanza's* in *Tasso*, and some Hundreds of Lines which have none.

*A Thousand Secrets of Versification* he may learn from *Virgil*. True; but not from his *Translator*, *Virgil* is indeed the most absolute of *Prophane Poets*; but if He had not a better *Picture* drawn of Him than this done by Mr. D.'s *Pencil*, he'd soon lose his Reputation.

Whether the *Æneis* took up *Eleven Years* of *Virgil's* time, or whether He thought it imperfect, is a moot Point; but, whether Mr. D. wants *Four Years* or not to correct his, is none; for I cannot think his *Wit* so much more fluent than his *Masters*; however we see here the *Canis Festinans* made good; and if the *Subscribers* any of them were too pressing, He has fitted them as they deserved, with a *Translation as absurd as their Importunity*.

There is not, to the best of my remembrance, one *Vowel* gaping on another for want of a *Cæcyrura* through the whole Poem. This made me open the Book at adventure, and Pages the 408, 9. I met with these two, Tell me, ye *Trojans*, for that Name you own— And what we seek of you, of us desired: And perhaps, A *Heroic Poem*, which Words begin this tedious *Epistle*, is not extremely *Euphonical*, tho' in *Prose*. But why may not such a thing be allow'd. Methinks *Virgil's* *Et succus pecori & lac subducitur agnis. Victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Illo alto.* And *Ovid's*, *O & de La-*

tio, O & de gente Sabina, and many more found very well: And nothing's more common in the Greek; nor does that in Tasso's first Stanza sound harshly, *Molto egli opro col senno, & con la mano Molto soffri nel glorioso acquisto*; nor is any thing commoner in French or Spanish: And whatever Mr. D. may think of it, some of as nice an Ear as himself can pass over such an *Hiatus* without complaining of the *Discord*.

*Tho deep, yet clear, &c.* And why may not others have observ'd both the *Sweetness* and the *Reason of the Sweetness* of that Couplet? Is Mr. D. the only Man of Ear? Or can't others observe the *Elegance of the Antitheses*, the easie sliding of one Syllable into another, and the *Quantities of English Syllables*: I must believe, that no Man living can teach him to make *smooth well-running Verses*, who has not a *Musical Ear*; unless Mr. D. or some like him, would give us a *new English Parnassus*, where he might have *smooth Fragments*, and nothing requir'd but Skill to tack 'em together. Certainly Mr. D. himself is not the *smoothest of Poets*, whatever he may value himself upon: I think my Lord Rochester was of that *Opinion* long since; and but that I have observed somewhat of his ungraceful Roughness elsewhere, I should think those,

*And seven long Years th' unhappy wandring  
Train*

*Were toss'd by Storms, and scatter'd thro' the  
Main.*

Which

Which last Phrase is but Nonsense. And again,

O E'lus, for to thee the King of Heaven

*The Power of Tempest, and of Winds has given,*  
were far from smooth or well-sounding Rhimes.  
But I'm perswaded my Lord Normanby was  
very kind to Mr. D. and the *English World*, if  
he over-rul'd the Poet's Itch of thrusting his  
*Profody* out in Print; for he has so far sav'd  
his Credit and our Trouble.

*The Alexandrine Line, which we call, tho' improperly, the Pindaric; tho' sillily, he means sure; for none who understood any thing of Pindaric Poetry, could call that the Pindaric Line in contradistinction to Lines of other Measures: And since Mr. Spencer uses it to close his Stanza, without any Thought of Pindarizing in it, why should Mr. Cowley's using it give it that Name now. Nor indeed does the Nature of a Pindaric Poem shew it self in the Irregularity of Measures, any more than a Chorus in Euripides, from the same Inequality, should be called a Pindaric.*

*'Twas given to those who understand no better.*  
Very civil! i. e. Mr. D. translated Virgil very foolishly for the sake of his foolish Readers. Thus he talks; yet I have heard some say, *He did his best.* I was loth to believe it. But however, some Readers may understand the Impertinency of his Translations.

*The Triumvir and Prosciber had descended to us in a more hideous Form, if the Emperor had not taken care to make Friends of Virgil and Horace.* Well, I can't but tremble at our  
present

*present King's Fate: Boast not, Great Prince, of all thy Martial Acquisitions; boast not of having given Check to the Grand Louis; talk not of Namure, nor Ireland reduced, nor pretend to Thanksgivings for a Glorious Peace, for the terrible Mr. Bays is disobliged! What an unlucky thing was it to give his Laurel to a Shadwell or a Tate, whose drawn Pen is more fatal than that of Hipponax, and more terrible than a Luxemburg or Boufflers in the Head of a French veterane Army. Well, how his Majesty'll come off I know not, but*

*Occursare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.*

Spencer wanted only to have read the Rules of Bossu. It's well if Virgil and Homer did not want 'em too; for it seems, if our French Criticks may be believ'd, neither of 'em had the luck to write a true Heroic Poem. Mr. D. us'd to talk in Days of Yore, of an Heroic Poem to the Honour of Charles II. Had it ever been finished, doubtless Mr. Bossu's Rules would have appeared in every Line. It may be Sir R. B. had read 'em too, which gave so much Perfection to his late Heroic Undertakings: But what will come of us, the poor Chiuma of the Empire of Parnassus, who have neither Knowledge nor a Genius?

Mr. Le Clerc has made it out, that David's Psalms were in as errant Rhime as they are translated. Mr. Le Clerc's a Man of mickle Authority with some; but his Discovery in that Point's far from new: The Psalms are some of 'em in Rhyme, some are not so; but where they

they are *with*, or *without* Rhyme, they are so far from that *Meanness* which Mr. D. would throw into *their Character*, that the *meanest thing* in the whole *Sacred Book* has more of true *Poetic Fire* in it, than ever He had from the *Days of Oliver's Apotheosis*, to those of *Virgil* in *Macaronique*.

He who can write well in Rhyme, may write better in *Blank Verse*. We shall know that, when we see how much better Dryden's *Homér* will be than his *Virgil*.

Perhaps I have as little Reason to complain of the difficulty of *Rhyming* as any Man except Quarles or Withers. They then, with our *Incomparable Translator*, make a *Triumvirate* of *Rhymers*, and great Ones too, (if that *Phrase* may pass with us, which was condemned in *Ben Johnson* formerly.) But this extraordinary Facility is not so very apparent in Mr. D.'s Works, and I never heard he was a great *Extempore Man*.

I'm afraid I have mistaken *Virgil's Sense* more often and more grossly. Ne'er did *Elvira* make a truer *Confession* to her *Spanish Friar*. But how could one Poet mistake another so much. I'm afraid there was not so near a Relation between *Virgil* and Mr. D.'s Souls, as there was between Mr. D.'s and Mr. Oldham's. The *Confession*, whoever understands *Virgil's Latin* and *Scheme*, must acknowledge to be the *Truth*, the whole *Truth*, and nothing but the *Truth*. And so much must be said for the Honour of Mr. D.'s *Veracity*.

*Sorti Pater æquus utrique.* Ruæus thinks the word Pater is to be referr'd to Evander. And Ruæus is right in his Judgment; for how could any Man in his right Senses, think Pallas should tell Turnus of Jove's impartiality, a whim quite contrary to the notions Antiquity had of Fate. Fate might be impartial, tho it were not unconcern'd, for its not Partiality to determine a dubious Matter where Fate it self requires a determination in the case; and, according to Mr. D's precedent Declaration, Jove can't controul Fate; whence it's plain, that if Pater refers to Jupiter, it's very impertinent. Turnus had said nothing to Pallas of Jove, but wish'd his Father Evander had been present; and what more Noble Character could Pallas have given of his Father, than that the Honourable Victory, or the glorious death of his Son would be equally welcome News to him? And what could confirm Pallas's words more strongly than those of Evander, when he was brought home Dead?

*Quod si immatura manebat*

*Fors natum, cæcis Volscorum millibus ante*

*Ducentem in Latium Teneros cecidisse jurabit,*

As for Mr. D's Criticism on the other Verse, it's La Cerda's Notion before, and it's of no great consequence whether he or Servius be in the right.

I say nothing of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley, 'tis the utmost of my ambition to be thought their Equal. Thus the poor Frog would swell himself into an Ox, had any  
of

of them, especially Mr. Cowley, undertaken this work, we had had *Virgil's sence and air* running thro the whole, and the *Work* would have been known by every Reader, without the *Advertisement of the Running Tittle*, where now we have *false Criticism, mistaken Sense, intolerable Omissions, absurd Accretions*; and indeed any thing rather than Virgil. I own it's harder to *Translate Virgil through*, than to *Tranllate a single Book*; yet because Mr. D. throws down his *Glove* to challenge any one in the 4th, 6th, and 8th *Pastoral*, and the 1st and 4th *Georgic*, besides several Books of the *Aeneis*; I have taken it up, and have *Translated the 4th Pastoral, and 1st Georgic, and the 1st Pastoral* into the bargain, and leave it to *Segrais 3d sort of Fudges*, to determine who has *Translated Virgil* so far best.

Spencer, and Milton are nearest in *English* to Virgil, and Horace in the *Latine*. But which of them resembles Horace? Spencer aim'd at an *Heroic Poem*, and so did Milton, (tho neither of 'em with that *success* which might have been wish'd) but Horace never attempted such a thing as Mr. D. well observes before; unless either of them be remarkable for that *Curiosa Felicitas*, formerly admir'd in Horace; but Mr. D. knows his own meaning well enough, tho I don't.

My chief Ambition is to please those Readers, who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other Poet in the Latin Tongue. The Ambition was good, but never did any  
Man

Man fail worse than our Translator, for no Man can admire Virgil who can't understand him, nor can any Man who understands him be pleased with Mr. D's Translation.

The Mob Readers are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch Boors. But how come these to be match'd together? Huguenots are so called with some regard to their Religion. A Gate would not have given them a Title more than Osbers who went often in and out at it, had not they in particular made it their way to their Publick Worship. But pray, what respect to that have Boors? If they have any, I must needs say, Mr. Dryden's a very fine Gentleman.

As we hold there is a middle State of Souls. We, that is, we of the Church of Rome; for our Translator pretends to suck the Teats of of that Milk-white Hind, if any. Mr. D. then believes a Purgatory, and, as in duty bound, should have taken most pains with the 6th Book of the *Aeneis*, since there's the original Chart of that wonderful Place, and a better account of it, than those of all the Roman Champions together amount to; yet this Book is none of those he pretends to have succeeded best in. Heaven send him a good deliverance.

Many Paedagogues, at School, Tutors at the Universities, and Gentlemen's Governours in their Travels are the most positive Block-heads in the World. Well, it's time then, to pull down Schools to leave young Gentlemen to live at Random in  
our

our Universities, and abroad; or make Mr. D. School-Master, Tutor, and Governor General to both Universities: What a glorious Manager would he prove? *Obscure Authors*, and *old worn out Monuments* would be as Intelligible to him as *Virgil* or *Homer*, and one Page of his *English Prosodia*, would teach 'em more than our *Vossius's* or *Busby's*, our *Preston's*, or *Ellye's*, or our *Lassels's*, tho jumbled all together; and a little *mooting* upon the *Magna Charta* of *Parnassus*, under his Direction, would ruin all our *Inns of Court* for ever; but none's so bold as *blind Bayard*.

But not being of God, as a Wit said formerly, they could not stand. By this it's plain Mr. D. is no Wit; for one of true Wit would be ashamed to Ridicule Scripture; and I'm pretty confident, this present Work of Mr. D's is not of God; and for his Translation, the more a judicious Reader studies it, the worse he'll like it, and every time he takes it up, he'll discover some new Follies in it; nor indeed can any Applaud it now, or hereafter, but such as are born *Vervicum in Patria crasseque sub aere*. Whence I can only call it Impudence, not Innocence, or Conscience of merit which could make him Appeal to my Lord Marquis of Normanby.

Virgil has given me the Example of Entellus. Mr. Waller had not lost his Poetic Fire at Mr. D's age, nor had the famous Cornaro, nor Sophocles, or Aeschylus. But wo to some little Skip-jack who dares stand in the heated old Cham-

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

*Champions* way. Methinks, he looks like Colbrond swinging his heavy Club about his own Head, and threatening to sink poor Sir Guy at every stroke; well, I heartily pity the poor wretch; but if all his Teeth be dashed out for challenging such a demi Gorgon, who can help it! But if the air of the Country which produces Gold is never wholesome, there's some hope the old Spark may drop off, Poison'd by the Mercury of his own Brain, before the young Scoundrel be quite ruin'd.

It rarely happens that a Verse of Monosyllables sounds Harmoniously. Yet in one very Modern Poem, I find no fewer than 4 as smooth as those he instances in, viz.

Scorn all the Thoughts of such, and spurn the Ground,

They saw them Storm vast Works which reach'd the Skies,

He saw you thro those Gates could force your way

In Wars rough Storms, and in the Calms of Love.

And I doubt not, but many hundreds of Lines made up of Monosyllables might be much more soft, and easie than those.

Some things I have omitted, and some too I have added of my own. But by what Authority? A Man may Paraphrase, or a void a Literal Translation, and yet retain all the Authors Thoughts, and for Virgil, who has no false Thought in his whole Work, it's almost Sacrilege to Abridge him; and for the

Additions

*Additions.* Heaven knows they are such as discover *their Author* too well, so mean, so trifling, so *unbecoming the Majesty of Virgil*, that they must be very *Flegmatic Readers*, who can forgive him. He has given *Virgil's pure Gold* so *base an Alloy*, that *Cromwell's Broad Pieces*, with which he cheated the *Dutch*, were much more tolerable.

The Additions will seem (at least I have the Vanity to think so; and Mr. D.'s Vanity is not to be questioned) not stuck into him, but growing out of him. For an Instance of this we need go no farther than that in the first *Aeneid*, where Juno says of Minerva

—————*Ipsa*

*Ver. 48.*

*Illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammam  
Turbine corripuit, scopulq; infixit acuto.*

Which Mr. D. thus Englishes:

*Then as an Eagle gripes the trembling Game,  
The Wretch yet Hissing with her Father's  
Flame,*

*She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning Wound  
Transfix'd, and naked on a Rock she bound.*

Meaning *Ajax the Son of Oileus*; which *Non-sensical Fustian* I'm perswaded none will say grew out of *Virgil*; whose Sense was more honestly express'd before the Days of D.'s *Virgil* in that Couplet.

*On pointed Rocks expiring Ajax dash'd,  
His guilty flying Soul revenging Flames embrac'd.*

The Greeks, we know, were labouring many  
Hundreds of Years upon their Language before  
D they

they brought it to Perfection. It may be so; but how does Mr. D. know it? How many *Hundred Years* was that Language cultivated before *Homer's* time, or that of *Orpheus*, or *Linus*, or *Musæus*, of whom, if we have any *Fragment*, it's pure Greek; and we meet with *nothing* after *Homer* more polite than himself; tho' all the great *Sophists* and *Orators* were much *his Juniors*. But a Man may be permitted to blunder in such things, who had never heard of *Organs* before *St. Cæcilia's* time.

*The Word Pater*, for Example, signifies not only a Father, but your Father, my Father, his or her Father, all in a word. From whence I'm convinc'd that some great Poets are as positive *Blockheads* as any little *Pædagogues* in the World: *Pater* signifies Father in general indeed, but is appropriated to none but by *meus*, *tuns*, *sums*; and so Father in English by *mine*, *thine*, *hers*, &c. and where those Pronouns are not express'd, they are to be understood, and are not included in *Pater*.

The Thought concerning *Ambergrease* is very fine, and Mr. D. may pass for a *Civet Cat*, if he please, or a *Catamountain*, for me.

I thought fit to keep as near my Author as I could, without losing all his Graces. To endeavour a *Literal Translation* might do so; but otherwise there's, to my Apprehension, more Danger of losing them by leaving him, than by keeping close to him.

I shall not be wholly without Praise, if in some sort I may be allowed, &c. Yes certainly, if you have copy'd Virgil's Clearness, Purity, Easiness, and Magnificence after a very ill sort; for sure he can't be so much a Self-Flatterer, as to pretend to have shadow'd any of those things. Nor can we imagine any more that Virgil with his own Original Faculties, had he liv'd now, or written in English, would have written as Mr. D. has done, than that he would have Father'd Maphæus's Supplement, or Persius's Satyrs; and the very difference between that Esteem the Translation of Virgil and the Original have had, the Poets still living, proves their intrinsic Value, since none but a Bavins, a Mævius, or Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil, and none but such unthinking or unlearned Vermin admire his Translator.

I am too much an Englishman to lose what my Ancestors have gained for me; i. e. Since acquaintance with such, whom he can never praise enough. Things are mightily alter'd with him since the Days of the Hind and Panther, and the Defence of the Strong Box Papers. Thus *Tempora mutantur*.

Without being injurious to the Memory of our English Pindar. *Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*. Mr. Cowley's Genius was far above the Comprehension of so little a thing as Mr. D. for Figures to be bold, and Metaphors violent in Pindaric, prov'd that Ours knew what it was to write like him of Thebes, of which his Reprover has no Idea: His Language, per-

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

haps, was not so *fine* as he *could* have made it; but He had no *Royal Salary*, no *Encouragement* to make him so *nice* about *Words*, tho' He has fewer *Improprieties*, and abundantly *more Sense and Wit* than those who find fault with him; and had he met with an *Augustus* or *Mecænas*, the *English Virgil* had scarce been inferior to the yet *unparallell'd Roman*.

I am confident our Poet never meant to leave him, or any other such a *Precedent*, i. e. of *Hemisticks*, or *Half Verses*. Now I am confident of the *contrary*; and there is so much *Beauty* in every one of them, (that only excepted which Mr. D. has instanced in) the *Sense* goes on with so full and strong a *Spirit*, and that very *Abruptness* gives it such an *Emphasis* as is admirable and surprizing. Whether *Homer* ever left any such is more than Mr. D. knows; He had an *Aristarchus* to perfect and correct what He thought needed it, and who was fit for the *Work* he undertook. None durst pretend to the same for *Virgil*; he wanted no *Sense*, and he had no *Equal*. The *Story* of his *designing his Æneis for the Fire* is idle, a *Fiction* of the *Pseudo-Donatus*, another *Planudes*, more a *Fabler* than his pretended *Æsop*; nor do any of his *Contemporaries* mention any thing of it. *Ovid*, *Propertius*, *Silius*, *Martial*, *Statius*, *Persius*, mention it; the *four last*, tho' later, give it the *Character* of *Divine and Excellent*, but none wishes He had lived to perfect it; and the *Story* of his compleating those two *Hemisticks* in the 6th *Æneid*, is as ridiculous;

lous; but all those *Shams* are of the same Original; nay, what if we should stumble at, *Quem tibi jam Troja?* What if it was, *Peperit florente Creusa?* What if it was left so to express *Andromache's Passion?* When she came to mention her dear native City, Tears forbid her, and a true Sense of Decency forbid the Poet to finish that Sentence; and tho' she recovers herself to enquire of *Iulus* soon again; yet, again too, at the lov'd Name of *Hector* she bursts into Tears, and can go no farther. This, to me, I must confess, signifies more than *Donatus's Legend*; and if *Virgil's Half Verses* are the *Frogs and Serpents half kindled into Life* (always allowing *Equivocal Generation*, which Mr. D. knows to a Tittle) Mr. D.'s full-lin'd Translation is the Lump of unform'd unanimated Mud.

The Leaders may be Heroes, but the Multitude must consist of common Men. Mr. D. would be very kind to point out to us his leading Verses. I make no doubt but they are Captains over Hundreds, and Captains over Fifties, and very few Companies double Officer'd.

His Talk about the Difficulty of finding Words is Stuff, not worth regarding. Our English is now little, if at all inferiour to the Latin. But Mr. D. wanted an Opportunity to let his Patron know he had some notice of the Public Difficulties about Money.

For I think it is not so Sacred, as that not one Iota must be added nor diminished on pain of an Anathema. Mr. D. then confesses that *Virgil's*

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

*Text is not Scripture* ; but if it were, his Church has such *Guides* as have more than once adventured upon that *Anathema*, and be a true *Republican*, Son of a *Monarchical Church*, has imitated them, having given his *Author*. *Procrustes's Law*, and crop'd and stretch'd him every where as he thought fit.

*There is a Beauty of Sound in some Latin words, which is wholly lost in the French* ; I own it, but not so much in the *English*, our Language now can express Matters both with *Majesty* and *softness* ; and I make no doubt, after all Mr. D's boast of his gift that way, a Man with much less noise, may Translate *Virgil* much more agreeably for *Style* and *Sence*, than he has done. But I must own, it's a more delicate Thought than ordinary, that *Virgil's mellis amaracus*, in a Grove on a Mountain top, should make us think of *Roses* and *Lilies* ; but Thoughts are free.

*Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum,*

*Finge Deo.* —

What if thus Translated ?

*Dare, noble Guest, to scorn all Wealth below,  
And as a God, a God-like Virtue show !*

*Lay by Virgil I beseech your Lordship, and all my better sort of Fudges, when you take up my Version.* Is very reasonable Advice, for nothing can provoke any tolerable Fudges Patience more, than to compare them together. But why must this great Book be call'd *Virgil* then, only to catch Gulls, and make them believe

lieve they hug a *Juno*, when really they have no more than a Cloud or Shadow?

*False Critics may think I Latinize too much.* And so may *true Critics*, but Mr. D. takes care to fix an *ill Character* before hand on all who condemn him, so that every one ventures on him *at his Peril*, and I among the rest.

*I carry not out the Treasure of the Nation which is never to Return.* A *design'd Reflection* on some of whom he would have it believed that they do so. But *what I bring from Italy, I spend in England.* Now we *English* are somewhat *Jealous of Italian ware*, we had so much of it a *few Years* since, that we cannot yet be very fond of it, especially when cook'd by ill Hands.

*Every Man can't distinguish between Pedantry and Poetry; every Man therefore is not fit to Innovate.* Mr. D. I hope is unexceptionable in the case, he understands the *Fundamentals of Parnassus*, and might with as good Right, as *his Holyness* does in *Religious Matters*, set up for *Poetical Infallibility*; he *abases and distorts* Common Words, and calls that *Innovating*; and who may say to him, *What dost thou?* What I have observ'd of him, is only endeavouring to taint our *English with some Latin Idioms*, which I'm afraid will die upon his Hands, or sink like *Irish Money*, and come to nothing.

*The Poet must first be certain that the word he would introduce, is beautiful in Latin.* Well, it may be so, yet very *Foolish in English*; for

instance, one of the Reasons of *Juno's* hate to the *Trojans*, was, *Spretæ injuria Formæ*; where the Expression is pure and Intelligible. Mr. D. *Latinizes in his Version*, thus, *And her Form disdain'd*. Which is absurd, improper, and obscure; but this it is for one who can't distinguish between *Pedantry*, and *Poetry*, to pretend to *Innovate*.

*Mr. Congreve has done me the favour to Review the Æneis, and to Compare my Version with the Original*. This is to fix a *Scandal* upon Mr. Congreve, that the World might think him as Dull, and Inapprehensive as our *Translator*; doubtless if he Read it, he found *many Faults* in it, but it seems, he's none of the *dangerous Judges*, if he might be permitted to *make Comparisons*; and had he Read it as a *Judge*, he'd scarce have found *five Lines* together in the whole, which might have been call'd *Virgil's*.

*I only say, Virgil has avoided those Proprieties*. Some think quite otherwise, and that he was extraordinary careful in that matter, and tho' such Words are not usual, yet, even *Ladies* may be sooner brought to understand things by *them*, which require them, than by other suppos'd plainer Words; and if *Virgil* wrote for all in General, Men of *Art* would have been apt to Censure him for *Improprieties*; but I confess I believe *Gassendus* or *Mercator* in *Astronomy*, *Manesson* or *Vauban* in *Military Architecture*, *Monsieur* —, or Mr. *Evelyn*, in *Gardening*, and  
Worlidge,

*Worlidge*, or *Markham* in *Husbandry*, may have some *Cant Words*, as Mr. D. calls them, which *Virgil* was unacquainted with, but what he uses, ought as far as may be, to be so Translated.

I have omitted the four Preliminary Lines, &c. Here Mr. D. sets up again for a very great Critic; And *Ille ego*, &c. must be flung away to the Dogs. But why so angry good Mr. Translator? If your old Friend *Donatus* be a credible Person, they are *Virgil's*, and pray, how long have you known better what became *Virgil* to Write, than he knew himself? And much better Judges have concluded them to be *his*, and methinks, the very *Air* of 'em is inimitable and extreamly suitable to the place they are in; beginning as low as his *Tityre tu patulae*, and rising by degrees in Style as the Works he refers to do, till at last he mounts high enough to joyn with his *Arma virumque cano*. His *Vicina* and *arva* are at no unusual distance, his *quamvis avido*, nothing like *Affectation*; and why should *Horrentia* be a Flatter Epithet here than in other places, as his *Horrentia terga*, and *Horrentia lustra*? Some Men, we see, will be wading out of their Depth: But he thinks *Tucca* and *Varius* rather Added, than Retrench'd them, it's Ridiculous to imagine either; *Virgil* made them, and none else could have made 'em; he left 'em there himself, and none ever dar'd to remove 'em; and *Virgil's* own Judgment of 'em is more valuable than that

that of a Thousand Rat Critics put together.

*My Master needed not the Assistance of that Preliminary Poet.* What Poet does he mean, *Tucca* or *Varius*? Then his *English* is very good; If any Body else, why is he not nam'd? But, could not *Virgil* write well in the mean as well as in the sublime Style? Is it not Lawful for a Man to go up by steps to a noble Palace? And is not every Line of the decry'd four such a Step? Any Man, who had a true taste of Poetry, would find it presently; but a *Palate* long vitiated with *Fustian Language* can't relish Purity and Agreeableness. They'd be better Connected to what follows thus.

*I who but Pip'd on humble Reeds before,  
And then thro' Woods, and Groves, the Muses bore,*

*Taught greedy Swains with Art to till the Field,  
And made lean Soils a weighty Burden yield;  
Now rise, and, soaring on a stronger Wing,  
Of Martial Deeds in lofty Numbers sing.*

*I have done him less injury than any of his former Libellers.* That may be question'd. Mr. *Ogilby* has given us more of *Virgil*, tho he attempted it with the greatest disadvantages in the World. And Mr. *Sandys* on the first *Aeneid* has shown, that, would he have undertaken the whole, Mr. D's pains might have been superseded, and I hope the D. of *Landerdale's* Friends will Publish his Works now as a *Vindication* of *Virgil*, from that Scandal Mr. D. has fixt on him.

Since

Since this *long Piece of Impertinence* is ad-  
*Clerum*, I hope I shall meet with Mr. D's Par-  
 don, if I have gone thro it with that *Rigor*  
 and *Ill Nature* which I use, when I hear such  
 things; and Mr. D. may if he please, believe,  
 that I'm not his *Enemy*, but cannot with Pa-  
 tience see either *Priests* or *Poets* Abus'd or Vi-  
 lify'd.

The *Postscript* has nothing worth observ-  
 ing at present, so I pass now to the *Poem* it  
 self, where, if you find any thing Repeated  
 which has been said already, you must Im-  
 pute it to Mr. D. and his Friends, who by  
 their Repetitions have given the occasion.

It may seem strange for so great *second-hand*  
*Critics* as Mr. Dryden, or his Friends, to  
 dream of *Virgil's* Bastardy, or his *Mothers* Re-  
 lation to *Quinctilius Varus*, or to swallow the  
*Fable* of the occasion of *Virgil's*  
*advancement*, which the *spurious*  
*Donatus* gives us, but his own *Ruens*  
 justly explodes; nor have his Pre-  
 decessors in *Criticism* apply'd *Virgil's*  
 4th *Eclogue* to *Augustus*, but to *Sal-*  
*oninus the Son of Pollio*, if their  
*Judgments* are of any value. *Ar-*  
*rius* who possess *Virgil's House* and  
*Farm* near *Mantua*, is said to be  
 fierce of the *Services* he had render'd  
 to *Octavius*, a very odd *Phrase* in  
*English*, and not to be *Endenizen'd* on the  
 Recommendation of Mr. Dryden. The ac-

I have wrong'd my Au-  
 thor less, considering my  
 Circumstances, than those  
 who have attempted him  
 before, either in our own,  
 or any Modern Language.  
 And tho this Version is  
 not void of Envy, yet it  
 comforts me, that the  
 Faults of others are not  
 worth finding, mine are  
 neither gross nor frequent  
 &c. To Lord Clifford. °

count

count given of *Virgil's* changing what he had Written in praise of *Gallus* into the Story of *Aristæus*, is as unintellegible to me as an *old Hieroglyphic*, and not a little silly. I hope he'll on a Review, give it another Air, and at least make it Sence, if not Probable? The Reduction of the *old Roman Story*, to *Virgil's Persons* and *Characters*, is intolerably Ridiculous; nor is *Servius's* Authority sufficient to make *Polydorus's Wood* allusive to *Romulus's Lance*. *Turnus's recess*, Book 9th, is no more like that of *Cocles*, than *Virgil's* own over the *Mincius*; Nor *Sinon's* hiding himself, or rather his pretence to it (for it is only a *sham Story*) to that of *Marius* in the *Marshes* of *Minturnæ*: Nor is *Latinus's* Character agreeable to that of *Lepidus*. The resemblance imagin'd between *Tully*, and *Drances*, is absurd, and the *Biographers* Censure of *Agrippa* Scandalous, and against the truth of *History*, *Agrippa* being one of the greatest *Persons* of his Age; and *Monsieur de Scudery* does him less wrong in the Character he bestows on him in *Cleopatra*, tho *Romantic*, and *French enough*, than our Author in that senseless *Idæa* he gives us of him. It's not to be wonder'd *Critics* took no notice of what *Livy* tells us of *Martius*, 'twas an idle Story, and *Valerius Antias*, or *Fabius Pictor* were not fit to lie in the Balance against *Polybius*, who generally represents them as *Fabulous*, *Legendary Writers*, and whose own Writings would give better Satisfaction to a Man of *Virgil's* exact Judgment; and besides

besides *Homer* had represented his *Achilles* with such a Flame on his Head. I wonder how the Gentleman came to know so exactly the former Bulk and great Reduction of the *Aeneis*; however it had been well if Mr. Dryden himself had taken a little more time to correct his *Version*. Some wise Men have thought *Virgil* correct enough, and that he design'd very little, if any *Alteration*; and his very *Hemisticks* are so graceful, that Mr. *Cowley* could scarce believe he ever design'd to fill 'em up: Whoever compares the present *Version* with the *Original*, will conclude it infinitely below *Virgil's Perfection*, and would chuse sooner to be the *Author* of the most dilute *Episode* in *Virgil* than of Mr. *Dryden's* whole *Translation*.

In the Account of *Virgil's Person, Manners, and Fortune*, was ever any thing so Childish, as that Remark about the Word *Mulier*, being but once in the whole *Aeneis*, and that by way of Contempt? This the *Index* at the end of the *Dauphin's Virgil* told him; if he had but look'd the Word *Femina*, he'd have found that often us'd; and the *Dux Femina facti* was not design'd for a Slur upon *Pygmalion's Sister*, or the *Widow of Sichæus*. Such another's that about the *Death of Dido*. Again, his own *Dauphin's Virgil* would have shewn him how *Nasimbæus* reconciles *Aeneas* and *Deiphobus* together, as well as *Scaliger, Taubmannus*, and others in *Emmenessius's* Edition. I'm afraid *Pollio's Curious Pencil* has drawn a False  
Line

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

Line over that of *Virgil* ; and, as for *Lavinia* her *Submission* to her *Mother*, seems to have influenc'd her more, than any *Fancy* to *Turnus* ; tho' *Youth*, *Beauty*, *Valour*, and *Acquaintance* were as pressing *Motives*, as the precarious *Interpretation* of an *ambiguous Oracle*. *Virgil* and *Mr. Waller* deserve an *Honourable Character* for the *Chastity* of their *Muses* : If other *Men's Poetry* were to be reduced to the same *Modesty*, a great part of them would fall under the *Sponge*.

And had *Mr. Dryden*, and the rest of our wretched *Play-wrights* of late Years, fill'd their Poems with *genuine sober Wit* instead of *Obscenity* and *Immorality*, our *Youth*, nay, our *Elder Gentry* and *Nobility*, nay, the *whole Nation*, had made a more *considerable Figure* in the *World* ; not to mention our *Religion*, in which, *God* be thanked, they pretend to no *Interest* ; *Religion* is a *Micaiah* to our *Hectoring Debauchees*, and they hate it because it never prophecies *Good* concerning them : But they're a kind of *Vermin* beneath the *Dignity* of a *Satyr*, in that respect ; it's too severe to lash 'em for what they know nothing of. Let's try 'em in their *own Profession* with good *Mr. Dryden*, their *vir gregis ipse caper*, in the *Head* of 'em, and see if *their Poetry* be any more brilliant than their *Morals*.

It's an effect of an *Ill Memory* to think *Virgil* left his *Aeneis* so imperfect, and yet never said too little nor too much, the very *Observation* has clear'd the *Writer* of any such *Imputation*

tion; but if his *unfinish'd Works* be so admirable, what would they have been, had they had his last Hand?

*Hic illius arma, Hic currus fuit.* The rest is none of Virgil's: How knows the Gentleman that? Or what does he mean by *the rest*? Is it the latter *Hemistick*, then he'd make Virgil sick of his *Translator's Disease*, and now and then write a little *Nonsense*; if

*A Man ought to be well assur'd of his own Abilities, before he attacks a Line of an establish'd Reputation.*

he'd exclude the next verse too, by what Authority pray? The Sense is apposite, the Verse Majestic, the Style true Virgil, and the Critic indefensible for an *ipse dixit* signifies little now a days. But he adds a pretty Fable of one whom he calls *Abienus*, if it be not the Printer's Fault. He has been sometimes called *Anianus*, *Anienus*, and *Abidnus*, but never *Abienus*. His Name was really *Avienus*, a considerable Poet, contemporary with the Great Theodosius. This Writer He says, turn'd Virgil into *Iambicks*. But had he been of so nice a taste as he pretends, he'd have found both the Name of *Avienus* false written in *Ruæus* and in *Emmenessius*, and the Name of the Author by him travestee'd in *Iambicks* mistaken. *Servius*, according to *Emmenessius's* Edition, says, He turn'd all Virgil into *Iambicks*; but our Author says, He turn'd all *Livy* so too, which was a tedious Work, but not so impertinent as to have *metamorphos'd* Virgil in that manner. *Vossius*, a better Critic owns his Pains with *Livy*, so does Hoff-

*Aeneid. lib. 10. v. 388.*

*Vossius de Poetis Latinis, p. 56.*

*De Historicis Latinis, l. ii. c. 19. Hoffmann in Avieno.*

*man*

man too, both appeal to *this very place of Virgil*, referr'd to in the *Margin*; our Author takes his Notion about *Livy* from the same Writers; and yet *Servius*, in the place referred to, names not *Livy* but *Virgil*. This might have perswaded him, that either the *Copyist* or the *Corrector* had given us in *that*, or it may be *some other modern Editions*, *Virgil* for *Livy*, which the *better Editions of Servius* knew nothing of.

Cui regia  
parent Ar-  
menta &  
late custo-  
dia credi-  
ta campo,  
Æt. l. 7.  
not the 9.  
v. 485.

The same Learned Gentleman has found old *Tyrrhus* King *Latinus* his *Herdsmen* and *Forester* or *Ranger* a very *Noble Employment*, and has dubb'd him *Master of the Horse*, and Honour the *poor Block-river* little dreamt of; nor can it easily be guess'd who construed *Virgil's* Account of him for our Author; unless a *little Pique* against the *Unwarlike Dutch*, made him with *every Master of the Horse* might be reduced to *cleave Blocks* for his *Livelihood*.

As for the *Magnæ spes altera Romæ*, the Gentleman would have done well to have referr'd us to his *other ancient Author*; for *Ruæus* and *others* explode the *Fancy*, and if it lie under the just Imputation of an *Achronism*, a wise Man would not be too fond of it: If his Author be *Servius*, he might borrow from *Donatus*, whom Mr. D. supposes the real Author of *Virgil's Life*, *Servius* flourishing in the 5th, *Donatus* in the 4th Century.

Whether Latin be only a corrupt Dialect of Greek, with the Criticks leave, may bear a Question.

After the great *Encomiums* of his *clawing Friends*, enter Mr. Dryden himself in his, suppos'd, *Immortal Strain*; whose Performance, whether it answers their *Hyperboles* or not, is the Subject of our next Enquiry.

Before we proceed to a *Critical Examination* of the *Translation*, it may be fit to lay down some *Axioms*, as we suppose they will be acknowledged, with respect to the *necessary Qualifications* of him who undertakes to *naturalize a good Poet*, and to make him *pleasant and useful* to the *unlearned Reader*.

1. It's necessary the *Translator* should understand the *Author* he undertakes, and be acquainted, in some measure, with the *Customs and Usages* of that Country, which the *Original* more particularly respects.

2. It's necessary he should have a *right taste* of the *Poets Genius and Character*, so as to endeavour to write as *chastly and purely*, in as *clear and noble a Stile* as the *Author*; where he's *lax and profuse*, to indulge himself in a *greater Liberty*; where he's *concise and short*, to keep within the *same Bounds*; where he's *grave and Majestick*, not to be *soft and trifling*; or where he's *low and easie*, not to *stalk in Buskins*.

3. The *Translator* should be able to distinguish exactly between the *Low*, the *Mean*, and the *Sublime Stile*, and adapt the *Language*

he translates into, to all the varieties observable in the Original.

4. It's necessary he should give us the true Sense and meaning of his Author, if he knows it, that he who understands not the Original, may be sure yet that he knows the Author's Mind, has his true genuine Thoughts, and not the Interpolations of another. That especially where the Author says neither too little, nor too much, the Interpreter should neither clip his Sterling, nor give it worthless Bulk and Weight with the Additional Alloy of his own base Metal. And,

5. He should make his Author speak so in a Modern Language, as he could reasonably conclude he would have spoken if now living, and writing on the same Subjects, and maintaining the same Characters he had taken up before.

These seem to be undeniably necessary Qualifications in a good Translator; how our Author has observ'd 'em may be doubted; but passing by the smaller, which are innumerable, we shall only animadvert on his more notorious and indefensible Errors.

## ECLOGUE, I.

FOR never can I deem him less than God.  
 Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus, relates not to Tityrus's Opinion of Augustus, that he'd really believe him to be a God, whom he knew to be none; but that he'd respect him  
 as

as if he were so, and pay, *those* Honours belonging to *real* a Deity, to *him*.

He gave my Kine. An obscure Latinism, Ver. 11. for, He permits my Kine to wander about the Pastures in safety, and me to play what I please on my Rural Pipe; which the Translation scarce expresses.

I admire, That while the raging Sword, and Ver. 13. wastful Fire Destroy the wretched Neighbourhood around, No Hostile Arms approach your happy Ground. A Senseless Paraphrase of — Undique <sup>See our Author him- self.</sup> totis usque adeo turbatur agris. The Souldiers <sup>The time is</sup> neither Murder'd the Shepherds of Cremona, or <sup>come ---</sup> Mantua, by whom are meant the Inhabitants of those places in general; nor were <sup>When the grim Capt. in a surly</sup> they so silly as to burn the Houses they were to <sup>Tone,</sup> Live in themselves, they turn'd 'em indeed <sup>Cry out,</sup> out of Doors, seiz'd their Lands and kept <sup>Pack up ye Rascals, & be gone.</sup> 'em, and that was disturbance enough, and which Tityrus was by the favour of Augustus Ecl. 9. deliver'd from.

Heic inter densas corylos modo namque Gemel- Ver. 20. lcs.

Spem gregis, ab filice in nuda connixa reliquit.

Who Yearning on the Rocks has left her Young. The Emphasis quite lost, with the Circumstances most moving among the Shepherds, and the Sence mistaken.

And the Hoarse Raven on the blasted Bough. Ver. 25. A Raven is Corvus, not Cornix, and Tully might have taught him to distinguish between the Cough or Daw, and the Raven, and shown the import of Virgil's Sinistra Cor-

*De Divinat. nix. Quid Augur? cur à dextrâ Corvus, à sinistrâ*  
 l. i. c. 39. *Cornix faciat Ratum?* And the *Cornix* is what  
 the *Raven* is not *Avis inauspicatæ garrulitatis*:  
 and *Cava Ilex*, is not the blasted *Bough*.

41. Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.  
 Impertinent all! But for good Sence sake,  
 why homely Swain? Was *Virgil* turn'd Beau,  
 all *Periwig*, and *Steenkirk* when he had once  
 got to *Rome*? or what Methods of *Artificial*  
*Handsomness* had honest *Tityrus*, still knowable  
 by his old Friend, taken up? It would be too  
 hard to find the Poets sence in the next four  
 Lines.

Ver. 48. To see your Mistress mourn. Was it *Galatea*,  
 or *Amaryllis*?

Ver. 63. And graciously decreed, &c. *Augustus's* Ora-  
 cle is quite lost, which in the Original carries  
 an extraordinary Majesty and Emphasis along  
 with it.

Ver. 68. A Stony Harvest. Not *Virgil*, and too bold a  
 figure for a Shepherd, and the present Poem.

Fortunate *Senex*, *hic inter flumina nota*, *Et fontes*  
*sacros*, *frigus captabis opacum*, were not  
 worth our Translators notice.

Ver. 87. And some to far Oaxis shall be sold. *Et ra-*  
*pidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem*. And does any  
 History talk of the Souldiers Selling the  
 old Possessors for Slaves; And how far from  
 the Text are the following Lines?

Ver. 100. Now let me graft my Pears, and prune my Vine.

The Fruit is theirs, the Labour only mine.  
*Virgil's* meaning is only Go, poor *Melibus*,  
 graft thy Pears, &c. if thou canst, but alas!  
 thou

thou hast none to exercise thy pains upon. The following Lines are meer Confusion, and as far as possible from the beauty of Virgil's connected Thoughts. Could never grow out of Virgil's Ground. Ver. 110, &c.

And Boughs shall Weave a Covering for your Head. A very pretty Complement, and which Virgil had not Address enough to think of. Ver. 116.

## E C L O G U E II.

**Y**oung Corydon, &c. Virgil calls *Alexis Delicias Domini*. Why not his *Translator*? The next two Lines are far short of Virgil's Sence, and the following are of the same strain. Ver. 1.

And *Theslyis*, wild Thyme, and Garlick beats. But could the *Translator* imagine Virgil meant no more? Garlick and Thyme would have given the poor Harvest Men a mighty Refreshment; even an ordinary Commentator would have let him know that Garlick and Thyme, were only some of the Ingredients of the *Morretum*, a savory Pudding, nourishing and healthful to the Labourers. Ver. 9.

The creaking Locusts. Why Man! the Grasshoppers are the Musicians of the Harvest, not the Locusts; and are meant by the *Cicada*. Locusts I doubt make but an odd kind of Musick. The following verse, sure should have been Ovid's not Virgil's. Ver. 13.

White Lillyes lie neglected on the Plain, Whilst dusky Hyacinths for use remain. Ver. 21, 22

sides the poorness of the *Traduction*, who taught Mr. D. that *Lilies* were so useless, or that *Ligustra* signified *Lilies*? *Martial* would have told him of the *Maid* who was whiter  
 Lib. 1. Ep. 116. *Argento, nive, lilio, ligustro*? And he Com-  
 Lib. 8. Ep. 28. plemen is another *Lilia tu vincis nec ad huc de-*  
*lapsa Ligustra*. The *Ligustra* were doubtless, the Blossoms of some Tree. *Pliny* tells us, the *Cyprus* in *Egypt*, is by some thought to be the  
 Plin. Hist. Nat. l. 12. *Ligustrum* of *Italy*, whose Flowers may be  
 c. 24. sweet in their Native Soil, but degenerate in another.

Ver. 29. 30. *Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd When*  
*summon'd Stones the Theban Turret rear'd.*  
 Were the Stones then his Herd? Or did not Mr. D. talk of the *Theban Walls*, because he knew not what *Actæus Aracynthus* meant: This to make use of his own *Witicism*, is to traduce *Virgil* indeed.

Ver. 40. Or perhaps contend with Pan. *Virgil* had more Judgment than to make his *Shepherds* contend for *Mastery* with their God; but when Mr. D. represented *Alexis* and *Corydon*, his Thoughts were big with his own *Maximin*: The next Lines are as wide of *Virgil*, as of good Sense.

Ver. 43. Nor scorns the Pipe. For *Nec te pæniteat*, &c. Mr. D. fencelessly applies that to Pan, which *Virgil* makes *Corydon* say to *Alexis*; and so to Talk coherently.

Ver. 45. *Corydon's Pipe* was not made with seven smooth Joyns, but with seven Reeds of an unequal length joyn'd together, somewhat like the lesser Pipe of a small Organ. Two

Two Kids that, for, which, but false Grammar is so common with him, it's not worth notice.

I found by chance, and to my Fold convey'd. *Vir. 51.*  
i. e. I stole 'em, Virgil meant, he found them in a dangerous Place, near the Den of some Beast of Prey; so as he ventur'd his Life for 'em, which would render the present more *Vir. 52.* valuable. Virgil's *Capreoli* would have been little Goats, whose Age yet was more distinguishable by their Marks, than by their Size. *Sparis etiam nunc pellibus albo.*

Alexis is represented as a young Shepherd, *Vir. 53.* and the Goats would serve for somewhat better than to play with.

To make amends for his former neglect; Mr. D. now tells us, They were both fleckt with White, the true Arcadian strain; what Virgil gave then as a mark of their Age, our Poet makes a mark of their Breed; a very *Vir. 55.* considerable discovery! It's a wonder he did not derive 'em from the Goats, in whose Watering-Troughs Jacob laid the peel'd Rods. But *nemo Mortalium*, &c.

The next ten Lines are so wild a Translation of Virgil as is intolerable; the sweet smelling Daffodil, the Pansy, the Purple Spring, because it brings on pale Violets, and Marsh Marigolds are such a medley of Flowers, as would fright Virgil, if he were to see 'em put down for his; nor would he own that *Ovidian Conclusion* where, at least, there's too much.

Ver. 90.

*Towers are for Gods.* A very grave Sentence; but pray, for what kind of Gods?

Ver. 92.

*The wanton Kid the Browse,* Excellent for *Florentem Cytisum*, &c.

Ver. 93.

*Alexis thou art chas'd by Corydon.* A very noble Expression.

Ver. 95-99.

*See from a far the Fields no longer smoke, Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove.* The Scene is now to be removed to *Jamaica* or *Barbadoes*, which *Virgil's* honest *Shepherds* ne'er thought of. The following three Lines are wonderfully agreeable to *Homespun Coryden*. Doubtless *Mr. D.* when he wrote 'em, thought himself courting a *Town Miss*, and had a mind to show all his *Improvements* by *Court Conversation*.

In this whole *Eclogue* our *Translator* has kept himself at such a distance from his *Author*, that it's plain, he did not or would not understand him, nor can he be so much a *Suffraganus* to himself, as to imagine, *Virgil*, had he been now living, would have represented a *Shepherd*, tho of the true *Arcadian* strain so injudiciously. He has made *Virgil* think otherwise than he did, whether better or no, I leave to their Judgments who understand the *Original*.

## E C L O G U E III.

Ver. 1.

**H**O Groom! a very *Elegant Title* for a *Shepherd*! but I confess, *Mr. D.* is not without Authority, for so *H. C.* in his *Popish*

Con-

*Courant* Jan. 24<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>2</sup>. Translates *Non ego Romulea  
miror quod pastor in Urbe Sceptra gerat; Pa-  
stor conditor Urbis erat.* It's nothing strange  
a Sheperd Reigns in Rome; For he that  
built it, was a Shepherd's Groom. While  
he Neara Courts, and Courts in vain. A *Ver. 4. 5.*  
mistake, for she was their common Friend, and  
Ægon was only afraid Menalcas should have  
more of her Company than himself.

Of Grass and Fodder thou defrau'st the Dams. *Ver. 6.*  
for *Et succus pecori.* Ruæus teaches him better  
than to construe it so absurdly.

Yet when I crept the Hedges of the Leys. Pure *Ver. 15.*  
Nonsense! and stole the Stays. Better and  
better.

Beneath yon antient Oak. *Ad veteres fagos. Ver. 17.*  
well guest however. When the fair Boy receiv'd  
the gift of Right. *Et cum vidisti puero dona-  
ta dolebas.* If this ben't Translation, pray  
what is?

What Nonsense would the Fool thy Master *Ver. 21.*  
prate. *Quid domini facient?* We use to say,  
Saying and Doing, are two things.

When thou his Knave. Mr. D. has heard *Ver. 21.*  
of Paul the Knave of Jesus Christ; and if I  
mistake not, I have read some Plays said to be  
written by John Dryden, Servant to His Ma-  
jesty; however it's a most profound Quibble.

Ask, Damon, ask if he the Debt denies; I *Ver. 12.*  
think he dares not; if he does, he lies. Here's  
Dometas grown a meer Almanzor. The  
Lye no Man can bear. But is not this an  
admirable Construction of — *Es mihi Damon Ip-  
se*

*se fatebatur, sed reddere posse negabat?* i. e. He durst not deliver it, because of his Masters Interest, or without his leave.

Ver. 34. Thou Booby. Stoo him Bays! Now I fancy, Virgil intended to expose some dull Poet for a meer Ballad Singer, Toning out, *o Hone o Hone!* with sad Lines, and a dismal voice, and that indeed, his Compositions, tho very mean, were like the present Translation, Licensed and Entered according to Order. Mr. D. is of another Mind, and says, He tickled the Croud with a Straw.

Ver. 40. My brindled Heifer. Now since Mr. D. was at liberty to make it of any Colour, why was it not my Milk-white Heifer, that we might have known it was of the true Roman strain? But why, her Beestnings never fail? the Dairy Maid at Denham Court, would have told him, they are Beestnings but for three or four Days after Calving; afterwards they are Strokings; but it was a most miraculous Heifer, which had her brimming Pails full of either, especially when she had suckled two Calves before; but if her Strokings were so plentiful, what would her full Bag have given?

Ver. 48, 49. A cursed she, who rules my Hen-pecks Sire, Menalcas says no such thing, who does the Translator mean? *Alter and Hados.* And once she takes the Tale of all the Lambs, Well Construed again!

Ver. 55. Two Bowls I have. Now here I durst lay my Brindled Heifer, that our Translator made 'em two, because Virgil calls 'em *Pocula* in the Plu-

ral

ral Number, and carrys it quite thro Menalcas's Speech, but by Neuters Plural to signifie *Lavinia-que venit litora.* a single thing is not unusual, and Dametas, to run him down, tells him, he indeed has *duo Pocula*, i. e. He was resolv'd to overmatch him in every thing, for he treats him altogether in Scorn, tho it comes to a Wager at last.

The Lids are Ivy — Bowls don't use to have Lids, unless Alcimedon had the way of making Tunbridge Ware, and I dare say, Menalcas's had not so much as a loose Cover; the word *Superaddita*, I'm afraid made Mr. D. think of a Lid. Grapes in clusters lurk beneath, is like the Fellow looking out of the Window who was to draw in his Head, if any body look'd at him; I'm desperately afraid Mr. D. read it *Celatum*. For the whole description of the Bowl, *Ruæus*, if consulted, would have set him somewhat righter.

The Kimbo Handles seem with Bearsfoot Carved. Ver. 69. Nonsense again,

Where Orpheus on his Lyre laments his Love; Ver. 69, 70. With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove. Meer trifling, and unsuitable to Virgil, and his Shepherd's Character.

Menalcas rather than be thought a Coward, Ver. 74, 75. comes to Dametas's terms in Virgil. *Veniam quocunque rocaris*; but does not brag like a Child, this, *Ruæus* would have shown our Translator, but he forgets all that.

And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. Ver. 84. Admirable!

- V. 39, &c.* *Me Phœbus loves, for Him my blushing Hyacinths and my Bays I keep.* The rest is the Translators, and impertinently stuck to Virgil.
- Ver. 97.* *With pelted Fruit, &c.* I thought Galatea had pelted him with Apples. Mr. Dryden thought the Apples were pelted, not the Man. Then tripping to the Woods—for *Et fugit ad salices.*
- Ver. 105.* *I saw two Stock-doves billing, and e're long will take the Nest.* But does their Billing shew where their Nest is? Virgil's *Dametas* observ'd where their Nest was, Mr. D. only their Gesture.
- Ver. 107.* *Ten ruddy Wildings, i. e. Crabs; a Noble Present! And doubtless the Aurea Mala of the Hesperides were no better.* And stood on Tip-toes reaching from the Ground, i. e. to get at the Wildings: But where says Virgil or *Ruæus* so?
- Ver. 111.* *The lovely Maid lay panting in my Arms, &c.* where's nothing of Virgil's Spirit or Pastoral Style, but pure Ovid, or somewhat looser than he.
- Ver. 120.* *At Sheering time. Cum faciam vitula pro frugibus.*
- Ver. 135.* *A Bull be bred With spurning Heels and with a butting Head.* This, I'm sure, is no Commentary on the Poet's Meaning, nor is it Intelligible to a meer English Reader, nor, as translated, is it any just Repartee to *Dametas*.
- Ver. 138.* *Let Myrrh instead of Thorn his Fences fill.* *Amomum* is by some thought to be the Herb Night-

*Night-shade*, by some the *Rose of Jerusalem*, by some of *Fericho*, by some 'tis thought to be *Cinnamon*, only Mr. D. has found it out to be *Myrrh*. But why *Myrrh* to make a *Fence*? *Dametas* would have *Pollio* his Friend so happy, as that his *very Bushes* should bear the *sweetest Flowers*, or the *richest Spices*; but neither *Plants like Hemlock*, nor *Odeiferous Flowers*, nor *sweet Gums*, were ever fit to make *Hedges* with; our *Translator* was certainly here in a *Dream*, or worse.

*Who hates not living Bavius, i. e. N. T. let* Ver. 140:  
*him be Dead, Mævius, i. e. T. S. damn'd to love*  
*thy Works and thee.* And why are not either of 'em as commendable as a *Bathyllus* or a *Chærilus*, or one past the *fumbling Age of Poetry*?

*Join Dog-Foxes in the Yoke.* How come Mr. Ver. 143.  
D. to know that *Virgil* meant *Dog-Foxes*? Or why must *Mulgeat Hircos* be render'd, *Sheer the Swine*. Methinks it had been better, let him, like *Waltham's Calf*, go nine Mile to suck a *Bull*, as they do who read this dear *Translation* for *Virgil*.

Is a *Jew'd ridiculous Translation*: So what Ver. 144, 5.  
*Menalcas* says afterwards, and what *Dametas* returns is so far from the *Text*, as the  *silliest Priest in England* would have been ashamed of.

*Destroys the Groom.* I'm afraid Mr. D. will Ver. 155  
hardly shew us the *Country in England* where the *Shepherd's Boy* is stil'd the *Groom*; but he's in love with the *Word*, and I have given him an *Authority* for it before.

*What*

V. 158.

*What Magick has bewitch'd the woolly Dams?  
Why none at all, Man! They were the Lambs  
which look'd as if they had suck'd sheir Dams  
through a Hurdle; i. e. they were overlooked  
by some Witch.*

Ver. 160.

*Is more a Riddle than Virgil's.*

The whole Eclogue is *viciously* translated, that a Man could scarcely pass *one Line* without *Censure*; and Mr. D. seems in general to have no Notion of *Virgil's Air* or *Sence*, but fixes any thing on him which himself thinks fit, lops off his *best Thoughts*; and though his *Lines are smother*, his *Sense* is not *better*, or more plain than *Ogylby's* so much decry'd.

## E C L O G U E IV.

**T**HIS Eclogue is of a piece with the rest of Mr. D.'s; and as to the *Subject* of it, it would puzzle a *good Critick* to reconcile Mr. D.'s *Prefatory Talk*, *Ruæus* his *Preface*, and the *Argument His Friends* gave him for it together. But let who will compose that *Quarrel*, let's see what the *Version* is.

To find no Fault with the *Absurd Translation* of the Four first Lines.

Ver. 5.

*The last Great Age foretold by Sacred Rhimes,  
Renews it's finish'd Course.* What can Mr. Translator mean by that? Why this *great Age* was now but *coming*, not *past*, and *beginning again*? *Virgil* knew better than to think that the *great Platonick Year* was *past* when he wrote; but here was now *beginning a new, a better,*

better, and a happier Season than had been formerly known since the *Golden Age*. He calls it the *last Age*; if the *last* be finish'd it can't be renew'd again, if it be renew'd it was not the *last*; nor can a Quibble excuse the Nonsense, nor prove what follows, *And mighty Tears begun, From the first Orb in radiant Circles run, any thing but glittering Nonsense.*

*The Father, &c.* A poor Version of *Te Du-* Ver. 16.  
*ce siqua manent sceleris vestigia nostri Irrita, &c.*  
 The whole Design of this Eclogue has been much controverted. After what has been said by *Blondel, Boxborne, Galens*, and many great Men of our own, it seems to me, that *Virgil*, acquainted with ancient Prophecies, reflected on and repeated oft in his Time, concerning an Universal King to be born in the East, or in *Judaea*, (for that Talk was sometimes more particular, sometimes more general) was willing to divert the Course of those Prophecies, and make the Romans look at Home for what they expected from Abroad. Whether they were the Sibylline Prophecies, (many of which may be Authentick, whatsoever yet has been said against them) or the more Authentick Jewish Prophecies, then read in many places; I doubt not but *Virgil* design'd all to the Honour of his Patrons, in which, I believe, he was not inspir'd; but though not inspir'd, he might be so far directed by an unknown Influence, and limited by a Superintending Providence as to amass such things together in this particular Poem, as would be ridiculous when apply'd to any

any, but *Jesus the Son of God, the Saviour of the World.* To Him these very Verses belong, and were penn'd by Virgil in an ambiguous manner, equally applicable to Pollio's Son or Nephew, or Augustus; and were construed, at that time, by that Notion they had of the Writer, whose Person and Inclinations is oftentimes the best Comment upon his Work.

Ver. 18. The Son shall lead the Life of Gods, is very short of, He shall be Partaker of the Divine Life, which is the true Sense of the Poet's Words.

V. 23, 4, 5. All meer trifling to the Original; where the very Verses seem to smile, as well as the promis'd, Garlands on the New-born Infant.

Ver. 30. Each common Bush shall Syrian Roses wear. No sure, Myrrh not Roses; Mr. D. ought not to change the Signification of Words at his own Pleasure.

Ver. 35. The knotted Oke shall Showers of Honey weep. And thro' the melted Grass the Liquid Gold shall creep. Thus one's for Sense, the other for Convenience, as our Friend Hudibras has it.

Ver. 42. Another Argos, I'm afraid is something more than a Typographical Error.

Ver. 51. Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine. Why, Man, the Divers Colours are real not dissembled; no, not so much as meer various modifications of Light; but Virgil means, the most beauteous Colours Wool could wear should be Natural, not Artificial, as the following Verses shew.

*Beneath his Pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat, Ver. 55, 6.*  
*And under Tyrian Robes the Lambs shall bleat,*  
*i. e. They shall all be Kings, or Noblemen at*  
*least, and appear always in their Parliament*  
*Robes. But is this to Translate Virgil, whose*  
*Thoughts are always just, and Expressions pro-*  
*per?*

*Mature in Years, for Aderit jam tempus; as Ver. 59.*  
 if the Expression referr'd not to the *World*, but  
 to the *Child*; which the very next Passage  
 corrects.

*See to their Base restor'd Earth, Seas, and Air, Ver. 63.*  
*And joyful Ages from behind in crowding Ranks*  
*appear. Nothing at all to the purpose, but*  
*to put one in mind of—Was not he a Ra-*  
*scal? &c.*

*The frowning Infant's Doom is read. Cui Ver. 77:*  
*non risere Parentes. Thro' the whole of this*  
*Eclogue a Man may look for Virgil in Virgil,*  
*and not be able to find him.*

## E C L O G U E V.

**I**T's always accounted unlucky to stumble *Ver. 1.*  
 in the beginning of a Work; yet here  
 our Translator begins to the Tune of *Fauste,*  
*precor gelida, &c. Since on the Downs our Flocks*  
*together feed; which is a very fine Thought.*  
 And why was not the Design of their *Sitting*  
*down in the Shade mentioned? They who*  
*read the Original understand it; they who*  
*pretend to interpret the Poet should express it.*

Ver. 5.

What Mr. D. gave our Poet before, he takes away quite in these four Lines, and that for false English too. It seems, tho' a very good Catholick, as doubtless he is, he never read the Catholick Father's Book *De Majoritate & Obedientia*.

Ver. 7.

Or will you to the cooler Carce succeed? This is one of the Latinisms Mr. D. pretends to boast of, and a silly one it is. Succeed is confin'd in our Language to another Sense or two, and won't be naturaliz'd to this, tho' Mr. D. should bring the Bill into the Parliament of Poets.

Ver. 20.

— Now bring the Swain, Whose Voice you boast, and let him try the Strain. This shews the Translator's Folly, who talk'd of *Amyntas's* before, which *Menalcas* meant not; but that no other Shepherd among 'em had so fine a Vein of Poetry, or made such fine Songs as *Amyntas*; and the *Canendo* afterwards is to be interpreted the same way; and here *Mopsus* promises to sing his *Elegy on Daphnis*, and challenges *Menalcas* to bring in *Amyntas* to perform any thing like it; and, in return, *Menalcas* complements *Mopsus* not for his Voice, for his Talent was *Calamos inflare lides*, but for his Poetry.

Ver. 25.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd Lay,  
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful day. An admirable Paraphrase on *Sed tu desine plura, puer: successimus antro.*

¶ 34. &amp;c.

The Lifeless Parent, his wretched Limbs embrac'd Accusing all the Gods, and every Star. The rest is all an Ovidian impertinence of Mr. D's, who indeed, makes *Virgil's Poem* look like

like *Dametas's Armour*, patch'd with any thing he could gather from the *lower Form of Poets*. And if *Rome* was the *Parent*, the description's nothing but absurdity; besides, how could the *Lifeless Parent* embrace the *dead Corps*, or accuse the *Gods*? The *Proverb* seems true generally, that *Mortui non mordent*.

*The Lybian Lyons bear, and hearing roar.* Ver. 42.  
Let *Ogylby* shew a *Nobler Line*, if he can.

And *Holy Revels* for his *Reeling Train*. A Ver. 46.  
very pretty *Circumstance* in commendation of a *deceas'd Hero*, and from a *sober Poet*; but the *Translator* puts in a little *Burlesque* now and then, for a *Ragout* for his *cheated Subscribers*.

And so to the 55th is an *impertinent and un-* Ver. 50.  
*seasonable Illustration of Virgil's neat Eulogy on Daphnis*.

And softly let the *running Waters* glide. A- Ver. 62.  
nother of *Mr. D's* *sweet smelling Daffodils*, who for *Virgil's* short, yet *Noble Epitaph*, has given us a *loose, unnerv'd one of his own*; it can be no *Capital Crime*, after so *Celebrated a Trifler*, to render it thus;

*Daphnis the Shepherd I to Heaven renown'd,*  
*Fair was my Flock, myself with fairer Beauties*  
*crown'd.*

O *Heavenly Poet*! Here *Mr. D.* shows his Ver. 69.  
own *carelessness* before, and confirms my *Ob-*  
*servation*, that it was not the *voice*, but the *Poetry*,  
for which *Mopsus* was so much admir'd.

It's not the *Character of Shepherds* to be op- Ver. 71, 72.  
press'd with *Cares*, and *Virgil* never thought of  
the *Sylvan Shade*, but the *green Grass*, which

it's better sleeping in on a *Sunny Bank*, than under a *Shade*, the *Grass* being sweeter there, and the *Steam* of the *Earth* more wholesome.

Ver. 77. 78. *Your Lays are next to his, and claim the second Praise.* *Alter ab illo* signifies, not one inferior, or of the second Rank, but another such an one, or equal to him, nor is *Servius's* Authority good to the contrary.

Ver. 81. *For Daphnis was so good to love what e're was mine.* *Menalcas's* complement to *Mopsus* is spoil'd before, and here he does not say, *Daphnis lov'd what e're was mine*, but *he lov'd me*, which a Man may do, without loving all the failures of his Friend: And if *Mr. D.* had any thoughts of *King Charles II.* tho he had all the sweetness of Nature a meer Man was capable of, he had too much Wit to like every thing that was his.

Ver. 86, 87, 89. Should we allow *Candidus* to signify, the Guest of Heaven, which it does not, but has a nobler Emphasis, what means the Translator by his viewing the *Starry Skies* in the *Adilky way*; sure it's an odd kind of *Hypallage*. Now whether *Daphnis* look'd upward or downward for this fine Vision, *Virgil* makes him see the Stars below him, *Mr. D.* the rolling Year, for so he construes *Sidera*, to the best of my apprehension; and doubtless, that's a very fine Sight, and a mighty surprize to his wondering Eyes.

Ver. 91. *The Purple Spring adorns the various Ground.* *Virgil* could never have reach'd so fine, and so very agreeable a Thought.

Nor Birds the Springs fear. This Mr. D, Ver. 94.  
added, to let us know he understood how to  
catch Woodcocks.

For Daphnis Reigns above, and deals from Ver. 95, 6.  
thence His Mother's milder Beams and peaceful  
Influence. Who does the Translator mean by  
Caesar's Mother, if Daphnis was Caesar? Was  
it Aurelia, the Daughter of Caius Cotta, who  
makes a very small Figure in History? Or  
was it Venus? If so, she should have been his  
Grandmother at least? Or was not his Head  
full of Aeneas, whose Mother Venus indeed  
was, as he thinks Virgil's Head was when he  
wrote this Eclogue? And is not the whole  
a pretty Paraphrase of *Amat Bonus otia Daph-*  
*nus?*

The Shrubs partake of Humane Voice. But Ver. 98.  
why Humane? Can any thing be more absurd?  
The Poet never thought of it. And not only  
Prophane Writers, but Scripture it self, calls up-  
on all the parts of the Universe to praise God;  
but they never dreamt of their doing it in a  
Humane Voice.

Assenting Nature with a gracious Nod Pro- Ver. 99.  
claims him. That's a very new way of Pro-  
claiming a God; the gracious Nod belongs to  
Jove, as the supreme among the Poetical Gods;  
to ascribe what belongs to him to Nature, is  
to make Nature superior to a God, and therefore  
to condescend very far, when she allows her  
gracious Nod to the new dub'd Divinity.

On each is offer'd Annual Sacrifice, Where Ver. 100.  
does Mr. Translator find that? The follow-

ing Lines are senceless and idle: Virgil talks nothing of what the Priests should offer, but what he'd offer himself; Two Bowls of New Milk, and two of fresh Oil.

Ver. 113. Dametas shall perform the Rites Divine. Was Dametas then a Priest? If not, what had he to do with Divine Rights? If he was, why should Menalcas only mention his Singing in the Text? What Aegon was to do, the same was the Task of Dametas, but Aegon was to Sing Hymns to Daphnis, not to play the Priest; therefore Dametas was only to sing. Mr. D. quite forgot the following Vow, *Hæc tibi semper erunt* —

Ver. 121. And Locusts feed on Dew. Where did Mr. D. ever hear of Locusts feeding on Dew? Scripture, if he troubl'd that much, would have taught him better, Germany sometimes, and several parts of Africa very frequently find it otherwise; but Mr. D. is fond of Translating Cicada Locusts, which in our Poet, always signify Grasshoppers, of whom, for ought we know, the observation of their feeding on Dew, may be true.

Ver. 126. Tho *Damnabis tu quoque votis*, may pass well in Latin, yet a pretence to Translate it literally in English, is ridiculous, when the plain meaning is, thou too shalt oblige Men, or hold them fast to the performance of their Vows by the awe of thy Divine Power.

Ver. 136. And had the Judge been just, had won the Prize. An Addition directly contrary to Virgil's notion of Palæmon, and that Opinion Rhem-

nus Palæmon had of himself upon account of Virgil's naming him as a Judge between the contending Shepherds, therefore this did not grow out of him. The Paraphrase on the last three Verses is more loose, and trifling than Ovid would have offer'd at in the greatest Luxuriancy of his Fancy.

## E C L O G U E VI.

**N**OR blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell in Mantuan Plains. But why must Sylva signify the Mantuan Plains? Or why the Doric Muse? Did Virgil ever write in the Doric Dialect, as Theocritus had done? Who would imagine the Translator had ever read his Author? The first is every whit as wide too from the Author's Sense. Ver. 2.

— Nor dare beyond the Reed. A very clear Expression, and extremely agreeable to *deductum dicere carmen*. Ver. 6.

— And reading not disdain. *Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis Captus amore leget.* The Translation's admirable English, and very much to the purpose. Ver. 11.

The Name of Varus oft inscrib'd shall see In every Grove, and every vocal Tree. Virgil says nothing of inscribing, nor would Mr. D. had he but consider'd his own Epithet? for why should the Tree be vocal upon which the Name would be inscrib'd? It ought to be vocal to sing a Name, as Virgil says, but the dumb- Ver. 15.

est Tree in all the wood might serve well enough to carry an Inscription.

Ver. 15.

10 And all the Sylvan Reign. I have heard Mr. D. was once a Westminster Scholar. Dr. Busby I doubt, would have whip'd a Boy for Paraphrasing *omne nemus* so Childishly. The three next verses are worthy of Mr. D. but unworthy of his admirable Author.

Ver. 19.

Mr. D. was *Nominum asperitate deterritus*. And therefore lets Chromis and Mnasyllus pass, but where did he find that Silenus was their Sire; if he were, his drunkenness would not excuse their Rudeness to bind their Sire for an old Song.

Ver. 25.

Born by the Tida of Wine, and floating on the Floor. Was ever so senseless a Thought? How escap'd the old Toper from drowning in his own Spue? And what a dull Soul was poor Virgil? This is to make him talk better than he ever thought before; but see the Latouriancy of Wit! The very next Couplet gives us as fine a touch with relation to his empty Can, his *Gravis Cantharus*, (for he's now for his *Statusimus*, i. e. *abrogamus*) with the unusual Ornament of two Ears; 'Twas hung on high to boast the Triumph of the Day. I suppose it was made out of some Vocal Tree, and had an Epinicion inscribed on it.

Ver. 33.

The fairest Nais, for Nymph, that it might be the more intelligible; and soon after, He finds the Fraud, injudiciously for He finds the Trick; for there was no Fraud in their binding him, and painting his Face.

'Twas

*'Twas Impudence to find A sleeping God, 'tis Sa-* Ver. 38, 39.  
*crilege to bind.* Silenus was no God, but a De-  
*mi-god, which is more than can be said of our*  
*unparall'd Translator.* But where did he  
 find that pretty Notion of Impudence and Sa-  
*crilege?* Virgil says only, *It was favour e-* Satis est  
*nough to them that they had seen him, intima-* potuisse vir-  
*ting there was no need of more; if he was* deri;

willing to be seen, they need not question his  
*Willingness to satisfy them in other Particulars:*  
 But what's the pretended Version to all this?  
*Not by Hæmonian Hills, &c.* Unquestio-  
 nably true, the Hills were very silent all of Ver. 46.  
 them; yet if they had any Nodding Forests up-  
 on them, there be somewhat of a Noise a-  
 mong them, a leading up the Brawls, or so;  
 but where's Virgil?

*He sung how Seas, &c. Fell thro' the mighty* Ver. 50, &c.  
*Void, and in their Fall Were blindly gather'd in*  
*this goodly Ball.* Rucius and others, to whom  
 Mr. D. is blindly gather'd, suppose Silenus an  
 Epicurean Philosopher, his full Gut, his empty  
 Can, his Tipsie brain, and his abominable Spew-  
 ing, I suppose, were their Evidences: But  
 how shall we reconcile Mr. D. and his Friends,  
 the Prefacers to these Pastorals, who, with a  
 great deal of Judgment deny the matter, and  
 argue better from Silenus's Words, than from  
 his Posture. Mr. D. is Epicure entire in his Sence  
 of Virgil; but where says Virgil himself, that  
 the Seeds of all things fell thro' the mighty Void?  
 If they fell through it, they fell from some place  
 or Ubi without it, which was their Terminus à  
 quo,

quo, and into some place without or beneath it again, which was the *Terminus ad quem*: And pray what Philosophy is this? But, In their Fall they were blindly gather'd, i. e. by Fortune, commonly call'd *Blind*. The Seeds of things then were passive, Fortune was active; and what's capable of acting, must have an Existence; therefore Fortune had a Being before the Seeds of all things, which is a great Honour to Her Divinity. But Virgil says the *Semina* were, *per inane coacta*, Gathered together, but not by chance, or blindly, but by some really powerful Agent; they did not fall thro' the void, but were amass'd in it. Now if they were gather'd together, they did not gather themselves together, their concurrence was not Fortuitous; if they were manag'd by some superior Power, that Power could not be a Name, a Title, a Chimera, but must be a Real, All-wise, and All-Powerful Being, that is, God, who if he were the Agent, in gathering the Seeds of things together, Epicurus's Hypothesis falls: And if Virgil instructs us thus, Virgil was not, in this Eclogue, a Promoter of the Epicurean Philosophy; and for Mr. D. tho his Sentiments may be very suspicious, if he has any, it's plain he's no Master of his Notion, nor so much of Expression, as he pretends to; for what means he by being blindly gather'd? to jumble together by chance, or fall together Blindly, may be allow'd, but to be gather'd blindly together is pure Nonsense.

Ver. 64.

Pro-

Prometheus theft, and Jove's avenging Rage. *Ver. 74.*  
 An obscure innuendo for Virgil's plain Declaration of the punishment of Prometheus.

Tho' tender and untry'd, the Look they fear'd;  
 Meaning the Bull, as in the following Verses, but Virgil apply'd those to the Prætidæ, who in a Melancholic Madness, fancy'd themselves Heifers; who tho' they were afraid of the Look, and felt often for their Horns, yet were not so much Brutes, as to look out for a Bull: *Ver. 79.*  
 And must we say, Mr. D. understood Virgil?

Hence bro' the Forest Roves, And rears with Anguish for his absent Loves. Just contrary to Virgil, who aggravates the misery of Pasiphaë, from this very consideration, that the Bull was wholly insensible of her Amours, Liv'd careless as Brutes commonly do, and took up with any she among the Herd, without thinking of his Lady Mistress; and Mr. Dryden takes a civil care to confuse himself, in the very next Lines.

Mr. D. to shew his Complaisance for the fair Sex, says, what Virgil, whom, yet his Translator represents as a Woman-hater, scorn'd to do, and what's really False. Mr. D. must not measure all by his own. Virtue, for ought I know, may survive among some of that Sex, when Men have quite lost it.

How each arising Alder now appears, And o'er the Ro' distills her Gummy Tears. *Ver. 91.*  
 But do Alders distil Gum? What Arborist told him so, Virgil uses *Alnus* for *Populus*; but his Translator has no such Liberty, except  
*Some indeed says they were chang'd in*  
 to Alders, but they say nothing of the Gum.  
 when

when he has a mind to add a fine Line only to expose himself.

Ver. 96.

And Linus thus their Gratitude exprest. For what? Wherein had Gallus been such a Benefactor to them? And what has the Good Man done with *Divino Carmine Pastor Floribus, atque Apio crines ornatus amato*? Was Virgil's Muse so dull, that Mr. D. could make nothing of it? But, to make amends for what's wanting here, he mistakes Hesiod soon after for Orpheus, Who with his Pipe of old had Charm'd the Savage Train, for we hear of no such thing by Hesiod.

Ver. 101.

2, 3, 4

What Mr. D. meant here I know not, I'm sure he Translates not Virgil, unless among his several Editions, he has some Copy very wide of Ours.

Ver. 105.

Why should I sing the double Scylla's Fate? There were two Scylla's indeed, One the Daughter of Phorcus, the other of Nisus. But Ruens thinks Virgil speaks of but one, and his Text agrees with his Comment, but which of the two means Mr. D. by The beautiful Maid deform'd? What English Reader will know whose Fleet was devour'd by her? Virgil leaves neither of these things really Ambiguous, but his Interpreter leaves both so, that the whole may be the plainer.

Ver. 113.

And how in Fields the Lapwing Tereus reigns. Lapwings are no royal Birds, nor can they pretend to the same command which Tereus had in his Country. And Virgil takes no notice of Philomela's Musick, but of her

Cookery,

Cockery, in which she joyn'd with Progne,  
v. Ovid Metam. l. 6.

Had taught the Laurels and the Spartan *Ver. 118.*  
Flood. Virgil says no such thing, but the  
River Eurotas had heard Phœbus sing such  
things, and the Banks being cover'd with  
Laurels, the River taught those Laurels the  
same Songs which she had heard. The other  
7 Lines are such Stuff, so full a mistake of  
Virgil's Sence, and debauch his Fancy so fear-  
dously, as Ogylby would have been a-  
sham'd of.

ECLOGUE VII.

Beneath a Holm. Sub Ilice, under an Oak *Ver. 1.*  
Of a particular kind indeed, and such  
as is common in Italy.

The Father of my Flock. Mr. D. seems *Ver. 3.*  
very fond of this Catachresis in several places,  
as in the former Eclogue; The Husband of  
the Herd, but such Figures, tho' graceful in  
the Original are absurd in the Version, and not  
to be imitated.

Here when Mincius winds along the Meads *Ver. 15.*  
again. And see from yon old Oak that, for  
which, mates the Skies; both meer Drydenisms,  
or ungraceful Impertinencies; besides the  
Swarms did not rise from the Tree, but  
summ'd in it, as in the Hive in a still, warm  
Evening.

To house and feed by Hand my weaning *Ver. 21.*  
Lambs. Another as bad. Virgil's saying is,  
they

they were not at hand to take 'em from their Dams, and shut 'em up when they had suck'd enough; nor has he any thing about their dreining the Dams, which after good lugging by the Lambs, could not Strut much.

Ver. 25. *Alternos Musæ meminisse volebant*, is quite sunk.

Ver. 27. 9. Your Muses ever fair and ever young—With all, my Codrus, O inspire my Breast, the first Silly, the last Nonsense.

Ver. 38. —Fence my Brows with Amulets of Bays, *Baccare frontem Cingite*. There may be some dispute about what kind of Plant *Baccar* is, but Mr. D.'s the first I believe who makes it *Bays*, which, tho' they might be good against Thunder, supposing Laurel and Bays, Synonymous, are no Specifick against Witchcraft, or Fascination.

Ver. 42. (*The first Essay of Arms untry'd before*.) Mr. D. will be adding without Sense or Reason; Virgil intimates nothing of all this. I observe, he's mighty fond of his Parian Stone or Marble, which yet the Poet mentions only once as I remember, in his *Aeneids*; but the Translator would have it look as if Virgil or Theocritus had never heard of any other Marble but that. Thy Legs in Buskins with a purple Band, is an Original.

Ver. 52. Here the Translator's mad, every Line betrays his Stupidity; first Galatea comes in with her Silver Feet, a very fine Epithet, and the right meaning of Nerine. Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bale; because they say, Man's a Tree inverted.

ed, I suppose by this, *Galatea* was one of Mrs. Behn's *She-Giants*, and the fitter *Mistress* for that handsome Gentleman *Polyphemus*; but what's all this to the Poets *Hædæa formosior albâ*? The next is a most exquisite Paraphrase of *Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito*. But then follows a Flower, *Come when my lated Sheep at Night return*. I suppose *Corydon's Oxen* had undergone the Noble Experiment of transfusion, and so were become Sheep. Now such a wonderful Operation might Crown the silent Hours, and stop the rising Morn; if that pretty verse has any meaning in it.

Here Mr. D. resolves to out-do his Author, Ver. 51. and *Thyrsis*, to aggravate his Uglyness, must be black as Night, and what's much stranger, *Deform'd like him, who chaws Sardinian Herbage to contract his Jauns*. Sardinian Herbage, is a very general Word; and sure all the Herbs in Sardinia were not of a malignant Nature; or did ever any Man eat 'em only that his Jauns might be contracted? Naturalists talk of a Plant in Sardinia, of which, whosoever pretended to eat, was presently taken with a Fit of Laughter, in which he Dy'd: *Thyrsis* wishes that he might be as nauseous, or bitter to his *Mistress*, and consequently as odious as that Plant to those who knew of it, if he did not think that Day longer than a Year, in which she was absent; how close Mr. D. comes to this Sence! In the next Lines in the Poet, *Thyrsis* rates his *Bullocks* home, that his *Mistress* might come to him. Mr. D. will

will have the *Bullocks Sheep* still, and will talk absurdly, while his *Author* gives him good Sence.

Ver. 66. 7. *Ye Mossy Springs inviting easy Sleep, Ye Trees whose leafy shade those Mossy Fountains keep; How much nearer is Mr. Ogylby to Virgil. Ye Mossy Springs and Grass more soft than Sleep, and verdant Boughs which you with Shadows keep, but they're both out in—*  
*Jam lato surgent in palmite gemmae*, for the *Gemmae* are neither *Grapes* nor *Blossoms*. But those *Budds* which put out from the *Stock* at every *joynt*, and shoot out into those annual *Branches* which bear the *Grapes*.

Ver. 76.

*With beapy Fires.* A Senceless Expression.

Ver. 80.

*Nor withering Vines their juicy Vintage yield,* which is far from *Virgil's* meaning in *Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras*, i. e. *Bacchus* envies the *Hillocks*, those *shady Vines* which us'd to cover them, and what's that to the *Vintage*? *Mr. Ogylby* much better. *And Bacchus viny Shades denies the Hills.* The words are not so well placed, but his meaning is the same with *Virgil's*, which the others is not.

Ver. 84.

Those *Seven Lines* are the best I have yet met with in *Seven Eclogues*, and they come nearest to *Virgil's*, but they are run out to a *luxurious length*, quite beneath *Virgil's* closeness and majesty. They'd have look'd pretty well in *Ovid*, but they are too light here.

*Abies in Montibus alis.* Is blown quite away, which Ogyly found room for in four Lines, but Mr. D. could not croud into six. Ver. 94.

I've heard, for *Hæc Memini.* And *Tbyrsis* you contend in vain. The *Apostrophe* is extremely ungraceful, and the following Verses unjustifiable from any thing which *Virgil* says. Ver. 96.

ECLOGUE VIII.

MR. D. somewhere tells us, that the Preface to the Pastorals, the Essay before the Georgics, and the Arguments, were done by some Friends of his. I don't find his Friends infallible, tho' somewhat less mistaken than himself; But since they were so kind, it had been civil in Mr. D. to have read what they had Written; it might have made his own Sence better, and have cleared his Understanding, in some Particulars. Among others, in the beginning of this Pastoral, where he talks of,

The Mournful Muse of two despairing Swains, i. e. Damon, and a certain Old Witch, as he represents her. Damon, indeed complains of the fallshood of his Love in preferring his Rival to himself, but *Alphesibæus* only represents the Conjurations of an Old Woman, to reconcile a Young giddy-headed Fellow to her own decrepid Passions, and what was there in all this to cast honest *Alphesibæus* into despair? Nay, and himself in his Epistle to

G

my

my Lord Clifford, says, *The former part is the complaint and despair of a forsaken Lover, the latter a Charm of an Enchantress, to renew a lost Affection; but nothing can be more pleasant than*

Ver. 2.

*The Love rejected, and the Lovers Pains, which aggravates his former mistake. And*

Ver. 4.

*The Rivers stood on Heaps, and stopp'd the running Flood, which is so exquisite a piece of Nonsense, as his famous Hind and Panther can scarce furnish us with. By the Rivers he can't mean the Gods of the Rivers: They could no more stand on Heaps, than Gods meet with Gods, and juggle in the Dark; if not them, then he must by Rivers mean the running Floods, which is a kind of a Bull too; but allowing that all the favour imaginable, the noble Verse will amount to this, the Rivers stood on heaps and stopp'd the Rivers, this it is, to have a great Genius. Not to observe the false English, for if the Rivers in the Plural Number stopp'd any thing, they must stop the Floods in the same Number, unless there were some Rivers which had no Streams, and this Mr. D. in days of Yore might have learnt at Westminster. The Sixth Verse is only a dull Repetition of the former Nonsense, which perhaps he mistook for a Beauty, not having the Conduct of the Infallible Hind.*

Ver. 7, 8.

*Thou for whom thy Rome prepares, the ready Triumph of thy finish'd Wars. If the Triumph were ready, why were they now to prepare it?*

The

The Complaint as design'd by Mr. D. had been fitter for *Augustus*, than *Pollio*; for whom, had it been a suitable Speech, *Virgil* would scarce have left it for him to make.

In Numbers like to thine could I Rebearse Thy *Ver. 13, 14,*  
lofty Tragic Scenes, thy labour'd verse, The *15, 16.*  
World another Sophocles in thee, Another Homer should behold in me. All this is Heavenly wide from *Virgil's* sence; it may be, Mr. D. who has always some unfathomable thought in his Head, design'd these Lines as a Court to some of his old Patrons; but it was a high Kick to pretend to be a Homer to any body, (tho I don't remember Homer ever wrote any thing in praise of Sophocles,) since Mr. D. by his Flatterers, nay, by the best Critic in England, can be thought to resemble him in nothing but his blindness, which is no fiction here.

Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be *Ver. 17.*  
thine. *Virgil's* is, *A te Principium, tibi desinet* — meaning the present Eclogue should begin with him, and end to his Honour. His Traducer makes him a Lyar, for the *Aeneids*, *Virgil's* last Work, say nothing of *Pollio* as I remember.

And wildly staring upwards, thus inveigh'd *Ver. 22.*  
Against the conscious Gods, and curst the cruel Maid. What a Maximin of a Shepherd have we here? This it is to have a Brain full of Blasphemous Ideas; the Chastest of Poets must be Polluted, rather than a little Atheistic flight smother'd. Why, Mr. Translator distinguish-

ed not the *Dialogists* by their Names, is beyond my dull Apprehension.

Ver. 30. *Begin my Flute* — I'm afraid there were no *Flutes* in use, among either the *Sicilian* or *Italian Shepherds*; if they are mention'd at the *Dedication of Nebuchadnezzar's Image*, that won't help the matter.

Ver. 33. *They hear the Hinds, &c.* *Hinds* are *Husbandmen*, such as follow the *Plow*, or labour in the *Harvest*, not *Shepherds*, and therefore *Pan*, not their *God*.

Ver. 39. *Shall see the Hound and Hind their thirst assuage, Promiscuous at the Spring* — Why not as well as the *Hind* and *Panther* lodge together in one *Cell*?

Ver. 40. *For him thou hast refus'd my browzing Herd.* For *Goats*, a very pretty *Figure*! as if none browze but *Goats*, or as if their browzing were a great Circumstance to their Commendation, especially in a *hard Winter*; but why was the *Fistula* left out, unless, because *Fistula* and *Tibia* would not both signify the *Flute*? And I conclude, the *Tibiae pares dextrae & sinistrae* in the *Inscriptions* of *Terence's Comedies*, were not *Flutes*. But the *Music* in those Days of *Pastorals*, was generally more valu'd than the *Flock*, and it may be *Damon's Complaint* is grounded on this, that *Mopsus* was *Richer* indeed, had greater *Flocks*, but was a *Fool* of a *Poet*, in comparison with himself. Nay, Mr. *Dryden* almost acknowledges this himself, in that pretty Supplement of his *Unhappy Damon* — *sighs, and sings in vain.*

*The callow Down began to cloth my Chin.* Ver. 57.

On my word 'twas very early to have a budding Beard at Twelve: Love begins sometimes among Children, and by their Mutual Familiarity advances with their Years. But perhaps a precocce Beard may be a Symptom of an early Wit: Here's not a word of Nisa's gathering Apples with her Mother, but only gathering Crabs with Damon, a scurvy Omen of what follow'd: but for a Diamond of Virgil's, Mr. D. thrusts into our Hands a Pebble of his own, as any who compares this Period with the Original, will observe. *Then scarce the bending Branches I could win, Is an Incomparable Phrase, for I could but just reach 'em.* This is to honour our Mother-tongue.

Poor Virgil's so curtail'd by his Interpreter, Ver. 60. that in this Period he could never know himself, mean as my Poetry is, I'm tempted to give that Divine Poet this Translation, at least more agreeable to his way of speaking than Mr. D's D'O.ly.

*Now, now I know thee Love! Thy Birth must be  
On horrid Tmaros, or cold Rhodope,  
Or in the inmost Libya's dismal wild,  
Hideous with threatening Rocks, and Sand untill'd,  
No Human Blood e'er fill'd thy Barbarous Veins.  
Begin, my Pipe, with me, begin Mænalian strains.*

Nay, the despis'd Mr. Ogylby's more pardonable here, than our Quondam Laureat. Now the Spirit of Translation's on me, I'd venture one step farther.

*Dire Love the Mothers tender Heart subdu'd,  
And in her Childrens Blood, her Hands embrau'd;*

*Ab cruel! ab unnatural Mother she!  
Was she more cruel, or more wicked he?  
His wicked, hers a cruel part remains.  
Begin, my Pipe, with me begin Mænalian strains.*

Ver. 68.

*Alien of Birth, Usurper of the Plains.* There Convenience went first, the Sence follows.

Ver. 70.

*Old Doting Nature, change thy Course anew.* As if Nature had chang'd her Course formerly, and now was civilly desir'd to do so again for a poor despairing Swain. But why should Mr. D. rail at Nature, just as an Unitarian would at the Church, when Virgil's Damon had nothing to say to her.

Ver. 75.

*And booting Owls contend with Swans in Skill.* For Skill they're much alike, nay, the Owl has the advantage, as Practising most; indeed, those who have heard 'em both, think the Swan may have somewhat the sweeter voice.

Ver. 78.

*Or, oh! Let Nature cease, and Chaos Reign.* And there's Convenience before Sence again, and a little Nonsense too, unless Mr. D. reflects on an old Harmonious Gentleman, whose Government, Milton describes Book II. But I'm perswaded Virgil, who had never read Paradise lost, knew nothing of him. The Old Poets Chaos was quite another thing.

Ver. 81.

*Farewel, ye secret Woods and shady Groves,  
Haunts of my Youth, and Consious of my Loves.* A pretty Paraphrase on *Vivite Sylva*, but such as wherein Virgil's Character is entirely lost.

Re-

Rehearse his Friends Complaint, and mighty *Magic verse*. Complaint was to carry on his initial Mistake, that the whole might be of a piece, according to honest Horace's directions. But what's meant by *Alphesibæus's mighty Magic verse*? Is that the English of *non omnia possumus omnes*? I can't think the Shepherd was a Conjuror, but only Personated a Witch for a while, without designing to bring any Mistress of his own, over House tops, and Woods, and Seas, to his own Arms on a Broom-staff.

'Tis done, we want but verse. Why *Carmina* signifies not verses here, but a set Form of Words to be made use of, by which all the Magic Operation, might become effectual. Mr. D. I know, is acquainted with good Authors, and perhaps, may have met with *Fulgurita sesquiamocca terincta leponta infernonida Utribosca*, &c. (some Copies read it otherwise.) but this will do with a due Preparation, if us'd in a cold Morning, with one Stocking on, the other off, and wholly Fasting, But whether those words make a verse or no, I leave to Mr. D. to find out. He seems more sensible in the very next words, where he makes *Carmina*, Charms, tho the following Lines be but a very lame Version of *Ducite ab urbe domum*, &c.

Pale Phœbe drawn by verse, from Heaven descends. I don't believe all the verses which Mr. Dryden ever made, and he has in his time, made a world of Thundering Lines, could ever show us this Miracle: Nay, I don't be-

lieve that *verse*, *quà verse* will do the Feat. The very same *Charms* which chang'd Ulysses's *Companions*, may do great things: But *Charms* are not necessary in *verse*, as Mr. D. may find in *Cornelius Agrippa's Occult Philosophy*.

Ver. 97. 99. *Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake, Verse fires the frozen Veins*— Now could I almost *Recant* my precedent Talk; this is certainly *Conjuring*— *Latet Anguis*— That penetrating the *Brake*, is to me unintelligible, and may be like *Abracadabra* for ought I know. I can't tell what *verse* may fire the *Frozen veins*, whether Mr. D's Translation of a *Period* in *Lucretius*, which I remember I once saw; such are a *Hellish* kind of *Charms* indeed, and it's pity but the *Conjurers* should meet with his Lot, who *Congregating* all the *Serpents* in a Country into one *Ditch*, was by one of 'em drawn into the *Ditch* and devour'd among them.

Ver. 103. *Thrice bind about his thrice devoted Head*.— Hence it's plain that the *Translator's* a more through-pac'd *Conjurer* than his *Master*.

Ver. 115. *Crumble the Sacred Mole*.— Is this *Interpreting* his *Author*, or making him less *Intelligible*? How much will an *Ingenious Lady*, but not much acquainted with the old *Methods* of *Witch-craft* and *Sacrificing*, Edifie by that *Appellative*, the *Sacred Mole*? The plain meaning *Ogylby* calls it a *Cake*, and such it was, tho of a particular *Composition*.

— Thus

— Thus Daphnis burn away, This Laurel is Ver. 118.  
*his Fate*— But if Daphnis melted away as that  
 burnt, he'd be quickly wasted to nothing, and  
 could only come to her as *Almahide* pro-  
 mis'd to come to her *Spark Almanzor*, and  
 Embrace her only with empty Arms, as a great  
 Author has it.

While I so scorn his Love— How's that? As Ver. 127.  
*the Bull* scorns *the Heifer*. Virgil intimates no  
 such thing, but her seeking for one in vain.  
 And so the Enchanters would have Daphnis  
 in Love, so as she, by playing at Bo-Peep  
 with him, may enflame him with the great-  
 er violence of Love; which down right scorn  
 would not be so likely to effect.

And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn, Ver. 143.  
 Which whirl'd aloft to distant Fields is born.  
 Not to observe the word *Negromancer* for *Ne-  
 cromancer*, as one fit to Translate *Homer*,  
 would have call'd him, if Mr. D. meant the  
 same here as Virgil did, it's a very odd way  
 of Expressing it. The Romans who believ'd  
 Magic could Transplant one Man's standing Corn  
 into another's Ground, where the Corn should be  
 still standing and growing, had a very ancient  
 Law against such Practices; *Necve alienam Se-  
 getem pellexeris*. But that Law speaks as if  
 the Magician had some wheedling Trick to  
 persuade the Corn to remove to another Quar-  
 ter; as the Romans when they had a design on  
 some Enemy-Cities Tutelar God; but this  
 whirling it aloft, seems no very proper way  
 to make it grow, but lie on heaps in the design-  
 ed Field.

Break

Ver. 150.

Break out ye smother'd Fires, and kindle  
 smother'd Love! What can Mr. D. mean by  
 this? Was throwing Ashes into the Brook the  
 way to make 'em break out into a Flame? It  
 was the way to smother Fire indeed, but  
 hardly to kindle it; It's meer Riddle, nor  
 can the precedent or consequent Words ex-  
 plain it. Mr. D. is here again at his God-like  
 Verse; but there being so much of Ceremony  
 in Magical Operations, the Gods were suppos'd  
 concurrent willingly, or by force with the  
 Magicians design. Now Daphnis is complain-  
 ed of as neither regarding the Gods them-  
 selves, nor those Charms, nor those Verses, in  
 which their particular and extraordinary In-  
 fluences are concern'd; the Witch I conclude,  
 was no great Poet, what e'er Mr. D. is.

Ver. 154.

The waking Ashes rise, and round our Altars  
 play: No, but the Ashes of themselves burst out  
 into a trembling Flame, which blaz'd round  
 the Altar, but these were not the Ashes thrown  
 into the Brook, but what continu'd about the  
 Altar unremov'd.

Ver. 155.

Run to the Threshold, Amaryllis, bark! Our  
 Hylax opens and begins to bark. Now Virgil's  
 Witch sent Amaryllis on no such silly Errand,  
 but listn'd ber self. Hylax open'd, i. e. beBark'd,  
 and began to Bark, which is very Emphatical.

Ver. 157, 8.

— May Lovers what they Wish believe; Or  
 Dream their Wishes, and those Dreams deceive.  
 Is a very perplex Illustration of a plain Questi-  
 on. — *An qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?*  
 He

He comes, he runs, he leaps to my designing *Ver. 160.*  
*Arms.* Doubtless, he was wondrous fond of his old Lady, but they say, *Those who are brought any whither by Magical Powers, look more like Dogs who have burnt their Tails, than such a brisk Fellow,* as Mr. D. here represents. But he, who (to indulge a Lewd Thought) Translates *Parcite, ab urbe venit, jam parcite carmina, Daphnis*; in this manner, may make any thing of any thing, and be fit to Translate Pindar Twenty Years hence.

## E C L O G U E IX.

THE time is come I never thought to see, &c. *Ver. 1.*  
 Here's Nonsense, and a gross mistake of the Poets meaning, but Mr. D. must be pardoned for it, since it's the blunder of *Servius*, and the rest of the Commentators, who follow him, among the rest *Ruæus*; yet the very Argument of the Eclogue might have taught him, and Mr. D. better. *Virgil* comes by Authority from *Augustus* to re-enter upon his Lands, and escapes very narrowly with his Life: He flies to Rome again for protection, but leaves his *Servant*, whom *Mæris* here represents, to Cicurate and Mollify the Temper of the present Usurper, lest those left behind should incur the same danger; *Mæris* goes trembling, but in haste, with his two Kids to atone him, whom *Lycidas* meets with, and asks him *whither, not whether* so fast; to whom with respect to Dangers past, *Mæris* answers, O *Lycidas*

das thus far we have scap'd alive; O that (what we never fear'd) a Stranger, in possession of our Farm, should say, these Lands are mine, away you who till'd them before, where should follow an Exclamation! And thus both the Grammar and Reason stand good, which, according to the common Interpretation of it, are both in Jeopardy.

Ver. 7. —Pack up ye Rascals—*Veteres migrate coloni*. Now whether *Veteres coloni* signifie Rascals, I leave to our honest Yeomen and Farmers to determine.

Ver. 8. Kick'd out, we set the best Face on't we could, Mr. D. could not leave Virgil here for the sake of a soft, sweet sounding Verse, but, tho' we should allow *Victi* signifies kick'd out, no Dictionary in the World would teach him to Construe, *Constritari*, to set a good Face on the Matter.

Ver. 11. That from the sloping Mountain to the Vale, And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along, This is Mr. D's. Terrar of Virgil's Lands, by which abuttals, were Virgil alive again, he'd never be able to find 'em out. Virgil, who had better Skill in these Matters, makes the foot of the Mountain its boundary on one part, and an old doted Beech, which Mr. D. calls a dodder'd Oak, on the other, and the River to wash the side of it, and these might be known again, so long as in being, and would be very intelligible Land-marks

Ver. 19-20. And had not Phœbus warn'd me by the Croak Of an old Raven from a Hollow Oak —  
To

To pass by his *Plump* of trembling Fowl, which can't be apply'd to *Chaonian Doves*, and his *Souping Eagle*, which I believe he never met with in *Latbarn*, why is *Phæbus* brought in here? It was the *Sinistra Cornix*, which he will have again to be a *Croaking Raven*, (for he hates to commit a single Fault) not *Phæbus*, which warn'd him; however the *cava Ilex* is not the *blasted Bough*, but the *hollow Oak*, for which I hope we are oblig'd to his *second Thoughts*; The next two Lines both in *Virgil* and his *Translator*, confirm my *Observation* on the—*Viri pervenimus.*

Can never pass for a just Translation of *Virgil's* 17 and 18. What *Lycidas* speaks here, through the whole Period, is such an abuse of the Text, as is unpardonable; there's not a Line of *Virgil's* in it—Who rebearse The Waters gliding in a smoother Verse? Is downright Nonsense, And—Tend my Herd—Goats are not a Herd, but a Flock—But for Heavens sake who taught Mr. D. to Translate *Caper*, the *Libyan Ridgil*? I have read somewhere of *Goats in Libya*, as big as *Oxen*, but were *Arius*, or *Milienus Toro*, or *Claudius* of that Country? Or does Mr. D. know what a *Ridgil* or *Ridgling* is? This Verse was only a warning Fargon, to have a care of him who had got possession of his Lands, because of the danger his Life would be in from his Fury; but a *Ridgling*, or *Goat*, or *Ram*, which has but one Testicle, perhaps mayn't be so furious  
a Crea-

a Creature as Virgil represents him, nor is such an imperfect Animal fit to be the Husband of the Herd. Ogylby's Translation gives these Verses much better, Thus,

Could any barbarous Monster use such spite?  
With thee Menalcas farewell all delight.  
Who'll sing to Nymphs? Who'll strew the Earth with  
Flowers?

Or shelter silver Springs with shady Bowers?  
Or write such Verse as late I snatch'd from thee,  
When thou our Amaryllis went'st to see.  
Till I return, my Goats, dear Tityrus, feed  
(The way is short) and Water if they need.  
But as you drive 'em take especial care,  
Of the He-Goat (for he will strike) beware.

Here at least we have something like Virgil, but nothing of that kind in Mr. D.

℥. 36. 7, 8. To show what he means by Rhymes stronger pinion'd than Swans, Mr. D. gives us that impertinent Fustian, they—shall soaring bear above Th' immortal gift of Gratitude to Jove, which does not grow out of his Author.

Vir. 42. And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend, this is one of Mr. D's. fine Thoughts, without any ground from his Author; for Gabble afterwards I suppose he meant Gaggles. Another Impertinence we have, v. 54—Where Nightingales their Love-sick Dittys sing, where the Epithet's very improper, Nightingales Sing Mournful, not Love-sick Dittys, Philomel had no occasion for them.

Ver. 69. 4. Why, Daphnis, dost thou search in old Records, To know the Seasons when the Stars arise? What Records does he mean, Lily's or Gadbury's?

bury's? *Virgil* mentions indeed the old rising Stars, or *Constellations*, as not worth observing when the *Fulium Sidus* appear'd so bright above the rest, tho' perhaps it was no more than a *Comet* after all.

Mr. D. describes his own Case appositely enough, and would he but, for the sake of that acknowledg'd Truth, have forborn this unhappy Translation, he had sav'd, in some measure, his Friends Purses, and his own Reputation. Ver. 70—  
—75.

Hush'd Winds, the topmost Branches scarcely bend, As if thy tuneful Song they did attend, this is running division upon a Word farther than 'twill bear, but this *Caprificus* must burst out, or Mr. D. were undone. Ver. 80.

Or if e're Night the gathering Clouds we fear, A Song will help the beating Storm to bear—A Song then it seems is better than a Dipt Hat and Cloak, it's pity but Mr. D. had a Patent for making these Weather-fencing Songs; it would make him some Compensation for the loss of his Laurel. But, for all this gay flourish, *Virgil* meant no more than this, that if they were afraid of a Shower yet before Night, a merry Song would make 'em go nimbly enough to scape it, in order to which he makes *Lycidas* offer *Meris* very civilly to carry his Burthen for him. Ver. 80.

The Conclusion of this Eclogue, fares like the rest, and the whole looks like rich Tissue, cover'd

cover'd so thick with Copper-lace, that the Ground can't be seen for't.

## E C L O G U E X.

**T**His Eclogue is Translated in a Strein too luscious and effeminate for Virgil, who might bemoan his Friend, but does it in a noble and a manly Stile, which Mr. O-gylby answers better than Mr. D. whose Paraphrase looks like one of Mrs. Behns, when some body had turn'd the Original into English Prose before.

*Vir. 19. &c.* Where Virgil says, *Lauri & myricæ fle-vère*, the Figures beautiful where Mr. D. says, the Laurel stands in Tears, And hung with hu-mid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears, the Figure is lost, and a foolish and impertinent Repre-sentation comes in its place; an ordinary Dewy Morning might fill the Laurels and Shrubs with Mr. D's. Tears, tho' Gallus had not been concern'd in it.

*Vir. 27.* And yet the Queen of Beauty blest his Bed— Here Mr. D. comes with his ugly patch upon a beautiful Face: What had the Queen of Beauty to do here, *Lycoris* did not despise her Lover for his meanness, but because she had a mind to be a Catholick Whore. Gallus was of Quality, but her Spark a poor inferior Fellow. And yet the Queen of Beauty, &c. would have followed there very well, but not where wanton Mr. D. has fixt her.

Flush'd were his Cheeks, and glowing were *Ver. 32.*  
his Eyes. This Character is fitter for one that's  
Drunk, than one in an Amazement, and is a  
Thought unbecoming Virgil.

And for thy Rival, tempts the raging Sea, *Ver. 35.*  
The forms of horrid War, and Heavens Incle-  
mency. Lycoris doubtless, was a jilting Ba-  
gage, but why should Mr. D. belye her? *Ver. 37, 38.*  
Virgil talks nothing of her going to Sea, and  
perhaps she had a mind to be only a Camp  
Laundress, which Office she might be advanc'd  
to without going to Sea: The forms of horrid  
War, for *horrida castra*, is incomparable.

— His Brows, a Country Crown Of Fennel,  
and of nodding Lilies drown. Is a very odd Fi-  
gure: Sylvanus had swinging Brows to drown  
such a Crown as that, i. e. to make it Invisible,  
to swallow it up; if it be a Country Crown  
drown his Brows, it's false English.

The Meads are sooner drunk with Morning  
Dews. *Ver. 43, 44.* Rivi signifies no such thing; but  
then, that Bees should be drunk with Flowry  
Shrubs, or Goats be drunk with Brouze, for  
Drunk's the Verb, is a very quaint Thought.

So sad a Song is only worthy you. Is a most  
exact Translation of *solis cantare periti Arcades*—  
which no body can deny. *Ver. 50.*

The Phyllis's brown — &c. Is all so silly, *Ver. 57, 61.*  
and beside the Cushion, and the last so lewd,  
and unbecoming Virgil's Chastity and Modesty,  
as is unpardonable.

As you are Beauteous, were you half so true, *Ver. 65.*  
Here could I Live, and Love, and only Dye with

H

you

you. Virgil makes not Gallus talk so dubiously; he's fond of Lycoris, and is for Dying with her, without reserve; if she were but with him, he'd be satisfied without so nice an inquiry into her Loyalty: The latter Line I'm afraid was borrow'd from an Ode in the Gentleman's Journal.

Ver. 68. And strive in Winter Camps — Gallus talks of no such things.

Ver. 73. Those are not Limbs for Icicles to tear. How delicate or coarse soever the Limbs of Lycoris might be Icicles seldom tear 'em; I have heard indeed of one, whose Throat was cut with an Icicle; but never of any rent or torn with them.

Ver. 79. And as the Rind extends — No it should be as the Letters extend, and grow larger on the Rind, so let our Loves increase.

Ver. 88, 89, Is turning Virgil into Ovid, and running  
90, 91. looser than Ovid himself would do.

Ver. 94. Or Italy's indulgent Heaven forego — What had Italy to do here? Or where would Mr. D. fix his Scene?

Ver. 98. In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heaven above. Is all Tautology, when that best Translated Line in all the Eclogues follows, Love Conquers all, and we must yield to Love; the precedent Line was only for convenience of Rhyme.

Ver. 104, 5. The Song because inspir'd by you shall shine,  
And Gallus will approve, because 'tis mine.  
Which is a Conclusion not agreeable to Virgil's modesty; and far from — Vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo.  
As

*As Alders in the Spring their Boles extend, Ver. 108, 9.  
And heave so fiercely, that the Bark they rend.  
Is meer Fustian, and false in Thought, and Re-  
semblance, and false in Fact, and absurd in  
Expression.*

That Mr. Dryden might be satisfied that I'd offer no *feul* Play, nor find *Faults* in him, without giving him an opportunity of *Retaliation*, I have subjoin'd another *Metaphrase* or *Translation* of the I. and IV. *Pastoral*, which I desire may be read with *his* by the *Original*.

### Tityrus, ECLOGUE I.

Melib. **B**ENEATH a spreading Beech, you Tityrus lie,

And Country Songs to humble Reeds apply ;  
We our sweet Fields, our Native Country fly,  
We leave our Country ; you in Shades may lie,  
And *Amaryllis* Fair and Blithe Proclaim,  
And make the Woods repeat her buxom Name.

Ti. O *Melibæus* ! 'twas a bounteous God  
These Peaceful Play-days on our *Muse* bestow'd ;  
At least, he'll always be a God to me ;  
My Lambs shall oft his grateful Offerings be.  
Thou seest, he lets my Herds *securely* stray,  
And me at Pleasure on my Pipe to play.

Me. Your Peace I don't with Looks of Envy  
view,

But I admire your happy state, and you.  
In all our Farms severe Distraction reigns,  
No ancient Owner, there in peace remains.  
Sick I, with much ado, my Goats can drive,  
This, Tityrus, I scarce can lead alive ;

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

On the bare Stones, among yon *Hazles* past  
 Just now, alas! her *hopeful Twins* she cast.  
 Yet, had not *all on's* dull and senseless been,  
 We'd long ago this coming Stroke foreseen.  
 Oft did the *blasted Oakes* our Fate unfold,  
 And *boding Coughs* from hollow Trees foretold.  
 Bury, good *Tityrus*! tell me who's the God,  
 Who *Peace*, so lost to us, on you bestow'd?

Ti. Troth *Melibæus*, I, a Homespun Clown,  
 Thought that call'd *Rome*, just like our Neighbour-  
 ing Town,

Where Thou and I were wont to drive our Sheep,  
 And *Mercats* with our Suckling Lambs to keep.  
 So little *Whelps* like bigger *Dogs* I'd known,  
*Kids* like their *Dams*, but not so largely grown;  
 Thus little Things, I'd oft with *Great* compare:  
 But *Rome* o'er-tops all other Towns as far

As *Cypress Groves* the Fields of bending *Brome*,

Me. But what great cause could make you  
 visit *Rome*?

Ti. Sweet *Liberty*, which, as I lazing lay,  
 Look'd on my *Dullness* with a Gracious Ray,  
 Smil'd on a Head just white with Aged Snow,  
 And came at last, tho all her Steps were slow.  
 Nor have I sigh'd for *Galatea* more  
 Since *Amaryllis* in my Heart I wore.  
 It's true, while fast in *Galatea's* Chain,  
 My *Liberty*, I little hop'd to gain.  
 Unwash'd my *Flocks*, my *Herd* at random stray'd,  
 And tho I all my Offerings duely paid  
 With Cheese of purest Cream; I still might come  
 Empty from her ingrateful *Mercats* home.

Me. Oft had I wondr'd, *Galatea*, why  
 Thou Prayd'st to Heaven with such a doleful cry.  
 I wonder'd oft the meaning, why so long  
 Thy Apples on the Trees ungather'd hung;  
 'Twas all for *Tityrus*; their absent Lord  
 The Groves, the Springs, the very Shrubs deplor'd.

Ti.

Ti. What should I do ? I could not break my Chain,

Nor Gods so good in all our Country Gain.  
But here, my Friend, I saw that Youth Divine,  
To whom each Month my grateful Altars shine ;  
His Oracle that God-like Language spoke,  
Feed on your *Bullocks, Lads, your Oxen Yoke.*

Me. Happy old Man ! you then your Farm  
may keep,  
Lands large enough, tho' craggy part and steep,  
And slimy Marrome all the Marshes spread ;  
Your Flocks may be in usual Pastures fed.  
No scabby Neighbours shall disturb them there,  
Nor they a taint from their Infection fear.  
Happy old Man ! Cool gentle Breezes you  
Here, by known Streams, and Sacred Springs pursue.  
You Sallow Hedge which parts the Neighbouring  
Field,

Will to your Bees abundant Pastures yield.  
Drawn by whose pretty murmurs, silent Sleep  
Oft o'er your weary Eyes will calmly creep.  
From Bushy Rocks the Linet sweetly sing,  
Whose Notes to you, the Tuneful Air shall bring,  
While your lov'd Cooing Stock-Doves round you  
groan ;

And from the lofty Elm, the sighing Turtles moan.

Ti. First, then shall Stags along the Welkin feed,  
Or flying Seas, desert their scaly Breed.  
The wandring Parthian first shall drink the Soan,  
And Germany on Tigris Banks be shown ;  
Each Nation thro' the others Bounds shall fly,  
E'er his lov'd Image in my Breast shall die.

Me. But we, alas ! the World must wander o'er,  
Some to the farthest Africk's thirsty Shore ;  
Or toward Inhospitable Scythia's Cold,  
Or where Oaxis rapid Streams are roll'd.  
Nay, some quite thrust from all our civil World,  
Must on the savage British Coasts be hurl'd.

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

Ah! Could I hope, when tedious years are past,  
To see my lov'd, my *Native Soil* at last!

Once more my poor *Thatch'd Cottage* Roofs admire,

And ne'er to greater *Royalties* aspire?

Must barbarous *Troops* our labour'd *Tilth* employ?

Curst *Souldiers* all our hopeful *Crops* enjoy?

See what sad *Fruits* our *Civil Discord* yields,

For whose *blest use*, we *Till'd* our fruitful *Fields*.

Go, *Wretch*! Ah could it be! in artful *Lines*,

Go Graft thy *Pears*, and Prune thy stragling *Vines*.

Be gone my once dear happy *Flock*, be gone!

No more shall I in *messy Grots* alone,

Streak out at ease, and see you clambing go,

Hang o'er the *Rocks*, and crop the *Shrubs* below.

No more, alas! you'll hear my *Country Strains*,

No more be fed by me along the *Plains*;

Nor shall I lead where *Milkie Trefoil* grows,

Nor where you'd on the *bitter Sallows* browse.

Ti. — Yet, *here* however, Lodge with me to Night,  
I can but to a *Leavy Couch* invite.

I've mellow *Fruit*, and downy *Chestnuts* here,

*Green Cheese*, and such, make up our *Country*  
*Cheer*.

And see yon *Village* Chimnies smoaking all,

And longer *Shadows* now from lofty *Mountains*  
fall.

## PASTORAL IV. Or Pollio.

A Poem rising somewhat above the *Shepherd's Strein*, and somewhat imitated  
in the Translation.

TAke now my *Rustic Muse* a Nobler flight!  
All won't in *Trees*, and lowly *Shrubs* delig  
If

If *Woods*, we'll sing, those very *Woods* must be  
Advanc'd to suit a *Consul's* Dignity.

Now the *Cumæan Prophecy's* fullfill'd,  
And rolling *Tears* more happy *Agès* yield.  
Now comes the *Virgin*, whose soft *Smiles* presage  
Another *Saturn's* Reign, a *Golden Age*.  
Now from kind Heaven descends a *God-like Race*,  
May thy chaste *Hands* the coming *Infant* grace,  
In whose blest *Times* *Hell's* stubborn *Brood* shall  
cease,

And Heavenly *Virtue* fill the World with *Peace*!

His *Birth*, *Lucina's* greatest *Work* remains,  
Be kind! in him, thy own *Apollo* Reigns;  
Since, *Pollio*! thy auspicious *Year* came in,  
The glorious *Age*, the mighty *Months* begin.

If any taint of former *Guilt* remains,  
Thy happy *Hand* shall Purge the *Crimson Stains*.  
The World no more their black *Effects* shall fear,  
When thou thy *Standard* in their *Front* shalt rear.  
He'll live a *God*, and *Saints*, and *Angels* see,  
And be again their dearest *Object* be;  
And with his *Father's* *Might* immensely *Crown'd*,  
The World he'll manage in a *Peace* profound.

To thee, sweet *Boy*, the Soil untill'd shall bring,  
And at thy *Feet*, her little *Beauties* fling;  
*Fox-Gloves*, and creeping *Ivy* every where,  
And *Niles* gay *Bean*, with smiling *Jasmines* bear.  
*Flocks* scarce shall drag their weighty *Udders* home,  
And *Herds* unscar'd by *Lions*, freely roam.  
Thy *Cradle* shall with fragrant *Blossoms* spring,  
The *Poisonous Serpent* loose her fatal *Sting*.  
No *Venome* more, shall juicy *Plants* disclose,  
And every *Hedge* shall bear the *Syrian Rose*.  
But as the *Youth* his mighty *Fathers* *Deeds*,  
The *Heroes* praise, and *Virtues* *Nature* reads.  
The *Self-sown Crop* shall load the ripening *Field*,  
And roughest *Thorns* their purple *Clusters* yield.  
The

The hardest Oaks shall sweat with tastful Dew,  
 And Honey still the Golden Drops renew.  
 Yet shall some Steps of ancient Franks remain,  
 And some shall try the rolling Seas again;  
 Some shall their Towns with lofty Walls surround,  
 And some with Furrows break the harmless Ground.  
 Tiphys shall live, and Argo float again,  
 And waft selected Heroes o'er the Main,  
 New Wars shall rise, and great Achilles rage  
 Once more against the Trojan Walls in age.

But when firm Age, thy Manly Strength shall  
 show,

The daring Sailor shall the Seas forego;  
 Merchants shall send abroad their Ships no more,  
 But every thing shall every Country store.  
 Untill'd the Corn, unprun'd the Vines shall grow,  
 Rough Hinds discharge their Bullocks from the  
 Plough.

No artful Colours shall the Wool disguise,  
 But on the Rams a lovely Purple rise.  
 A deep laid Crimson all their Fleeces line,  
 And sucking Lambs with Native Scarlet shine.  
 May such blest Ages from our Distaff flow!  
 The Fates, with one Consent, determine so,  
 And cry'd, So ever happy, ever go!

Off-spring of Heaven! great Job's immortal Son!  
 It's time to put thy destin'd Honours on.  
 See the vast World beneath its Pressures reel,  
 Seas, Earth, and Heaven, the strong Convulsions  
 feel!

Look yet again on Nature's smiling Face.  
 How All with Joys the rising Age embrace!  
 O might I live but long enough to raise  
 Notes fit to sing thy Arts unbounded praise!  
 Then Thracian Orpheus, Linus then shall yield,  
 And to my nobler Muse resign the Field.

Tho here the *Mother*, there the lovely *Sire*,  
*Calliope*, and *Phæbus* raise the *Fire*,  
 And *Orpheus* she, and he his *Linus* breast inspire,  
 Should *Pan* himself attempt my soaring *Muse*,  
 And for his *Judge* his dear *Arcadia* chuse;  
*Pan* in his lov'd *Arcadia*'s sense should be,  
 And in his own, inferior far to me.

Begin, *sweet Babe*! thy Sacred *Birth* to show,  
 And with soft *smiles*, thy lovely *Mother* know!  
 For thee, her *Womb* ten tedious *Months* before,  
 Ten tedious *Months* the *Qualms* of *Breeding* bore:  
 But where no *Fox* the cloudy *Parent* shews,  
 That *Child*, his *Guest*, no favouring *God* will  
 chuse,  
 And every *Goddeſs* will his luckleſs *Bed* refuse.

## Notes on the Georgics.

**V**irgil's *Georgics*, are call'd by Mr. Dryden, *The best Poem of the best Poet*. Of his own performance, he says in this what's true of all the rest, *I have too much injur'd my great Author, I would have Translated him, but fear*, *Epist. to Earl of Chesterfield.* according to the literal French and Italian Phrases I have traduced him: and this Acknowledgment is true, for never was Poet so abus'd, nor Mankind so impos'd on, by a Name before. *Virgil* I know, is not the easiest Author in the World to Interpret; But *Veteranes in Poetry*, at least, should have sense enough to know — *Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*: A Camel, they say, will take no more, when he finds his Burden sufficient for his Strength:  
 But

But there's another Beast which crouches under all, without Reluctance. Mr. D. may Plead *Want and Poverty*, and *many a sorry Meal*, to excuse his Attempt; but his *Belly* here, was neither *Magister Artis*, nor *Ingenij largitor*, however, it forc'd him, *negatas sequi voces*. And *Esse dolosi spes refullerit nummi*, the Man must be too weak, who, with respect to our present Translator, *Cantare credat Pegaseium melos*. But methinks, Mr. D. is soon weary of his humble Talk, and for ought I know, may desire to be understood so, *That the Gleanings of his Ephraim*, in comparison with others, *will surpass the Vintage of Abiezer*. I hope, he means not that the Produce of his more than fumbling Age is more valuable, than the vigorous Writings of others, in their undeclining Years; that would grate too hard upon Mr. Cr. and Mr. Con. the former of which, has us'd the World better in his *Lucretius* and *Manilius*, than ever Mr. D. could in his best Translations; but he means, this Performance of his old Age, is to be preferr'd before the voluminous trifles of his greener Years. Now, I must confess, Mr. D. was never the Favourite of my Judgment, there appear'd always somewhat forc'd and unnatural to me in his finest Pieces, which his own extravagantly censorious, and injudicious Humour render'd the more notorious; but this *Virgil* is far the worst of all, a Poem neither tolerable when Read alone, nor when compar'd with what he calls, or few would believe, was the *Original*; but this will be

be more apparent afterwards. I'm some what concern'd to see Mr. D. still Railing at the Court; what, tho he lost the *Laurel*; Must it follow, that the Court's a place of *Forgetfulness*, at the best, for *well-deservers*? Have not his own *Morals* been a little infected with that *Air*, as he represents it? Or is *Good Life* now his task indeed? I'm afraid, however he might be first cheated himself, it's no extraordinary *Moral accomplishment*, to endeavour to recover his losses, by learning to cheat others. But can a good, unchang'd Catholick talk of losing a *Maiden-head in a Cleyster*? Is he relapsing to the *Spanish Fryar*? *Constancy* then, must never be the *Motto* of his Arms. It's an odd Complement to his Patron, That God had bestow'd good Sense on his Lordship, but he had bestow'd good Learning upon himself. I thought, Learning always came from the same Almighty Hand, who gives the Sense and Apprehension. What has any Man which he has not receiv'd? It's very hard, that Mr. D. should represent his Patron less Religious than himself; who thankfully acknowledges to the Almighty Power, the Assistance he had given him in the Beginning, the Prosecution, and Conclusion of his present Studies; which, therefore I conclude, he thinks, more happily perform'd, than he could have promis'd to himself. But this Rapture, perhaps, was soon after Saul had seen the Vision, and therefore ought to be past over.

Ibid.

The

The *Essay on Georgics*, it seems, is not Mr. D's, yet, whoever was the *Author*, since by appearing before his *Work*, he lays himself open to the *Reader's censures*; he must not take it ill, if I among others, presume to observe what I think an Error in't, such is the definition of a *Georgic*. A *Georgic* is some part of the *Science of Husbandry*, put into a *pleasing dress*, and set off with all the *Beauties and Embellishments of Poetry*. Now this is a good Account of the *Georgic*, as already Written by *Hesiod* or *Virgil*, because they have written *Georgics in Verse*, and set 'em off with *admirable Beauties*. But a true *Georgic*, that is, an *exact Art of Husbandry*, might be as well deliver'd in *Prose*, and without any *Ornament*, as the *Moral Rules of Pythagoras*, or *Epicetus*; and *Varro* wrote *Georgics* as truly, tho not so pleasantly as *Virgil*.

## G E O R G I C I.

Ver. 1.

What makes a plenteous Harvest, when to turn, The fruitful Soil, and when to sow the Corn — It's unlucky, they say, to stumble at the Threshold, but what has a plenteous Harvest to do here? *Virgil* would not pretend to prescribe Rules for that which depends not on the *Husbandman's Care*, but the disposition of *Heaven* altogether. Indeed, the plenteous Crop depends somewhat on the good Method of Tillage, and where the Land's ill Manur'd, the Corn, without a Miracle, can be

be but *indifferent*, but the *Harvest* may be good, which is its *propereſt* Epithet, tho the *Husbandman's Skill* were never ſo *indifferent*. The next Sentence is too *literal*, and *when to Plough* had been *Virgil's* meaning, and *Intellegible* to every Body; and *when to ſow the Corn*, is a needleſs addition.

The care of Sheep, of Oxen, and of Kine. *Ver. 3.*  
*And when to geld the Lambs, and ſheer the Swine:*  
 would as well have fallen under the *Cura boum, quis cultus habendo ſit Pecori*; as Mr. D's deduction of particulars.

The Birth and Genius of the fruitful Bee, *I Ver. 5.*  
*Sing Mæcænas, and I Sing to thee —* But where did *Experientia* ever ſignifie *Birth and Genius*? Or what ground was there for ſuch a *Figure* in this place? How much more Manly is Mr. Ogylby's *Verſion*.

What makes rich Grounds, in what Celeſtial Signs,

'Tis good to Plough, and Marry Elms with Vines.

What beſt ſits Cattle, what with Sheep agrees,

And ſeveral Arts improving frugal Bees,  
 I Sing *Mæcænas*.

Which four Lines, tho faulty enough, are yet much more to the purpoſe than Mr. D's *lix.*

*From Fields and Mountains to my Song repair.* For *Patrium linquens Nemus, ſaltuſque Ver. 22.*  
*Lycæi* — Very well explain'd!

*In-*

Ver. 23, 24. *Inventer Pallas, of the saving Oil, Thou Founder of the Plough, and Plough-man's Toil ! Written as if these had both been Pallas's invention. The Plough-man's Toil's impertinent.*

Ver. 25. — *The Shroud-like Cypress* — Why *Shroud-like* ? Is a *Cypress* pull'd up by the *Roots*, which the *Sculpture* in the last *Eclogue* fills *Sylvanus's* Hand with so very like a *Shroud* ? Or did not Mr. D. think of that kind of *Cypress* us'd often for *Scarves* and *Hat-bands* at *Funerals* formerly, or for *Widow's Vails*, &c. if so, 'twas a de. p good Thought.

Ver. 26. — *That wear the Rural Honours, and increase the Year* — What's meant by *increasing the Year* ? Did the *Gods* or *Goddesses* add more *Months*, or *Days*, or *Hours* to it ? Or how can *Arva tueri* — signify to *wear Rural Honours* ? Is this to *Translate*, or *abuse an Author* ? The next *Couplet* are borrow'd from *Ogylby*, I suppose, because less to the purpose than ordinary.

Ver. 33. *The Patron of the World, and Rome's peculiar Guard* — *Idle*, and none of *Virgil's*, no more than the *Sence* of the precedent *Couplet* ; so again, he *Interpolates Virgil* with that and the round *Circle of the Year* to guide *Powerful of Blessing* ; which thou *screw'st* around. A ridiculous *Latinism*, and an *Impertinent Addition* ; indeed the whole *Period* is but one piece of *Absurdity* and *Nonsense*, as those who lay it with the *Original* must find.

Ver. 42, 43. *And Neptune shall resign the Fesces of the Sea.* Was he *Consul* or *Dictator* there ? And watry

*watry Virgins for thy Bed shall strive.* Both absurd Interpolations.

*Where in the void of Heaven a place is free.* Ver. 47, 48.

Ah happy D—n. were that place for thee!  
But where is that void? Or what does our Translator mean by it? He knows what Ovid says, God did to prevent such a void in Heaven, perhaps, this was then forgotten: But Virgil talks more sensibly.

*The Scorpion ready to receive thy Laws.* No, Ver. 49.  
he would not then have gotten out of his way so fast.

*The Proserpine affects her silent Seat* — What Ver. 56.  
made her then so angry with Ascalaphus, for preventing her return? She was now mus'd to Patience under the determinations of Fate, rather than fond of her Residence.

*Pity the Poets, and the Plough-mans cares, Interest thy Greatness in our mean Affairs.* And Ver. 61, 2, 3.  
*use thy self betimes to hear our Prayers.* Which is such a wretched Perversion of Virgil's Noble Thought as Vicars would have blush'd at; but Mr. Ogylby makes us some amends, by his better Lines.

O wheresoe'er thou art, from thence incline,

And grant Assistance to my bold Design!

Pity with me, poor Husbandmens affairs,  
And now, as if Translated, hear our Prayers.

This is *Sence*, and to the purpose: the other, poor mistaken Stuff.

And

Ver. 67.

*And Streams yet new, from Precipices run*  
An Interpolation, but no Beauty.

Ver. 70.

*And Goad him till he groans beneath his toil.*  
Ridiculous, and far from Virgil's meaning.

Ver. 83.

*A fourth with Grass unbidden decks the Ground.* Virgil says nothing of such a fourth kind of Soil; but tells us another, which, with Mr. D. is the third kind Bears Fruit Trees well, and good Grass, without particular Cultivation; and indeed, Land which is good for Fruit-Trees, is good for Grass too, tho the spreading of the Trees four the Grass in time.

Ver. 86.

*And soft Idume weeps her odorous Tears.* Now, in the Name of Poetry, what does Mr. D. mean by that fine Verse? How come *molles Sabæi* to signify soft Idume, and *sua thura*, her Odorous Tears? How much more Honestly, says Mr. Ogilby with his Author. *India sends Ivory, Sabæa Gums.*

Ver. 91.

*This is the Original Contract — Pray, between what Parties?*

Ver. 93, 94.

*— When Ducalion bur'd His Mother's Entrails on the Desert World — But, why Entrails? Themis's Oracle, was *Ossaque post tergum magna jactate Parentis.* And Men were — *Inde durum Genus* — Stones being as Bones to the Earth; but the Entrails never carry'd any such Omen with them — The Entrails, or Bowels, are sometimes nam'd for compassion, and tenderness; and had the Oracle nam'd Entrails, instead of Bones, it would have puzzled Deucalion, as much as his Wife. Had*

K. Arth. l. 8. Mr. D. read King Arthur, he might have met with

with a Story of one Pyrrhus, and his Wife, who, perhaps, might have test his Mothers Entrails; but Deucalion and his Wife acted more sensibly.

— Only scar The surface, and but lightly print *Ver. 100.*  
the share. What Stuff's this to Virgil's Manly Sence, or Mr. Ogylby's? To break a shallow Furrow will suffice?

Least wicked Weeds the Corn should over-run *Ver. 103.*  
In watry Soils, or lest the barren Sand Should suck the Moisture from the thirsty Land — Virgil talks nothing of any watry Soil; and Weeds will grow in the dry Soil as well as any; but a light Plowing in a proper Season, helps, in some measure, to kill the Weeds, as laying it Fallow rots the common Surface. But what Weed does he mean, which should suck the Moisture from the Land. Virgil's rule is, You should Plow but shallow, lest the water should run off too much from the Sandy Ground which needs it most therefore, in deep, moist Grounds Good-Husbands, lay their Ridges high to drain them, in light Sandy Ground they lay them low, to keep them as moist as possible; but what excellent Rules for Husbandry Mr. D. would give?

Both these unhappy Soils, &c. These four Lines *Ver. 106.*  
are so very absurd, and his mentioning a Sabbath in a Romane Profane Author, so impertinent, as a Wise Man would forswear Translating, who understood Sence, and his Author no better,

Ver. 110.

The *Faults* and *Blunders* are so thick here, that they must be seen by every Body; he breaks all the *Sense* of any *Rules of Husbandry*, as indeed, wholly ignorant of the Matter. But for his *stalks of Lupines*, (a *stubborn Wood*,) I wonder whether that *Parentthesis* be the English for *Fragiles Calamos*, or *Sylvam sonantem*? I hope, the next *Edition* will inform us rightly.

Ver. 115.

And sleepy Poppies harmful Harvests yield. Poppies indeed, do no good in the Corn, but none make a *Harvest* of 'em but *Apothecaries*, or those who distil compound Waters; and they are gone every where, long before *Harvest*: *Virgil* talks quite otherwise.

Ver. 118.

— Sordid ashes — *Cinerem immundum*, I take, to signify *Soot*, a thing of excellent use in *Barren Grounds*, and where they are over-run with *Moss*.

Ver. 121.

And Earth Manur'd, not Idle, tho at Rest. For *Nec nulla interea est inarata gratia terra*, a *Riddle* for a plain *Axiom*.

Ver. 122.

Mr. D's Account of *Devonshiring Land*, is somewhat darker than his *Author*; but his pretty *Fancy* of new *Stringing the Veins*: for — *Astringit venas biantes*, is so fine a *Pun*, as makes amends for the mistakes all-a-round.

Ver. 138.

Who smooths with Harrows, or who pounds with Rakes The crumbling Clods — These are strange things, and what *Virgil* never meant. *Crates*, sometimes signifies an *Harrow* indeed, but *Vimineæ Crates*, methinks, looks more like what I've seen made use of in a new *Ground* to smooth it, viz. A Heap of large *Bushes*

*Bushes*, with a piece of *heavy Wood* on them, to keep them *close*, which has succeeded very well. To pound with *Rakes*, is certainly, a very odd *Idea* of the use of that Instrument, a *Pestle* is fitter for that Work; indeed, I have seen a kind of *Rake* with short, broad, flat *Iron-teeth*, and a *heavy Head*, call'd a *Clotting Rake*, with which, they scatter their *Mole-warps*, *Cow-dung*, and that of *Horses*, and break them to pieces, but that's commonly in *Mowing Grounds*. *Virgil* in all probability, meant those *Iron Forks*, like what they empty *Dung-Carts* with; with which, in several Countries, they tear up the *Strong Soil* which was laid *Fallow*, *Turf by Turf*, which they call, *Breaking of Fallow*, and tends much to the mellowing of the toughest *Grounds*. And this is most us'd, where the *Ridges* are laid so high as makes *cross Plowing*, in some measure, impracticable.

For a moist Summer, and a Winter dry — Ver. 145.  
Here indeed, Mr. D. errs with the *Multitude*, who certainly mistake *Virgil*; for there are few *wet Summers* which are extraordinary desirable; and a *cold, pinching Winter* is generally best, for both *Trees* and *Corn*, provided, it be but *Snowy* too; and there's a *Solstice* in *Winter* as well as *Summer*; in which a great deal of *Rain* is expected by our *Husbandmen*, and much wish'd for, to fill the *Dikes*, which followed with *Frosts*, and large *Snows*, tends much to the security of the following Crop: Indeed a *dusty March*, if we'll count *March* a *Winter Month*, is very kindly, after which, if

*April be but wet, the Husbandman can dispence with a dry time for most of the following Months, and few Lands are endamag'd by*  
*Hist. Nat. it. Pliny therefore rejects Virgil's Rule, tho*  
*L. 17. c. 2. in the same Country, if it be Interpreted, as Commonly it is. And, perhaps, none of Virgil's Commentators have been Husbandmen enough to give us his right meaning. For my part, I think, that mention'd before, the most Rational; and should be ready to Interpret Hibernus Pulvis — by March Dust, of which our Country Proverb says, A Peck is worth a Kings Ransom. But I leave the Matter to the ultimate decision of better Judgments. Yet must think Mr. D's Paraphrase in the next Couplet, very strange, That Winter Drought rewards the Peasant's pain, And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain.*

*Vir. 151. Mr. D. changes Virgil's way of Speaking for a much worse — Cover it with speed, i. e. Harrow it, which every body does. Before the surly Clod resists the Rake. Fields are not Rak'd, but Gardens, and breaking the pliant Furrows, is meer Cant, and signifies just nothing.*

*Vir. 159. — On the Mountains brow, undams his Watry stores — But where was it ever heard of, that Farmers kept treasures of Water on the tops, or brows of Mountains? Springs sometimes rise at the Feet of Mountains, sometimes out of their sides: and Virgil means no more than, They gather it in Pools on the upper Grounds, from whence into the Plains are oftimes seen considerable Cliffs or Falls. Capt. Knox in his History*

*History of Ceylon*, gives us a fine *Idæa* of this Husbandry, in his *Account of the sowing and managing of Rice*, tho that needs more *Water* than any other *Grain*.

*E'er yet the aspiring Off-spring of the Grain*, Ver. 167.  
*O'ertops the Ridges of the Furrow'd Plain.* Are Verses very brilliant, and meer sparkling Nonsense.

*Too large a Beverage to the Drunken Field*— Ver. 170.  
Carries the *Figure* too high, which in the Poet is agreeable, and modest. The following six Lines, are a *Fustian Paraphrase* of a *Judicious Representation*.

Mr. D. Paraphrases Three excellent Lines of Ver. 183.  
*Virgil* with no fewer than eight of his own, wherein, he belyes old *Father Jupiter*, while he makes him the *Inventor of the Plow-share*, and of *Handy-Crafts, and Arts*; and gives us a very impertinent *Idæa* of the *Silver Age*.

*Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found.* Ver. 192.  
This Line, I'm sure, *Virgil* gave no hint of, nor is it at all pertinent to the Matter in Hand, besides, by Mr. D's leave, cutting *Turf* is as much wounding the *Earth* as *Plowing*, if it make the *Body* as sore to *flea* it, as to *gash* it with a *Knife* or *Sword*.

*And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold* — For *Honey*, but who'd imagine the *Translator* meant so, but that the *Original* guides him to it? Which must needs give great satisfaction to the meer *English Reader*; after all, what's Mr. D's Sence in this line? *Virgil* means, *Jupiter* took away that *Honey*

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

with which, the leaves of every Tree, not the Oak only, flow'd in the Golden Age.

Ver. 202. And from the Rivers made the Wine retire — Ovid says jam Flumina Nectaris ibant — Of the Golden Age, Wine ran down in mighty Rivers. But Mr. D. speaks, as if Wine and Water had run down the same Stream, and now the Wine was rack'd off, and the Water left in a thin condition.

Ver. 208. And force the Veins of clashing Flints to Expire The lurking Seeds of that Celestial Fire. Now, I think, the way of striking Fire was not by Flints against Flints, but against Steel, which way was certainly, very certain and Ancient, the other but casual. Expire, is a very Catachrestical word here too: But why Fire struck from Flints, should be call'd Celestial, I can't so much as guess.

Ver. 207. Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam. Here Mr. D. stumbles a second time at *Alnus*, Virgil uses it for any Tree us'd in Shipping, but Mr. D. will scarce find a real Alder ever made use of for Sea-service.

Ver. 213. Drags in the Deep — Yes, and in the Shallows too, as well as Casting-Nets, but as for the other Nets Virgil mentions, they are for the Sea, and Baits were bung on Hooks, which is not Virgil's, but Mr. D's own discovery.

Ver. 215. — And sounding Axes. But why that Epithet to Axes. *Argutæ ferræ*, might be Englished sounding Saws, but I question whether *Ferri rigor*, signifies Axes at all — For wedges first did yielding Wood invade — A very silly Catachrestis.

*chresis*. This, and the following Verse, are wonderfully beautif'd by the *Dids*, and the next is so *Elegant a Version* of *Virgil's noble Sense*, that a Man would think Mr. D. when he undertook *Virgil*, was *very rich*, and *above need*, or *very Idle*?

First, *Ceres taught the Ground with Grain* to *Ver. 119*, *sow*, *And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked* 120. *Plough*. It may be so; but *Virgil* says, only, *she taught Men to Plow*.

*And unblest Oats*, and *Darnel domineers*. *Ver. 129*. Pray, what are *Oats unblest*? Is that the real meaning of *Steriles avenæ*? Or is that Line good *English*, not to mention the immediately precedent Rhymes?

— *And with an Iron War Of Rakes and Har-* *Ver. 132*. *rows*, the proud *Foes expell'd*. *Iron War*, distant *War*, &c. Are Expressions our *Translator's* wonderfully fond of; and yet, as he uses 'em, they are generally meer *Nonsense*: And if poor *Elkanah*, or any of the *Fifth Rate Scribblers* had us'd the word *Foes*, unless in a *Jewish Story*, Mr. D. before his *fumbling Age*, would have been very severe upon 'em.

— *The Boughs that shade*. For, which is *Ver. 135*. *false Grammar*; but what Mr. D. for all his *dormant Rules*, is frequently guilty of.

*And shake for Food the long abandon'd Oak*. *Ver. 138*. A dull, *toastless Translation* of an *Emphatical Sarcaſm*.

— *What Arms they wield, who labour Tillage*, *Ver. 139*, *and the furrow'd Field*—Would puzzle a *Dutch* 140. *Commentator* to make Sense of.

- Yr. 243. — *The towering bight of Waggon's.* What kind of *Waggon's* are those so lofty? That which *Madam Star*, and her *Comic Brigade* rode in, was not so very lofty; nor have the *Ancient Poets* given that of *Ceres* any *Gigantic Dimensions*.
- Ver. 245. — *And the Flail* — I'm afraid, they were not us'd in *Virgil's Days*, nor perhaps *Hurdles*. I'll not be too positive, but I'm sure, the *Protestant Flail's* of a more *Modern Invention*, and those who introduc'd 'em first, were for *Exercising* us with an *Iron War*.
- Yr. 247, 8. *These all must be prepar'd.* When Mr. D. writ this *Couplet*, I suppose, *Virgil* was quite out of his Head.
- Ver. 252, 3. *On either side the Head produce an Ear, And sink a Socket for the shining Share* — A very pretty *Rule*, if Mr. D. would illustrate it with a *short Note*, and a particular *Five Guinea Sculpture* in the next Edition. The next *Couplet* are too short for the full *Sence* of *Virgil's three Latin Verses*.
- Ver. 258. *Delve of convenient depth your Threshing Floor.* *Virgil's Area*, signifies the whole *Barn-Floor*: But, why *Delve* it deep? the *Poet* teaches how to *Consolidate the Floor*, so as other *Vermine* mayn't *delve* in it, but I can't find that he teaches the *Husbandman* any such *Art*.
- Ver. 264. *For sundry Foes the Rural Realm surround* — i. e. The *Barn-floor* a true *Royaume d' Twitter*; for *Virgil* is here, wholly contriving to secure that again *Chinks* and *Weeds*, and *Mice* or *Rats*, and *Moles*, and *Toads*; all which, I've

I've seen troublesome in an ill wrought Floor ;  
besides the Pest of *Weevels*, not *Weefels* and *Pismires*, and which, a due care will admirably prevent.

*For gather'd Grain the blind labourous Mole* Ver. 267.  
*In winding Mazes works her hidden Hole —*  
Moles generally work *streight forward*, and their common Roads are in a line ; when they work irregularly, it's in pursuit of *Worms* and *Vermine*, on which they feed, and not on Grain. But a *Molewarp* as it's mischievous in the Field, it's more so in the Floor.

*The Glebe will answer to the Sylvan Reign.* Ver. 274.  
Virgil bids his Farmer observe the *Almonds* when in *Blossom*, if they set well, if they do, the Years Crop is like to be good ; but Mr. Dryden drops Virgil's Rule, and gives us a piece of Senseless *Fargonry* in the room of it.

*But if a Wood — And Straw will be thy* Ver. 276.  
*store.* These four lines are as ridiculous a *Paraphrase* of Virgil as could have been contriv'd ; and the *Hinds vexing the Threshing-Floor*, is a very fine Figure.

— *And some their Seed in Caldrons boil.* Was Ver. 280:  
certainly, only for a Rhyme to Oil ; but is such a piece of *Husbandry* as never took place any where, but in the Translator's brain ; to soak the Seed in warm Liqueur may be admitted of, but boiling would soon destroy the Radical Virtue of the fairest Seed ; but above all, this boiling, is a very odd way to drain the Exuberant Juice. Why the Hulls which appear larger than the lank Kernel within requires, should

should be call'd *flattering husks*, may be a reasonable *Quære*.

*Ver.* 297, 8. *But when Astrea's balance hung on high, Betwixt the Nights and Days divides the Sky.* i.e. *All the Year round*; for *Night and Day* divides it *always*, but not *equally*; *Virgil* referr'd to the *Æquinox*, but *Mr. D.* gives no intimation of any such thing; and indeed, without looking into the *Original*, sometimes as a *Comment*, the *Translator's* text would be wholly unintelligible.

*Ver.* 301. *Till cold December comes with driving Rain— Driving Rain's no great Impediment*; but it's *Frost and Snow* which gives *Mid-winter Virgil's* *Episbet* of intractable.

*Ver.* 367. — *In full career, The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year.* Now would I fain know what *Court Lady*, who could not read the *Original*, or what *Plow-man* could find out *Mr. D's* meaning here? What are the *Barriers of the Year*? *Pindar* never us'd so bold or senseless a *Figure*. The *Sun's Horses*, indeed, barter'd the *Barriers of the Morning* with their *heels*; but they are suppos'd in a *Stable* accommodated with *Barriers* to check the passage of the *unruly Brutes*, as *Ovid* tells us; but *Virgil* talks nothing to that purpose. Again, what does he mean by *Argos*, in the next Line? *Argos* was a famous *Town in Greece*; but the *Ship* fixt in *Heaven*, is call'd *Argo*, not *Argos*, as *Mr. D's Dictionary* may teach him, or his Friend *Ruani's* Notes.

*Let*

Let Maja with her Sisters first descend. This is *Ver. 319*  
to explain *Ignotum per Ignotius*; and I make no  
doubt, but Court Ladies, and honest Boors would  
as soon find out what *Virgil* means by his *Eoæ*  
*Atlantides*, as what Mr. D. understands by  
*Maja and her Sisters*. Other Poets have made  
use of the former name for the *Pleiades*, but  
his *Periphrasis* is wholly New. Such another  
admirable elucidation, that is, upon *Ariadne's*  
*Crown*, is the following Verse. And here I  
cannot but observe by the way, That it's the  
great Fault of Mr. Sandys in his Translation  
of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, that his work needs a  
Comment as much as *Ovid* himself ever did,  
perhaps more. The design of a Translation, is  
to make the Author as intelligible to those  
who understand only that Language into  
which the Translation's made, as the Original  
was to those who us'd it as their Mother-  
Tongue. Now if *Arcadian*, or *Sicilian*, or  
*Mantuan Shepherds*, were Men of such excel-  
lent Accomplishments, as Mr. D. represents 'em;  
no doubt but they understood *Theocritus's*  
*Greek*, and *Virgil's Latin* in his *Bucolics* and  
*Georgics*, perfectly well; and *Virgil* took his  
technical words rather from them, than they  
from him. And it's as little to be doubted,  
but that all things mention'd in the *Aeneids*  
were perfectly understood at Court; and the  
Ladies only needed one to rehearse that Poem,  
to them with a just Accent, and a regular Ca-  
dence, and they'd comprehend the whole with  
all the delight and satisfaction imaginable. But  
Mr.

Mr. D. writes for the use of our *English Yeomanry*, as well as our *Court Ladies*, to whom all his *Pastoral* and *Husbandry* will sound like *Heathen Greek*; and those, who, by the advantages of better Education, are capable of reading *Virgil's Original*, must comprehend his *Translator* worst of all. And tho I have so good an Opinion of the *Ladies of our English Court*, as to think their Understandings much finer than Mr. D. would wish them; yet I'm certain, they can never learn much by Mr. D's *obscure Version*, and *incomprehensible Nonsense*; I'm afraid, he *presum'd* a little too much upon the *weakness* of some, while he *complemented* the *sharpness* of others *Intellectuals*; and plac'd his greatest *security* in a confidence, that *well sounding Rhymes* might put off *disguis'd* and *miserably abus'd Matter*; and that few would either trouble themselves to examine his *Translation* rigorously, or compare it, at leisure, with the *Original*. To me it's the most *disagreeable diversion* I ever undertook; for, I hate to be *bilk'd* where I have laid out for a *good Crib*; or to get a *Translation* to clear my *understanding*, which leaves me more at a loss than I was before.

Vir. 313.

— *A listless lazy Crop* — What manner of Crop's that? So *Lentil's* lean afterwards, unless he design'd it for a *pun*; and *vile Vetches*; *vile* in *English*, is never taken in the same Sence as *Vilis* in *Latin*; and Mr. D. knows that, tho *his Virgil* can't pretend to be so, some things may be *very good*, and *very cheap* too.

The

The growth of Egypt, or the Kidney Bean. *Ver. 317.*  
 That or spoils all, for if we may believe our Botanists, the Kidney Bean is what Virgil meant by his *Lens Peleusiaca*. The slow Waggoner too, would almost puzzle an Almanack Maker. *See Rays Herb. p. 884. &c.*

Five Girdles bind the Skyes — What an odd *Idæa* of the upper Region would common Farmers rake from this fine Figure? And how do these Girdles bind the Skies? Would ever any Man, who pretended to take off the Cosmical and Heliacal rising or setting of the Stars, talk of five Heaven-binding Girdles? *Ver. 322.*

And cross their limits cut a sloping way. *i.e. Ver. 328.*  
 Cross the limits of the two temperate Zones. But what strange Astronomy is this? What Sphear ever represented the Zodiac as crossing the limits of the temperate Zone? It cuts or crosses the Equator twice, indeed, but only touches the Tropics. Or whoever call'd the Zodiac, a sloping way? But *Poëtis quid libet audendi* — shall be Mr. D's Motto, tho it should reach to picking of Pockets.

Two Poles turn round the Globe — For, The Globe turns round two Poles. A very pretty Figure in English. And I question whether the Snake or Dragon glides round the Pole, tho Mr. D. makes Virgil say so, *nolens volens.* *Ver. 330.*

The Bears are not by the Poets, said to abhor the Sea, but to be forbidden it, at Juno's request; and Virgil makes 'em still afraid of her jealousy, and consequently of setting in it. *Ver. 335.*  
 And

Ver. 324.

*And when on us she breaths the living Light.*  
Can never be scrued out of Virgil's aut ubi  
primus equis Oriens afflawit anbelis — *The Tapers*  
*of the Night* — A Phrase borrow'd out of the  
*English Parnassus.*

Ver. 346.

*Or when to fell the Furzes* — We sometimes  
talk of felling Timber, but never of Furzes be-  
fore; they are obliged to Mr. D. for the Ho-  
nour he has done 'em. *And spread the flying*  
*Canvas for the Fleet.* What is there in that of  
Virgil, or of tolerable sence, or expression? And  
what Stars arise, how extreamly fine! Had  
poor Elkanah talk'd so, he'd have heard of it  
on both sides his Head; but dat veniam cor-  
vis —

Ver. 352.

*Let him forecast his work* — *Maturare*, is  
not to forecast, but to act deliberately, and do  
that throughly, which, when fair weather calls  
the Husbandman abroad, must have been  
buddled up in haste, and in a worse fashion; and  
this Mr. D. could not but see, by the work  
mention'd in the next lines; the shining share,  
he is very fond of.

Ver. 360.

— *Or aire the Corn, Or grinded Grain be-*  
*tween two Marbles turn.* Besides that very  
modish word grinded, where does Virgil talk  
of airing the Corn? Ruæus would have  
taught him better sence, and his own little,  
might have taught him that cold wet weather  
was not fit for that work. And where did  
Mr. D. ever read of Marble Mill-stones, for,  
those I suppose he means? And if the Grain be  
grinded, what need it be turn'd between the Mar-  
bles?

bles? Could Mr. D. read *Virgil*, and Translate it thus?

*The Meads to water.* For *Rivos deducere.* Ver. 364.  
Translated the clean contrary way.

— *And steep In wholesome Water-falls the woolly Sheep*— But why in *Water-falls*? Are those proper washing places? Does any Body ever wash Sheep just below *London-bridge*? And pray, how long must a woolly Sheep lie a-steep in the *Water-fall* before he's drown'd? For I never heard of any living thing steep'd for a cure.

— *Pale Pluto*— An Epithet no way belonging to him, who is every where represented as black; indeed, Commentators very ridiculously make *Orcus*, here to signify *Pluto*. And so a day unlucky, as 'twas the Birth-day of a God, and one of the first rank too, which is absurd; but *Orcus*, means the Hell of the Poets, such as *Virgil* describes in his 6th *Aeneid*: and even Christians themselves, (could they assign it,) might esteem that day accur'd, which first kindled the flames of eternal Hell.

*And arm'd against the Skies the Sons of Earth.* Ver. 374.  
*Virgil* says no such thing; he says only the Giants were born on that day; not that they made their attempt on Heaven as soon as they were born; or watcht for their Birth-days return, as a lucky time to begin a Rebellion in.

To scale the steep battlements of Jove. Is a Ver. 376.  
very odd way of speaking; the battlements of Heaven some have, by too bold a figure, talkt of, but none of Jove before our Poetical *Enceladus*.

Then

Ver. 381. *Then Weavers stretch your stays upon the west.*  
 If it were not meer Fargonry, would be Nuts  
 to the Spittle-field-Weavers, and they'd buy  
 Mr. D's Virgil rather than Gadbury or Patridge,  
 if his Rule would hold good.

Ver. 385. *Virgil advises like one who understands busi-  
 ness, to mow stubble or Haulm in the Night, or  
 before Sun-rise, not because of coolness or rain,  
 which would make mowing very uncomfortable;  
 but because of the dew which following  
 the Scyth, makes it work the better, Mr. D.  
 has quit lost the Rule.*

Ver. 390. *To work by Night, and rake the Winter fire.*  
 i. e. they rake up the fire in a Winter Night, and  
 then set up to work til Cock-crowing; a very  
 pretty way to keep themselves warm, but  
 none of the best Husbandry or Housewifery; for  
 those must go to bed sooner who work all  
 day hard, and must rise early. But what a  
 pleasant employment Mr. D. has found for  
 the good Man, to sharpen Torches? If any such  
 Trees, as they say are found under ground in  
 Lancashire, and other places, were common in  
 Italy, the sharpening of Torches might mean  
 something; but Virgil means no more than  
 making of Matches, things of more use, and  
 which good Husbands and Housewives gene-  
 rally do at idle times.

Ver. 397. *Virgil's direction is lost again, who tells us,  
 that the heat of the day is best to Reap in, and  
 to tread the Corn out in, or to pass the Wheel over  
 it, because it then is dry, and leaves the husk  
 best; for which, Mr. D. only tells us of the  
 Day*

Day light, as if that were enough, whether it were hot or cold, or wet or dry.

For lazie winter numbs the labouring Hand. *Ver. 402,*  
Is a very odd reason why the Swain should Plough and Sow naked; but Virgil teaches him, not to be afraid of stripping to work in Summer, that his work may be the sooner over; for winter or cold weather's no proper time for such work.

The four lines are good, but not Virgil's, nor *Ver. 403,*  
much better, as I take it. *&c.*

For Mast of Oak your Fathers homely Food. *Ver. 410.*  
True, but why that here? They are advis'd to beat down Mast for their Swine, not for their own eating.

— And so hunt the Hare. What, when the *Ver. 414.*  
fleecy Snow new cloaths the wood. (Which by the way, is as meer Fustian as any thing in *Silvester's Dubartas.*) Huntsmen will tell him, there's no hunting when the Snow lies upon the Ground; but it's tracing Hares which our Poet means, which Farmers are more us'd to, than hunting; as they are more us'd to Slings than Bows, which is Mr. D's own silly Invention.

Now sing we stormy Stars, when Autumn *Ver. 419.*  
weighs the Year — Who could imagine that Mr. D. had consider'd his Author? Or where can Virgil afford so fine a Thought as that last? In the whole Account of the storms in Spring and Harvest, Ogylby out-does Mr. D. in representing Virgil's Thoughts, as far as Mr. D. would pretend to out-do honest Vicars.

Ver. 427.

— *The Farmer now secure of fear, Sends in the Swains to spoil the finish'd Year.* What fear does Mr. D. mean which the Farmer should be secure of, (Not to take notice of the senseless Latinism) he'd do well to tell us in the next Edition; but for sense sake, who ever, before our Rhymer, call'd Reaping spoiling of the finish'd Year; the two next lines are his own, and tend much to the *eclaircissement* of the Matter.

Ver. 434.  
&c.

*And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble born,  
With such a force, the flying wrack is driven, And  
such a Winter wears the face of Haaven.* Have neither Virgil's, nor any thing of common sense in 'em; and the order of the words is ridiculous.

Ver. 437.

— *Whole sheets of sluicy Rain* — Is a Metaphor well carry'd on, and finely worded.

Ver. 444.  
&c.

*The Father of the Gods his Glory shrouds, Involv'd in Tempests, and a Night of Clouds.* This said of Phæbus, had been tolerable, tho' far from his Author, but of Jove it's pure Nonsense. By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about. By what fits? Has Jove his freaks? Or is he troubl'd with Cramps or Convulsions? He must be more than half an Atheist, who talks so childishly of him, whom he calls the Father of the Gods. The 443 long line is of the same Batch.

Ver. 448.

*Earth-falls, &c.* Here doubtless, Mr. D. was in a Rapture; and, whereas poor Virgil was flat and lifeless, he's resolv'd to show us how he would or should have written, if he

he had liv'd now, and fallen under Mr. D's discipline. — *And flying Beasts in Forests seek abode.* Is a line of most charming sense, and sweetness.

— *When chearful hours awake the Spring, Ver. 463, 4. and Spring awake the Flowers.* A delicate Ovidian Interpolation, and becomes Virgil as a patcht Coat would a Prince.

*On the green Turf thy careless Limbs display. Ver. 465.* A very mannerly way of Devotion, which Virgil was a stranger to.

— *The Silken Ground,* Is very pretty Ground Ver. 468. indeed, and could Mr. D. but show us where it is, it might, for ought I know, ruin the East-India Company more than all the Petitions of the Weavers. But Mr. D. has heard of Carpet Ground, and scorn'd that common word, Silk was for him. *With milder Beams the Sun securely shines.* It seems then, his Empire was in danger when his Beams were too sultry; the world might have abdicated him for his fierceness, but now he was mild, he might shine securely; he has been very safe in that respect, for 4 or 5 Years last past. — *And luscious are the Wines.* Is not the meaning of *mollissima vina,*

*Thus in the Spring — I would not brow beat Devotion in a Quire of Clowns,* as Mr. D. very gently stiles 'em; but Virgil here, talks only of Devotion at the time of Harvest, before Men begin to Reap, which very few do in the Spring.

Ver. 480.

— His hollow Temples. Old Horses and Oxen are very hollow about the Temples, but Men don't ordinarily sink there so very much; I hope, Mr. D. won't alledge the *cava Tempora* — ascrib'd to Turnus, in the 9th *Aeneid*, if he does, I'm ruin'd for a Critic, and there's no more to be said.

Ver. 490.

The working Seas advance to wash the Shore. So they do every rising Tide, and what shall the Plow-Man learn from Mr. D's Diagnosticks?

Ver. 492.

And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods. Is a Silken line, and doubtless, tickl'd the Author's fancy extremely; but it's very wide of — *Aridus altis montibus audiri fragor*; or if *fragor* be whistling, it's like that of some of the Natives of Tenarif, who'll whistle so loud, as to be heard 5 or 6 Miles; beside, Virgil does not talk of murmuring, but roaring Floods, and murmuring Woods; and that's somewhat more natural than this of the Translator.

Ver. 496.

And stretching to the Covert. Virgil only says they make to shore.

Ver. 499.

And mounting upward with erected flight, Gains on the Skies, and soars above the sight. What manner of flight is that which is call'd an erected flight? I don't remember it in all *Latium*, or the Gentleman's Recreation; this description is meer *Fustian*, and a wretched Thought fobb'd upon the World for Virgil, when he'd have scorn'd it.

Ver. 508,  
9:10, &c.

Are all a loose Paraphrase, liker *Ovid* again than Virgil. The East and West meeting on their Frontiers, and crashing the Clouds. All pretty stuff

stuff, but light and unfixt, as the floating Feathers.

— And sails above the Storm, Which is scarce true in fact, and if it were, is not said by Virgil.

Qu. Whether Croaking be the Characteristic of a loquacious crew?

Huge flocks of rising Rooks forsake their Food, And crying, seek the shelter of the Wood. This is no more than they do every Night, therefore Virgil means something else.

And stem the Stream to meet the promis'd Rain. As if they would not meet the Rain as well Swimming down as up Stream; or as if Virgil had, like his Translator, talk'd idly.

And in the sockets Oily Bubbles dance. means the *wick* gets a cap, as those who look after your Sea lights call it, which sometimes covers the whole, sometimes multiplies out of the sides, in a figure somewhat like Mushrooms.

Here we have several Nonsense lines together — The Moon adorns As with unborrow'd Beams, her sharpen'd Horns. Now, how that is, who can tell us? The filmy Gossamer now flits no more; i. e. the things like Cobwebs don't fly about in the Air; but their flying about is a sign of dry weather, and such Signs Virgil is here speaking of; so that if Virgil had meant his words of those flying Meteors his Translator had contradicted him; which he adventures to do more than once — Nor Halcyons bask on the short Sunny shore. Why

- the *short Sunny shore*? I can't divine, unless it be for the sweet sounding *ss*; the *Original* talks not of it's being *short*. *Virgil* mentions
- Ver. 549, *Scylla* and *Nisus*, a Story well known to the  
 &c. Romans; but what *English Swain* would know that he meant the *Lark* and *Hobby*; if at least that be the meaning of it; but the *Translator* wants a *Servius* too; if any can make sence of the closing line — *And thus the Purple Hair is dearly paid, I shall be their very Humble Servant.*
- Ver. 557. Then thrice the Ravens rend the liquid Air  
 Is a wild Construing of Ingeminant liquidas voces — Their callow Case too, is a choice Flower.
- Ver. 564. — As Man who Destiny controuls — What has that to do here, where the Poet speaks of Ravens understanding the Determinations of Fate better than other Creatures? Besides, Mr. D. knows, *Forve* himself can't controul Destiny, much less can Men.
- Ver. 569. Compos'd by Calms, and Discompos'd by Winds. But that's not to the purpose, how they are affected by the weather now in being, but how they are affected before, with a change of weather near at Hand. They feel a Storm, or fair weather coming, tho at a distance, which the Poet here debates on.
- Ver. 570. From hence the Cows exult, and frisking Lambs rejoice. The Ravens are quite forgot then, and the Cows put in, *pro Arbitrio*, to mend *Virgil*.
- Ver. 572. And the short Year of the revolving Moon. This is to let us know that Mr. D. has heard  
 of

of *Lunary Tears*, else *Virgil* gave him no temptation to mention 'em.

Here Mr. D. drops his *Author*, because he *Ver. 586.* was full of hard Names. So again after *Ver. 588.* I hope, he won't plead *Horace's Rule*, *Et quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse relinquas.*

Or if thro Mists he shoots his sullen Beams, *Ver. 591, 2.* *Frugal of Light in loose and stragling Streams.* This is to come up to *Virgil's Majesty*, which Mr. D. thinks he has done in this Book, or nowhere; but whether it be a just Interpretation of — *Medioque refugerit orbe*, let the learned World judge. If he flies to those, *Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese Diversi erumpent radii* — He perverts *Virgil's Rule*, who, ended his Sentence at the former line; and here begun a new Observation on the *Prognostics from the Sun, of Hail.*

When ridgy Roofs and Tiles can scarce avail, *Ver. 599.* To bar the ruin of the ratling Hail. What ruin's are here meant? Or what greater mischief would a violent Hail do if the Roof were laid open, than when it's Til'd, or has a Ridgy Roof? But what's all this to his *Author*, who is not concern'd for the Tiles, but for the Grapes, which suffer by such violent Storms?

— What Madman then would venture o'er *Ver. 613.* the Frith? — Was *Virgil* then acquainted with *Scatland*? Or had he heard of *Edenburgh Frith*, or *Solway Frith*? If Mr. D. would have brought the whole Poem down to our present Age, and Modified his *Author*, as the Ingenious Sir R. L' *Estrange* has done by his *Dun Quere-*

do, this had been well enough; but to have it only here and there, is Aping Philips's senceless *Don Quixot*.

Ver. 621. Quare, Whether *Vesper serus*, signifie both the late *Even*, for *Evening*, and the early *Morn*? Or whether *Operta Bella* be *open Wars*?

Ver. 629. And piti'd Rome, when Rome in *Cæsar* fell. *Virgil* says nothing like that, and Mr. D. once Condemn'd, as well he might, his own Verse concerning *Lausus*, and utter'd by his Father *Mezentius*, When *Lausus* dy'd I was already slain, As trifling, and beneath the Gravity and Majesty of *Virgil*; but he begins now, *repuerascere*, and must be pardon'd for fooling.

Ver. 630. In Iron Clouds — What Clouds are they? Mr. Cowley never us'd so forc'd a Figure in his most daring *Pindariques*; and obscure *Ferrugo* never was Constru'd an Iron Cloud before.

Ver. 632. Nor was the Fact foretold by him alone, Nature her self stood forth and seconded the Sun. This is one of Mr. D's Native Flights; for which, he owes nothing to *Virgil*. But how comes the Sun to be no part of Nature, or not within the *Verge*? Or else what does he mean by Nature? but perhaps, we shall know more of his mind in the next Edition.

Ver. 638. — In German Skies afar. Is not English.

Ver. 641. And from their Summits shook the eternal Snow. Is another of Mr. D's fine Thoughts, tack'd to *Virgil*, like the Badge of a Parish Pensioner on his sleeve, not to honour, but expose him.

Ver. 644. In silent Groves dumb Sheep and Oxen spoke. i. e. They were dumb before they spoke, but not when

when or after they did so; but where did Mr. D. read that they spoke in Groves? Strange voices, indeed, of more than mortal Men were heard in the Groves; but the Translator's Eyes fail'd him.

And Holy Sweat from Brazen Idols fell. This *Ver. 648.* is Burlesquing his Author; for if the Statue, or figure be an Idol, the sweat can hardly be holy; indeed his Milk white Hind has told us fine Stories of Idols which have been in such holy sweats; if he alludes to them, we are satisfied.

The King of Floods — Without his proper *Ver. 649.* Name, may be an Utopian River for ought any body knows, or may be ascrib'd *ad libitum*; but Virgil meant a particular River, and nam'd it, for a Prodigy without a place where it was, is a sham.

Red Meteors run along the æthereal space, *Ver. 657.* Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their place. Wellfare an honest Roman Miracle Monger! Mr. D. thought Virgil had not Prodigies enough, so he adds to the Tale, and adds one, which is a Swinger — That the Stars disappear'd, and Comets took their places; if such a sight would not fright the World, nothing would.

Amaz'd at antique Titles on the Stones. As if *Ver. 666.* there had been Tombs or Monuments, Stone-Henges set up in the Pharsalian and Philippic Fields, which is a very fine fancy. But why should an antique Title amaze any body? Curious Men will go far to see 'em, and generally return from 'em sober enough, and not half

half so much as *Men of sense* would be, to see a *flattering Inscription*, equal Mr. D. to Denham, Waller, or Cowley.

Ver. 683. *The Plain no Pasture to the Flock affords* — This ridiculous line was put to make up the Rhyme for the next ; for there was *Pasturage* enough, if anythink was wanting, it was *Flocks* and *Herds* to graze on 'em. *Virgil* thought fit to omit this grave observation.

Ver. 685. — *Euphrates her soft Off-spring Arms*. The *Parthians* were not the *Off-spring of Euphrates*, nor ever charg'd with *Effæminacy* before ; the *Romans* found 'em a *Company of rough hardy Fellows*, and not to be *Conquer'd* by their whole *Power*. But the Rhyme *rebellowing* is so fine an *Expression*, as ought not to be slip't, Mr. D. uses the word *rebellowing* several times, and it's a very full-mouth'd, nonsensical word, and will never be own'd by any who pretend to good *English*, but to apply his new fangled word to the Rhyme's, not a bold figure, but a Bull.

Ver. 690. If *Servius* be in the right, Mr. D. is out in making a *Similitude* of *Virgil's* Three last lines. But Mr. D. has said enough to baffle his own *Version* in his Note on the first *Georgic*, where-in he pretends to the honour of a new discovery, tho unjustly, of a great *Complement to Augustus* in those lines ; the *Observation's* good, tho not his, but he has entirely spoil'd it, and made that which was well in his Note, impertinent in his Translation.

GEOR-

## G E O R G I C II.

**M**R. D. in his *second line* Translates *Bacche* Ver. 2, 4.  
 in the Poet, by *Generous Vines*, which  
 is well done, the *sence* being made *true* and  
*intelligible* by that means, but, as if he had  
 repented of a wise thing once done, The *Tar-*  
*de crescens Oliva*, is render'd *Minerva's Tree*;  
 the *Original* every Body understands, the  
*Version* very few of those for whom *Virgil*  
 wrote, as well as for the *Ladies* at Court.

— *And drink at every Pore* — Is an admi- Ver. 12.  
 rable *flight*; *Bacchus* then must have been laid  
 asleep in the *Must*, as the *Sheep* before in the  
*Water-falls*, or the *Pores* would scarce imbibe  
 the *Liquors*; at least, where *Virgil* would  
 have been content the *jolly God* should have  
 been but *over Shoes*, Mr. D. was resolv'd  
 to dowse him *over Head and Ears*.

*Principio arboribus varia est natura creandis.*  
 Was a dull line, and not worthy to be taken  
 notice of by Mr. D's exalted *Genius*.

*Herculean Poplar* — That *Epithet* was ju- Ver. 18.  
 diciously added, that every one might know  
 what *Virgil* meant by *Populus*. I suppose, *Po-*  
*pulus Alcideæ gratissima* was in his Thoughts, and  
 his *Translation* answers it very nicely.

*Thus Elms, and thus the savage Cherry grows.* — V. 24, 5, 6.  
 Is false *Grammar*: But why *savage Cherries*?  
 As if only the *wild* grew so, (the *savage* is  
 an uncouth *Epithet* for a *Tree*.) Yet we have  
 often seen the *tame Cherry* thoot in the same  
 manner.

manner. Mr. D. as if he were in a *Paroxysm* of false English, adds, *Thus the green Bays that binds the Poets brows, Shoots and is shelter'd by the Mother's Boughs.* Where, either it should be *Bay*, and not *Bays*, unless Mr. D. be in love with the *Tisle*, or it should be — *Which bind the Poets brows, shoot and are shelter'd.*

Ver. 28. — *And all the Sylvan Reign.* This Phrase is one of the *Elegantiae Drydenianae*, frequently affected, and downright Nonsense.

Ver. 34. *And the dry Poles produce a living Race.* If this be not wondrous to behold, (which was well *infarc'd* by Mr. D.) pray, tell us what is? I can't think that *Virgil* had any thoughts of *Aaron's Rod*, the only instance of the Kind. *Green Poles* may do something, but *dry Poles* are no more prolifick than *dry Brains*.

Ver. 35. *Some bow their Vines which bury'd in the Plain, Their tops in distant Arches rise again.* This is a fine account of *laying Vines*; but *Virgil* never mentions them in particular, because several *Trees* may be encreas'd so as the *Mulberry*, *Gooseberry*, *Currant*, &c.

Ver. 37. — *The Labourer cuts young slips* — The *Gardener* at *Denham Court* would have taught him otherwise, and that *slips* and *cuttings* are very different things; *slips* being so call'd, from being *slips* from a larger *Stem*, and which are generally apter, if rightly order'd, to take *Root* than *Cuttings* are.

Ver. 39, 40. *Even stumps of Olives bar'd of Leaves and dead, Revive, and oft redeem their wither'd Head* — Here Mr. D. has me at a terrible advantage,

vantage, for here grows the *Mirabile dictu*, which he has *inarch'd* on another Stock; and here *Virgil* talks of *lignum siccum*, or a dry stick shooting again; yet, on better Thoughts, the danger is not extream, and I may live another Year. *Virgil's* account is this, That pieces of Olive Suckers, or Young Shoots cut at uncertain lengths, as a Foot, more or less, who grown a little dry, and sapless on the outside; yet open'd a little to the pith, (that being still sound and green) if bury'd flatwise, or Horizontally in a moist warm Ground will shoot; but how it may redeem the wither'd Head, is another Quere.

With Insolence invade a foreign Tree. Is very *Ver. 42.* dexterously express'd, and gives a great *Idea* of *Grafting*; but — with *Insolence*, is in Latin, *Impune*, by which Translation, Mr. D. gives us an excellent Moral, i. e. That impunity in fooling, makes the Coxcomb insolent.

Thus were the Hind and Panther Calv'd  
of old,

Sham Coin put off for true Imperial Gold;

And Squab the Leaud appear'd with en-

v'y'd Pulpits bold.

— The ruddy Cornel bears the Plum. — For *Ver. 44.* *Lapidosæ rubescere Corna*, is exact as possible; for it's plain, the Cornel bears a ruddy Fruit before the Plum's grafted on it.

— The learned Gardener. This is by way *Ver. 45.* of Complement to his *Agricolæ*, whom he had call'd by all the ugly Names he could think of before.

But

Ver. 50.

*But Cultivate the Genius of the Ground —* Here are several Couplets very wildly Translated, and without any regard to the Genius of the Poet; but this is a choice Flower, and with a good Comment, perhaps, the learned Gardiner might make somewhat of it.

Ver. 53.

*The virtues of the several Soils I sing —* That's not Virgil's Subject there, it had been the Subject of the former Book, and he was now upon the nature of Trees; but this is Mr. D's own impertinence, which he's generally sick of, both in his additions and deductions; so afterwards, *Inspire thy Poet, and thy Poem crown,* a ridiculous Interpolation; but his Head's always running upon the Bays.

Ver. 58.

*— And breezes from the Shore.* Breezes are from the Sea, and of little use for Sailing; only the Prince of Oranges sailing Chariot, might make some use of 'em.

Ver. 65.

*Nor will I tire thy Patience with a train of Preface —* Virgil then, show'd a greater respect to his Macenas, than Mr. D. to his Patron, my Lord Marquess of Normanby, whom, he has assaulted with such a fardel of impertinencies, as nothing, but Dotage could excuse.

Ver. 70, 72.

*— Makes a Manly Birth — Change their salvage mind —* Here, weak Eyes see Trees walking as Men; else, what absurd Catachreses are these, to talk of a Manly Birth of Trees, and of their salvage minds? for, their mind is false English; And Mr. D. knows, One may change his Mind, tho he does not change his Nature

ture; *Animus Sylvestris*, signifies, only their wild Nature, which is an easie figure.

— Trees sprung from barren Roots, In open <sup>Ver. 75.</sup> Fields transplanted, bear their Fruits. Pray, what Fruits are those which a barren Tree bears? Virgil's Sence is handsomly given us by Mr. Ogylby —

So those which spring from Roots like profit yield,

If you transplant them to the open Field.

For Virgil teaches his Farmers, that as wild Fruit Trees, for those he speaks of, are corrected by Grafting, so Suckers from the Roots of asher Trees which are barren, while growing there, come to bear, when transplanted into the open Air.

But now the branching Parent's leafy shade

Makes them not bear, or what they bear to fade.

All which, Mr D. wonderfully Illustrates, by those profound lines; for where they grow, the Native Energy (is not that some occult quality?) turns all into the substance of the Tree, starves and destroys the Fruit, is only made for brawny bulk; a swinging figure that, and for a barren shade.

— A sullen Tree — A most Emphatic Epi- <sup>Ver. 81.</sup> thet, if a Man knew why it was given.

The generous flavour lost, the Fruits decay, <sup>Ver. 83, 4.</sup> And salvage Grapes are made the Birds ignoble Prey — But Mr. D. knows, all Fruits have not a generous flavour; and Virgil names only Apples and Grapes; which, therefore Mr. Ogylby thus gives us more Correctly —

Apples

*Apples in time grow wild, and lose their taste,  
And Vines harsh clusters bear for Birds to waste.*  
For let Mr. D. say what he pleases, *salvage*  
*Grapes*, is a very silly Expression.

Ver. 86.

— *And in ranks reclaim* — For *cogere in*  
*fulcum*, or to set in good Ground, and, then Mr.  
D. adds a Rule of his own, *Well must the Ground*  
*be dug and better drest, New soil to make and*  
*meliorate the rest.* How much more Manly is  
Mr. Ogylby?

Ver. 89.

*All labour ask, and covering in rich soil,  
And must be conquer'd with much art and toil.*  
Old Stakes of Olive Trees in Plants revive. Is  
Nonsense; but of this before. By the same meth-  
od Paphian Myrtles live — Is a mistake, and  
contrary to Virgil; and here our two Tran-  
slators Ogylby, and Dryden, are at vye who  
should Translate their Author the more absurd-  
ly — *And Paphian Myrtle springs from solid*  
*Oak — Solido Paphiae de robore Myrtus*, Which  
is literal Nonsense; but Virgil's sense is, that  
the Myrtles encrease, by large pieces stuck into  
a good Ground, as we propagate Willows in  
moist Ground.

Vir. 91.

*And noble Vines by propagation live.* So do  
all other Trees, for if they were not propaga-  
ted, they'd soon be destroy'd; but it seems,  
Mr. D. could not distinguish between Propa-  
gatio, and Propago — ginis — which signifies a  
layer of a Vine, by which, it's generally Propa-  
gated.

Vir. 92, 3.

*From Roots hard Hazles* — No doubt of it,  
and all other Trees, for they seldom grow,  
but

but from their *Roots*; but *Virgil's* meaning is, *Hazles* are propagated from *Seedlings*, or young *Plants*, rais'd from the *Nut*, The *Ash*, from young *Plants* from the *Kays*, and the shady *Poplar*, of which *Hercules* made his *Ghirland*, and the *Oak* of *Jupiter Dodonæus*, and the lofty *Palm*, and the *Pine* or *Firr*, design'd to try it's *Fortunes* on the *Sea*; all these are increas'd by such *seedlings*, and not from *Cions*, (which are for *Graffing*,) as *Mr. D.* ignorantly talks.

*The thin leav'd Arbut Hazle.* Here, *Mr. Ver. 96.* *D's* misled by *Ruæus*, who misunderstanding the *Arbutus*, made *horrida* signifie *thin-leav'd*; but *Virgil's* sence is, *The true Nut is grafted on the prickly Thorn*; And this I remember, I've met with, in some *Books of Gardening*, tho deny'd to be successful in our *Soil*. And here I can't but observe how *Mr. D.* abounds with his *Thats*, *Dids* and *Does*, &c. the former, generally false *Grammar*, the latter in him, a polite *Writer*, one, who has regulated his *Mother Tongue* beyond the *Denham's*, and *Waller's*, and *Cowley's*, nicer botching.

— *To bud, to graff, and to inoculate.* *Mr. D.* will be adding to his *Author* only to betray *Ver. 103.* his own ignorance: *Virgil* mentions *Graffing* and *Inoculating* only, and *Budding* and *Inoculating* are the same thing; *Inarching* is an *Invention* of a later date.

— *Where tender Rinds disclose their shooting* *Ver. 105.* *Gems*, a swelling knot there grows—This again is quite beside his *Author*: what *Mr. D.* calls *Gems*, is not quite so intelligible in *English* as in the *Lat-*

tin; but those *Gems* are the *swelling knots*, under which knots *Virgil*, contrary to *Modern Practice*, would have the *incision* made, which is commonly *double*, one *downwards*, the other *cross*, for the better *raising the bark*, to admit the *shield of the Bud* to be inserted. *Ruæus* talks of an *Inoculation*, which is but another kind of *Grafting*, between the *Bark* and the *Trunk*, which is now pretty common; and his *Emplastratio* resembles our *Budding*, as I have seen a piece of the *Bark* taken quite off from the *Stock* sometimes square, sometimes triangular, to which the *Shield of the Bud* being exactly fitted, it has taken very well.

Ver. 109. In whose moist Womb the admitted Infant grows. Is a luscious Ovidianism, beneath the Majesty of our Author.

Ver. 111. We make a deep Incision in the Tree. For *Finditur in solidum cuneis via* — Is very well Construed, and very Edifying to the learned Gardiner, to show his Judgment, in whose Art, he talks in the next Lines of *Slips for Cions*.

Ver. 113. The *batning Bastard* shoots again, and grows — The *batning Bastard*, is a dirty Expression, disagreeable to *Virgil's modesty*, to the *Gardiner's Language*, and *Common Sense*; the next Couplet, are pitiful creeping lines, which a good Poet had been ashamed of.

Ver. 118, &c. We have as egregious a Specimen of the Translator's ignorance, as we could wish for; *Virgil* tells us, That *Elms*, and *Willows*, and *Lotus's*, and *Cretan Cypresses*, are every one, kinds of *Trees*, which contain several sorts under them,

them, agreeing in the same name, or that there are several kinds of *Elms*, several of *Willows*, &c. but where has Mr. D. any thing which can bear *this Sence*, or indeed, any? And what a *whim* is his *Funeral Cypress*, rising like a *Shroud*? A foolery, which he repeats here, as if he were fond of it.

*Fat Olive Trees*, &c. This proves what was *Ver. 122. Virgil's sence* before; for *Olive Trees*, tho' all of the same name, bear different kinds of *Berries*, some of that kind call'd *Orchades*, or *Berries indented*, or as we see a *Peach* is on one side, some that call'd *Radij*, or long, lank *Olives*, both which, seem to be properest for the *Table*; some bear those call'd *Pausia*, or such which are fitter to press for their *Oil*. Mr. D. has left his English Reader to interpret, and find out the kinds of this *Fruit*, for himself, if he can; and he must be a learned *Gardiner* indeed, who can learn any thing from his *Version*.

*Unlike are Bergamots, and Pounder Pears. Ver. 127*  
No doubt of it; but what's that to *Virgil's Crustumis, Syriisque pyris, gravibusque volemis. Ruæus*, it's true, taught this, but *Ruæus* blunders; the *Bergamot* is so call'd, from *Bergamo*, a Town on this side the *Po*, *Crustumium*, is a Town near the *Tyber*, whose *Pears Virgil* names; the *Syrian Pears* are no *Bergamots*, by the same Rules, and the *Volemi* are a kind of *Pear* somewhat answering the figure of a *Gourd*, and, as some affirm, is more like to be the *Bon Chretien*, or the *Gourd Pear*;  
L 2 for,

for, I think, I have met with a kind of large Pear call'd by that name, from it's shape.

Ver. 128. Nor our Italian Vines produce, &c. Is false English; the shape of all Grapes, so far as I've seen or read, is the same.

Ver. 131. The Thasian Vines in richer Soils abound, The Mareotic grow in barren Ground. Ruæus, and Mr. D. both contradict Virgil here; for it's the Mareotic which requires the fat, heavy Soil, the Thasian, the light, as any one who considers the Latin well, and the nature of the thing, must observe. Mr. D. takes no notice of his Author's observing both these kinds to be white.

Ver. 332. The Pphythian Grape we dry. It's very dubious whether that be Virgil's meaning — Lagæan juice will stammering Tongues, and staggering Feet produce — Is such stuff, as is intolerable; Virgil says, there's a dusky brown kind of Grape, of a very subtle juice, which soon weakens the Feet, and ties the Tongue; but who can make this sense out of the Translation? Ogylby's infinitely beyond this — Lagæos strong, Which soon will try your Feet, and tie your Tongue.

Ver. 134. Rathe ripe are some of later kind, Of Golden some, and some of Purple rind. This Couplet was made only to bring in the fine Northern Phrase, Rathe ripe, else it's false, and none of Virgil's; He says, only some Grapes are of a Purple colour, and early Ripe. Grapes of a Golden rind, I'm afraid, are great rarities.

Ver. 136. Rætbean Grape. I suppose, is an error of the Press; but the next should be Inferior only to Falernian Wine — For that's Virgil's sense. The

*The Amminean many a Consulship survives,* Ver. 138.  
*And longer than the Lydian Vintage lives, Or*  
*high Phanæus King of Chian growth—*  
 Was ever so absurd a piece of Nonsense, call'd  
*Translating a Noble Author?* Virgil says, *There*  
*are a kind of Grapes, call'd Amminean, from*  
*their place of growth, which yield Wine of a*  
*very strong body, to which, that growing a-*  
*bout Mount Tmolus in Lydia, and that about*  
*Mount Phanæus in Chios, tho it self, the King of*  
*Wines, must yield, as must that of the smaller*  
*white Grape, which Grape, yet yields the most,*  
*and the most lasting Wine of all others; but*  
*who can make this sense out of Mr. D's Far-*  
*gonry?*

*The Rhodian in second Services is pour'd to* Ver. 144.  
 Jove — A ridiculous blunder; but, which al-  
 most all the Commentators have stumbled on;  
 only they talk of setting Grapes on the Table a-  
 mong other Fruit, for a second Course. Mr. D.  
 will have it, Wine pour'd on the Altar (I sup-  
 pose, for a second Service.) But Virgil says, on-  
 ly, *It was acceptable at Tables, and to the fa-*  
*vourable Gods; and this answers that other read-*  
*ing best Rhodia sic mensis & dijs servata secundis,*  
*Secundis belonging to Dijs, and not Mensis, as*  
*Philargyrus only could observe.*

*Nor must Bumastbus his old Honours lose,* Ver. 146.  
*length and largeness like the Dugs of Cows.* A  
 Grape this of a very strange figure; the  
 Grape, indeed, may be nam'd from the Cows  
 Teat, but not for length, but for largeness, and

fullness of juice, and this agrees well enough with Pliny's account of it.

Ver. 155. *The Sallow loves the watry Grounds and low* — Not always; for it loves the *Banks of Rivers*, as *Virgil* says, and *Ditches* which are wet, but not low.

Ver. 156. *The Marshes Alders* — Alders love boggy and moorish Ground, indented with *Trenches* and *Water cuts*. *The Rocky Clift*, is not the meaning *Saxosi montis*.

Ver. 158. *The baleful Yough to Nothern blasts assigns*. But how comes this in here, which his Author has plac'd better below? *To shores the Myrtles*, *Virgil's Littora*, are only the sides of Rivers, not the salt Beach.

Ver. 160. *Regard the extreamest*, &c. Is very clear and elegant, instead of *See then the utmost*, &c.

Ver. 165. *Balm slowly trickles thro the bleeding Veins Of happy shrubs in Idumæan Plains*. Our Botanists, indeed, say the Shrub yields its Gummy juice, both by incision by others, and by a natural Exudation; which last, *Virgil* mentions only, but says nothing of the place where it grows, which gave opportunity to Mr. D. to show his Skill in Blunder; for *Idumæa* has it not, *Arabia Felix* is its Native Country; to *Palæstine* is only adventitious, and Cultivated in Gardens, as *Josephus*, and *Pliny*, and others, inform us.

Ver. 167. — *For Medicine good* — That's out of *Ruæus's Notes*; not out of his Author.

Ver. 168. *With Æthiops beary Trees, and woolly Wood*. Where *Virgil* speaks of Woods among the  
*Æthio-*

*Æthiopians hoary with soft Wool*, which, I suppose were only the *Cotton Trees*, now very well known.

— *And how the Seres spin their Fleecy Forests* *Ver. 179.*  
*in a slender twine* — Did the *Seres* then spin whole *Trees*? So Mr. D. would make us think, but this means only that the *Seres* drew out the *inner Barks* of a certain *Tree* which was spun like *Wool*, and woven; of this kind, are our present *Bengals*, and spun and woven by the same *People*; for *Emmenessius's* Fancy that the *Chineses* were known to the *Ancients*, by the name of *Seres*; and the *Siamites*, by that of *Sinæ*, is altogether groundless.

*Who mixing wicked Weeds with Words im-* *Ver. 179.*  
*pure* — But, how can *Words* and *Weeds* be mingled together? *Virgil* means, they mingle *Herbs*, or the *juices of Herbs* of a *venomous nature*, and mutter *Charms* over them, as *Witches* are suppos'd to do, And *Virgil* makes him do in his *Pharmacutria* — *The Fate of Envy'd Orphans* would procure — I think, those are not call'd *Orphans*, who have *Fathers* alive; but *Step-mothers* commonly are most *spiteful* against such.

Mr. D. here ascribes that to the *Flowers*, *Ver. 183.* which *Virgil* ascribes to the *Leaves*, and takes no notice at all of them.

*With which the Medes to labouring Age be-* *Ver. 185.*  
*queath new Lungs.* I doubt, Mr. D's mistaken here, and that no *recipe* can make *new Lungs*, and perhaps, *shortness of Breath* mayn't always rise from the *Corruption* of them.

- Ver. 191. Nor any Foreign Earth of greater name —  
An impertinent Addition, for Rhymes sake.
- Ver. 200. The warriour Horse here bred, is taught to  
train. Virgil says nothing of that, but that  
the warlike Horse runs at liberty about the  
Fields,
- Ver. 202. — Whose waves — prepares. False Gram-  
mar only for Rhyme.
- Ver. 210. — Or is, when known, refus'd — This, with  
the preceeding verse, is either No sence, or  
no English.
- Ver. 212. Or rais'd on such a spiry volume ride — Is  
nonsensical fustian; and ver. 215, 17, 22.  
Hills that — Seas that — Mound that — For  
which, but there's nothing commoner than  
this false Construction, as has been observ'd be-  
fore.
- Ver. 214. Their costly labour, and stupendous frame.  
What does Mr. D. mean by the Stupendous  
frames of Cities and their costly Labour? Virgil  
by the *operum laborem*, means their vast Am-  
phi-theaters Theaters, Guglia's. Aqueducts, and  
the like Publick, Magnificent, or useful Works.
- Ver. 217. Our two-fold Seas — Is a very odd Phrase;  
we talk of our four Seas, but few would call  
them four-fold Seas, unless they were Seas of  
fire, Air, Earth and Water, or however, con-  
sisting of different Materials — The rest is  
Apoeryphal.
- Ver. 228. For veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold —  
But why were the veins of Brass forgotten?
- Ver. 236. — And greater Scipio's double Name. This  
is another of the *Elegantia Drydeniana*, and  
perhaps,

perhaps, may have some meaning in it ; but it lies very deep.

— *Their fertility.* Instead of, *What kind Ver. 248. of Trees their Nature will best agree with.*

*Yet this suffices the Palladian Plant.* Here *Ver. 252. Virgil* honestly names the *Olive Tree*, that his *Readers* might know his meaning ; but Mr. D's *Prudence*, has left his *learned Gardiner* to find out, if he can, what the *Palladian Plant* is. *Virgil* too says the *Grounds* above nam'd delight in *Olive Woods*, as being the best for that use ; our *Translator*, it suffices, it makes a sorry shift, or will serve with much ado ; and a *Soil* which wants all *Succour*, is a very perspicuous expression.

— *Wild Olive shoots — Seedlings* are never *Ver. 254. call'd Shoots* by *learned Gardiners*.

*Then when the bloated Tuscan blows his Horn, Ver. 268. And reeking Entrails are in Chargers born.* Here's somewhat of the *Horn* sticks in Mr. D's *Head*, which his *Author* has not the least hint of. The *Tuscans* us'd to play on their *Pipes*, it may be, what we call *Flageolets*, at the time of *Sacrificing*, their *Pipes* were made either of *Box* or *Ivory* ; but, we don't use to talk of *Ivory Horns* nor *Boxen Horns* ; but perhaps, he read for want of his *Spectacles*, in some *Commentator*, *Tubicen*, for *Tibicen* — *Reeking Entrails*, are such as are newly taken out of the *Belly* of a *Beast* just kill'd ; but *Virgil* speaks of *fumantia exta* — *Smoking Entrails*, or such as have been just boil'd, and come off the fire,

fire, and from thence, are return'd to the Altar.

Ver. 271. Or Goats that, for which, graze the Field, and burn it bare. Ridiculous, and quite beside Virgil's purpose, who reflects not on the Goats, as burning up the Fields, for then, no Pasture would be fit for them, but as mischievous to all manner of Trees, where they can come at the ir Barks, for their bite kills the Trees; which, tho the Latines may express by Uro, is not well interpreted by burning with us.

Ver. 274. — Swans sail down the watry Road. A choice Phrase, above Virgil's reach!

Ver. 276. There Chrystal Streams perpetual tencour keep — Perpetual tencour, is a choice Phrase too, and us'd, as I remember, by Mr. D. in the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphosis, and there with as little sence as here.

Ver. 278. For what the Day devours, the Nightly Dew Shall to the Morn in Pearly drops renew — A very pleasant mistake! Virgil commends the Fertility of the Mantuan Plains, because the Grass grows so fast, that what the Flocks had eaten down by Day, would by the next Morning, by assistance of the Nights moisture, be grown as high again as it was before. Mr. D. thinks that as much as the Sun should waste the Springs by Day, the Night Dew should make up again by Morning; which is an evidence of a very quick Apprehension.

Ver. 282. For Plowing is an imitative toil, Resembling Nature in an easie Soil. Is an admirable elucidation of Virgil's sence; that by Plowing, we imitate

imitate Nature, i. e. endeavour to make some Lands mellow, as she has done others.

Scarce dewy Beverage for the Bees provides. *Ver. 294.*  
*Ruæus*, and reason shows, that *Virgil* by *Rorem*, meant not *Dew*, but *Rosemarine*, meaning such poor Land scarce bears so much as Flowers for the Bees to suck on.

— The Food of Snakes. That's not the *Ver. 295.*  
 meaning of *Nigris exesa Chelydri Creta* — But that Chalky Ground is often pierced full of holes by Water and other Snakes, which Holes they make not for Food, but for Lodging; but Mr. D. speaks as if the crumbling Stones too, which, yet would prove but a hard Diet, were Snakes meat.

*Ver. 300.*  
 Such large increase *Vesuvian Nola* yields. Mr. D. it seems, was resolv'd to cross his Author, and to give *Nola* a place where *Agellius*, ridiculously tells us, *Virgil* had dasht it out; this is certainly, not doing right to him; but one comfort is, Mr. D. has made it Nonsense, for it was not *Nola*, but the Field about *Nola*, which yielded the large increase, and *Virgil* reaches him to speak so, in the beginning of the same verse.

And such a Country could *Acerra* boast, Till *Ver. 307.*  
*Clanius* over-flow'd th' unhappy Coast — No, the over-flowing of *Clanius* made the Soil rich, and the richer it was, yet the more it endangered *Acerra* with its Inundations.

*Ver. 309.*  
 I teach the next, &c. Here Mr. D. contracts four admirable lines of *Virgil* into two, and scarce sence of his own, which, I'd rather Translate thus;  
 Of

Of Moulds I'll now the various temper  
show,

If you the *heavy* or the *light* would know,  
That for your *Bread's* the best, and this for  
*Wine*,

Corn loves the *heavy*, but the *light* the  
*Vine*.

Ver. 318. — If *sullen Earth* repines *Within its native  
Mansion* to retire, And stays without a heap of  
*beavymire*, Is a meer heap of *absurdities*; the  
first *Periphrasis* an *obscure Version* of *Virgil's*  
*clean Expressions*. But suppose the *Earth* dug  
out of a *Hole* won't go all in again, but  
makes a *little rising*, must that needs be *mire*?  
*Mire* commonly lies in *Holes*, not on *Hills*,  
unless in *London-streets*, by the *assistance* of the  
*Scavenger*.

Ver. 327. This truth by sure experiment is try'd— What  
truth does Mr. Translator mean here? That  
salt Earth is neither fit for *Vines* nor *Corn* — *Vir-  
gil* says nothing to that purpose, nor can any  
of the *Experiments* he mentions, declare that;  
the Poet only shows *how*, or by *what Signs*  
you may distinguish *salt* and *ill temper'd Earth*  
from *other kinds*; and perhaps, our *Salt-Petre-  
Men*, and their *method of working* is the best  
*Comment on Virgil's discourse*.

Ver. 329. — Such toiling Peasants twine When through  
*streight passages* they strein their *Wine*. Here  
we should have a *Poeta loquitur*, meaning Mr.  
*Bays*, for his *Author* always talks *more to pur-  
pose*; however, the *Idea* is fine, and those  
who

who cure the Wines in France, or elsewhere, will edifie much by it.

In this close Vessel — I believe this is the first *Ver. 331.*  
time that ever a Colendar was call'd: a close vessel; the good Woman when she took the Colendar for the Chamber-pot, would have been glad to have found it so. But why should salt Land be call'd accurst, unless Mr. D. thinks there was no salt Ground, but what was about the Dead Sea? Beside, salt Marshes are often very fruitful, and tho' not so good for Corn, excellent for Pasturage, therefore not accurst.

And by the bitter tast, &c. A wretched *Ver. 334.*  
sion of Two of Virgil's excellent lines!

— The meagre kind — Is a new Epithet for a *Ver. 336.*  
poor soil, and all poor soil won't crumble into dust, therefore Virgil talks not of it.

The heavier Earth is by her weight betray'd, *Ver. 343.*  
The lighter in the poising hand is weigh'd — The first line is truth, the second, Nonsense. Had Mr. D. said, Light Earth and heavy, are by weight betray'd, tho' betray'd be but a scurvy word, it had been Virgil's sence; but we had wanted the fine Rhyme tag'd too it.

With furrows deep which cast a rising Mound — *Ver. 353.*  
Is a verse with no meaning in it, much less Virgil's, whose advice here is, to fix your Vineyards on the side of Hills, and to open them with trenches, for the better mellowing of the Soil for the future Plantation

The Clods expos'd to winter winds will bake — *Ver. 354.*  
Well, but baking is the way to prevent Putrefaction

*faction or mellowing, and consequently, to spoil the Ground.*

*Ver. 366.* So strong is Custom, such Effects can use In tender Souls of pliant Plants produce. How soft are the Expressions; and how *supra Maronian* the figures! But what effects does he mean? for preparing a Nursery of an Homogemeal Nature, and planting 'em in a parallel to their Original situation, are the effects of Care, not of Custom. Virgil's true sence is not to be understood Morally, but Physically, and amounts to this, So much of advantage arises from keeping Plants still to the same usage they met with, when they were young and tender, which, neither Mr. D. nor his Commentators have hit on.

*Ver. 368.* Chuse next a Province for thy Vineyards reign, &c. Meer fustian, therefore, be sure, none of Virgil's, who, only bids his Farmer see whether the Hills or the Plains are like to agree best with the design'd Vineyard; for, tho Virgil recommends the sides, as the most Eligible where their situation's good, yet if the sides of Hills in my Ground lie expos'd to blasting or pinching Winds, and a falling Sun, I must be content with a Vineyard on the flat, as more likely to do well than the former.

*Ver. 374.* Extend thy loose Battalions, &c. Here Mr. D. like one of the Forlorn-hope, is running upon the Enemy at random, and spoiling a beautiful Similitude, by beginning it before the time; and yet, what he puts in front, has no kind of Cohærence with that of Virgil, which follows,  
after

after; *Virgil* shows the *Quincuncial Order*, some think the *Square* two, as the best to Plant the *Ordines*, or *Rows of Vines* in, on *Hill sides*; but how either one or other can be pick'd out of Mr. D's *Fargonry*, no body can find.

See *Lipsius de Militiâ Romanâ. L. 4. Dial. 1.* where he descants on these very lines of *Virgil*.

And move to meet their Foes — Here Mr. *Ver. 380.* D. will, as usual, be wiser than his Author. *Virgil* shows us an *Army Embattail'd* standing still, and facing the *Enemy*, whose posture then, resembles that which he would have *Vines* Planted in; but I believe Mr. D. never heard of a *Vineyard* moving, tho he may of *Macduff's* besieging *Dunsinnane Castle*, or of the *Kentish Parade*, to meet *William the Conqueror*.

And equal *Mars*, like an impartial Lord, *Ver. 384.* Leaves all to fortune, and the dint of *Sword*. Is by no means *Virgil's* sense, which, perhaps, may be better express'd thus;

As when *Embattel'd Troops* expect a Charge,  
And the *Battalions* all their *Fronts* enlarge;  
Stand to their *Arms*, and with a *Martial*  
Grace,

In *Ranks* unmov'd th' opposing *Army* face,  
While yet, they for the fatal *Signal* stay,  
And waving *Arms* the glittering *Fields* display;

And sickle *Mars* to neither part retains,  
But hovers dubious o'er the dreadful *Plains*;  
So let your *Vines* at equal distance stand,  
Not that your *Eye* the *Prospect* may command.

But

But that each Plant alike may tast the Ground,  
And freely throw their spreading Branches  
round.

Which lines, if I'm not too much mistaken,  
give us a much fairer view of the Poets mean-  
ing, than Mr. D's tedious and impertinent  
Paraphrase.

Ver. 389. That their extreamest lines may scarce em-  
brace, Is inexplicable Nonsense.

Ver. 392. But for the Ground it self this only way— In-  
stead of, For that, without which it's false  
English, with which, it's like R. Wisdom's  
streins.

Ver. 397. Not to the rest of Plants — Plants compre-  
hend all things growing from the Ground, even  
Roots and Flowers; but Virgil plainly distin-  
guishes between Vines and Trees, as if the for-  
mer were only to be reckon'd among Shrubs  
So that Mr. D's Translation's only a proof of  
his Ignorance.

Ver. 400. And next the lower Skies a Bed profound.  
Whether Nebuchadnezzar's Tree was the Aescu-  
lus, or any kind of Oak, I know not; but  
this which Mr. D. describes, and which his  
Author would have been scar'd at the thoughts  
of, must be at least as high as that he dreams  
of; for the lower Skies must be those over the  
Heads of our Antipodes; but if the Roots of Mr.  
D's Oak must reach next those Skies, they  
must strike thro, and beyond the Center at least,  
and that's a great way, and very answerable to a  
Tree, whose top reaches up to Heaven, without  
a figure.

And Lives of mortal Men contend in vain — Ver. 406.

With what? Where's the sence and Grammar of this line? Or where can Mr. D. find a Parallel expression?

Full in the midst of his own strength, &c. is Ver. 407.

all fustian, absurd figures, neither suitable to Virgil's Character nor sence. What if this whole Sentence were Translated thus?

If you how deep to plant your vines would know,

Vines, tho' but shallow set, will kindly grow:  
But solid Trees a deeper Graft require;

So the huge Oak, whose soaring tops aspire  
To touch the Clouds, with taper Rods will go  
Downward as deep, to reach the shades below.

Hence in unshock'd with Winter storms remains,

Or sudden Whirl-winds, or impetuous Rains;  
Out lasts a tedious Course of Humane Lives,

And a long long Posterity survives;  
Spreads out its Boughs, and mighty Arms

around,  
The Farber Trunk it self, with a vast Om-  
brage crown'd.

Nor Prune with blunted Knife the Progeny — Ver. 413.

Of what? Or who ever, before our Translator, call'd the Suckers of a Vine, the Progeny? Or us'd that word absolutely? And who could

pick out Virgil's meaning from this Translation? Which, advises the Farmer to take his Layers

neither from among the top Branches of the Vine, nor from among the lower Suckers, but

from the middle Branches, which are the

M

strongest,

strongest, and the best ; but not to hurt them with a blunt Knife, when he lays them; which, by the way, shows what Virgil meant by his *Mala falce*. Eclog. 3. ver. 10.

Ver. 415.

For sparkling fire from Hinds unwary Hands,  
Is oft scatter'd o'er their unctuous Rinds. How  
was it possible Mr. D. should stumble upon  
so absurd a Fancy? Or why should — *sub*  
*Cortice* — signify, o'er the Rinds? But was it  
ever known, that Farmers planted wild Olives  
among their vines, and scatter'd fire among  
'em, which presently set the green Trees a blaz-  
ing? Or did Virgil's Farmers take Tobacco,  
from which, we know what mischiefs have  
somerimes happen'd? Or did the Link-Boys  
of those days knock their Links against the  
Olive Trees, and so set them on fire? Had but Mr.  
D. look'd a little into his Commentators, he'd  
have found there, a Quotation from Aristotle de  
Celo, l. 2. and Thucydides, l. 2. and from his Friend  
Lucretius, lib. 5. which would have taught  
him, that Trees by rubbing one against another  
in a wind, have been set a-fire, which must  
lurk under the Bark, by the galling of which  
it's rais'd, for a while, till it breaks out by the  
continual agitation of the wind, and spreads  
ruines among the Trees; and this is what Vir-  
gil meant and forewarn'd his Farmers of.

Ver. 419.

— It crackles in the leaves — In other  
places, Mr. Translator out-vents his Author, and  
loads us with bombastic stuff; here he dwin-  
dles into nothing, and talks of crackling in the  
leaves, where Virgil, who knew how to soar

in season, tells us of the Flame — *Fronde lapsus in altis Ingentem caelo sonitum dedit.* As creeping and insipid are his next lines.

*Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form — Ver. 423.*

Here Mr. D's gotten again into his Ranks and Files, where no Soldiers are permitted to straggle from their Band, so fond is he of a silly Thought, and of Burlesquing his Author.

*But the wild Olive shoots, and shades the ingrateful Plain — Ver. 427.*

A Plain then it must be, whether the Vineyard be on a Hill-side or in a Bottom; take the whole Sentence thus Translated:

Let not your Vineyards face the falling Sun,  
Nor sow rough Hazles where your Vines  
should run;

Nor take the utmost Tendrils of the Vine,  
And the poor Suckers from the Roots decline.  
But draw your Layers from the Trunk below;  
Those soon familiar with the Soil will grow:  
But ne'er with rough-edg'd Knives the Branches wound,

Nor let wild Olive Plants infect the Ground.  
Oft, when their Work the thoughtless Farmers leave,

Their fretting Boughs an inward Fire conceive,  
Which, hugg'd beneath the Oily Rind, grows strong,

And grasps the Body as it creeps along,  
Till mounting thro' the crackling Leaves, at last

The flame breaks upward with a thundering Blast.

Feeds on the *Boughs*, the lofty *tops* commands,  
While wrapt in flames the blazing *Forest* stands,  
And hurls dark Clouds of Smoke against the  
Skies;

But chiefly, if a sudden Tempest rise,  
Break on the *Woods*, and every blast engage  
To add new furies to the Conquerors rage.

Thus should a Vineyard fall, the *Sapless Roots*  
No more could flourish with their former  
Shoots;

No *Pruner's Art* could make the *Branches* rise,  
Nor could the *Soil* advance the like supplies,  
But *self-sown* bitter *Olives* soon would reign  
O'er all the *Vineyard*, and their Ground maintain.

This, whatever the Verse may be, I'm sure's  
more agreeable to *Virgil's* sence than Mr. D's.

Ver. 430. When *Winter* Frosts constrain the *Field* with  
cold, The fainty *Roots* can take no steady hold —  
This I'm certain does not grow out of *Virgil*.  
To constrain the *Field*, is Nonsense; and *Virgil*  
talks not of the faintness of the *Roots*, but the  
hardness of the *Ground*.

Ver. 432. But when the *Golden Spring* reveals the *Year*.  
Ver *Rubens* is not the *Golden Spring*; and to re-  
veal the *Year*, is Nonsense.

Ver. 437. Or *Capricorn* admits the *Winters Sun* — is  
meer stuff, and not related to *Virgil*.

Ver. 439. The *Womb* of *Earth* the *Genial Seed* receives —  
It had been better to have said, *Then Earth's*  
*rich Womb*, &c. but *receives*, is not the sence  
of *poscunt*; and if Mr. D. does not, I do  
know that asking and receiving are two things.

And

And mixing his large Limbs with hers — *Ver. 442.*  
 gives us a very strange *Idæa* of *Almighty*  
*Jove*. When *Metamorphos'd* for an *Amour*,  
 he might have *well-set Limbs*; but, when he  
 influences the Earth, the figure's ridiculous.

— *The Western Spirit* — for *Tepentes aura* *Ver. 447.*  
*Zephyri*, as if *Spirits* were only *Airy Bodies*, which,  
 perhaps, may be the *Translator's Philosophy*; or  
 as if *Aura* signified *Spirit*, or *Spirit* were a fine  
 way of expressing the *Morning Air* or *Wind*.

And on the Faith of the new Sun relies. *Vir. Ver. 452.*  
*Virgil* speaks somewhat toward this, concern-  
 ing the *Graß*; Mr. D. will mend him, by ap-  
 plying it to the *Vines*; but his *Fancy* adds no  
 great Beauty to his Author — *Nec metuit sur-*  
*gentes pampinus Austros, Aut actum cælo mag-*  
*nis Aquilombus imbrem*, were beneath Mr. D's  
 regards — or the swerving *Vines on the tall*  
*Elms prevail*, quite bewildred me; but if Mr.  
 D. means the *Vines crept up the tall Elms*, then  
 it's plain they did not *swerve*. However, the  
 Phrase is delicate.

They spread their Gems the genial warmth to *Ver. 455.*  
*share, And boldly trust their Buds in open Air* —  
*Gems*, as Mr. D. calls 'em, are *Buds*, or those  
 little round *Puts* on the *Vine* which shoot in-  
 to *Branches*; the *Frondes* are the *leaves* after-  
 wards rising from those *Branches*.

In this soft Season, &c is so perverse *Vir. 457.*  
 a Translation, as his own *Mac-flecno* would  
 scarce have been guilty of; but by Transla-  
 ting *Crediderim in Virgil*, by, so sweet Poets sing,  
 seems to initiate, that he'd have every body  
 believe

believe what he writes, since he has set up for a *sweet-singer* — *In prime of all the Year, and Holydays of Spring* — is unintelligible *Fustian*. From hence to the 474 Verse, he comes no nearer *Virgil*, than a *Colt* would do to a *wind-mill*; but his observation, *That Man at the first Creation, was made of Stones*, (from whence, *Virgil* had good reason to call him *Ferrea Progenies*,) is an *Original*.

Ver. 475. — *And dung with hot Manure* — An admirable *Hypallage* for *Manure with hot dung*.

Ver. 476. These 4 lines would move a *Stoick's Spleen*. *Virgil* bids his *Farmer* lay *Stones*, or *Shells* in the *Ground* about the *Roots* of his *Trees*, that by their *hollowness* the *water* may the more easily *moisten* the *Roots*, and *invigorate* the *Plants*, All which, is an *Operation* under *ground*. Mr. D. supposes it would rise in *Dews* from among the *stones* to water the *Shoots* above *ground*, which is a very *fine Speculation*, and I hope, our great *Planters* will thank him for it.

Ver. 492. — *To raise their forky Head*, for *Heads* is *false English*; and to set it off the better, *Virgil* by *Furcas bicornes*, means *forked Poles*, or *Crotches* to support the *Vines*. Mr. D. thought the *Vines* themselves, had *forked Heads*, which argu'd a very clear *Apprehension*. The same good *English* he gives us again, l. 498. *While they spread Their springing Leaves, and lift their Infant Head*.

Ver. 500. — *Childhood and Nursling*, are *Boyish Figures* when applied to *Plants*. Nor exercise thy *Rage* on *new-born Life*; silly and *impertinent*. — *Crop*

— *Crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loath To* Ver. 504.  
*Strip the Branches of their Leafy growth. Vir-*  
*gil only means, If the Leaves be too thick with-*  
*in, and hinder the Sun, and Air's influence too*  
*much, you must not cut the inner Branches with*  
*the Knife, but thin the Leaves with your Hand ;*  
*which I could never have found out by Mr.*  
*D's Version.*

— *Disobedient Boughs — Beyond their* Ver. 507,  
*Ranks — The Lawless Troops which Disci-* 8, 9.  
*pline disclaim, don't grow out of Virgil, but*  
*out of a shallow Brain.*

*Virgil talks of his Indignæ Hyemes ; Mr. D's* Ver. 517.  
*Noddle runs upon unworthy Bronze, far e-*  
*nough from the Poet's meaning.*

*Nor Dog-days parching Heat, which splits the* Ver. 520.  
*Rocks — is a new Thought, and far above Vir-*  
*gil's reach,*

*When Earthen Images adorn the Pine, And* Ver. 536.  
*there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine —*  
*I hope, none will think this is the meaning*  
*of Virgil's Oscilla ex altâ suspendunt mollia pinu.*  
*Nor can I agree with Ruæus's Interpreting*  
*Oscilla, by little Earthen Images ; since the mol-*  
*lia are an odd Epithet for them, nor is there*  
*any reason to understand Mobilia by Mollia,*  
*the Translation's too Catechrestical ; but Mollia*  
*Oscilla seem to be Effeminate disguises, or*  
*Masques, which, after their ridiculous Baccha-*  
*nalian Mummeries, they hung up in remem-*  
*brance of those Games, wherein, they us'd*  
*such looseness. Whereas, as Mr. D. goes on at*  
*ver 540. to Translate, as if the Images of Bac-*

thus were hung up like Kings-Fishers in Country Kitchens, to show which way the wind sits; were it true, the Wind would turn the Pendulous Image every way, and every Field by that means, would be blest. But Virgil means, that which way soever the God himself, not his little Image, turns his jolly Countenance, or nods his Head in token of Favour, (which Favour was only attainable by offering the appointed Sacrifices at the appointed time) there the Vineyards would thrive and multiply.

Ver. 546. Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,  
And drop their fatness from the Hazle broach —  
is very obscure, and not the English of *Pingui-  
aque in verubus torrebimus exta columnis*; where, *pinguia exta* shows the goodness requir'd in the Sacrifice, that it should be well fed, and the Entrails white, but if the fat were never so little, when roasted on the Hazle Spit, or broil'd on the Broach, (to humour the Translator) it might drip away.

Ver. 550. For thrice at least in compass of the Year Thy Vineyard must employ the sturdy Steer — Mistake upon mistake! Virgil does not say, thrice at least, but, very often; so *terque quaterque*, signifies as every School-boy knows; nor must Steers be brought in to Plough among well rooted Vines; but the Ground must be dug with broad-tin'd Forks, to prevent hurting the Vine Roots, and must be carefully stirr'd, to mellow the soil, and to give the Root-Fibres liberty.

The

— The Leaves to thin that (for which) *Ver. 555.*  
suck the vital moisture of the Vine. Nor at all,  
but to give the Clusters Air to ripen.

— In the lowest Months, when Storms have *Ver. 558.*  
shed From Vines the hairy honours of their Head —

What are the lowest Months! Or in what  
Country is that Phrase us'd? I thought too the  
Vines, not the Storms, had shed their Leaves;  
their Head is false English; and, pray, what  
are the Hairy honours of the Vines Head? At  
this rate, I'm afraid, Sylvester's woods Peri-  
wig'd with Snow, must be no more Fustian.

— To commend excess, is absurd, and not *Ver. 570.*  
countenanc'd by his Author, in the least.

— The Shrubs of prickly Thorn, suppose it *Ver. 571.*  
fence, are very unfit to bind Vines with. But

Butebers Broom is us'd in Italy, and very fit for  
that work, it growing *Densis viminibus, len-*  
*is, fractuque contumacibus, &c.* *V. Raij*  
*Hist. Plant.*  
*l. 13. c. 12.*

Nor when thy tender Trees at length are *Ver. 576.*  
bound, is the third Rhyme, but neither ends  
the fence, nor the Period; nor does *Ver. 579.*  
do it.

Insulting o'er the toils, &c. An absurd *Ver. 581, 4*  
Phrase, and not growing out of Virgil; and  
their joys are unsincere; false, for any Man's  
joys may be very hearty and real for what's  
past, tho he have a return of work afterwards.

— But fixt below Rejoice in open air, and *Ver. 582.*  
unconcern'dly grow — Quite beside his Authors  
fence, who only asserts, Olive Trees are very  
hardy when they have drawn good Root, and are  
us'd to, or season'd in the weather.

Ver. 593. Soft Peace, they figure, and sweet Plenty bring — is none of Virgil's sense. *Hoc pinguem & placitam paci nutritor olivam.* i. e. Therefore plant the fat Olive, which is the Emblem of Peace, indeed, but not of Plenty, nor do those things always go together, nor does Virgil teach any here to sing Hymns to Pallas.

Ver. 599. Till with the ruddy freight the bending Branches groan. The precedent lines are but so many mistakes of his Author; and this line he applies to Apple Trees, which Virgil applies to those, which Mr. D. very Elegantly calls Trees of Nature.

Ver. 602. Vile Shrubs are shorn for browse — is very pleasant; what Virgil calls elsewhere, *Florentem cysium*, can't be so very vile a Shrub; but why shorn or cut for browse, for so Ruens interprets *tendentur*? Cattel browse on the tender twigs when growing, If those Shoots are cut off, there's no browsing for them, nor is it browsing to eat 'em when cut off, if they could any more than to eat Hay is grazing.

Ver. 603. — The towering height Of Unctuous Trees are Torches for the Night. A very fine Periphrasis for tall Trees afford Flambeaux Staves, and maintain Fires in the Night, and give light. By Mr. D's way of expressing it, a Man would think his Unctuous Trees were made natural Beacons, and fir'd as they grew, to make Illuminations; and the towering height — are — is very good English.

Ver. 614. Narycian Woods of Pitch — Tho Virgil might call them, *Piceis lucos*; yet his Interpreter

ter should have call'd 'em *Fir*, or *Pitch Trees*; a Wood or Grove of *Pitch* or *Rosin*, sounds very odd in English. — *Whose gloomy shade* is for retreat of thoughtful *Muses* made — is an impertinent flourish of the Translator.

Even cold *Caucasian Rocks* with *Trees* are Ver. 618. spread, And wear green *Forests* on their billy Head — is to explain Virgil's words, *Barren Woods*, or *Woods without Fruit* grow on the top of *Caucasus*, and their Head is exquisite *Grammar*.

*Tho' shent their Leaves* — What's the English of that? Our *Western People* when they say, *We shall be shent*, mean, *They shall be chidden*; but what means *Mr. D.*? Ver. 621.

*Cypress* provides for *Spokes and Wheels* for Ver. 624. *Wains* — I wonder in what Country? Or how the Translator came to think his *Author* talk'd so? For, he says, *The Woods* in general afforded such; but *Cedars* and *Cypresses* were for wainscoting, and cieling Houses; nor are all kinds of Wood for *Keels of Ships*, as any Shipwright will inform him; so *Myrtles* and *Cornels* both make *Favelins* or *Spears*, not *Shafts* or *Arrows*, light Wood making them best. And *Yeagh* and *Bow*, is just *Brains* and *Stairs*; and it may be *Kerve*, v. 632. is but a new fangled word; tho' we know there is a *Kerf* made in sawing Timber.

*Wine urg'd to lawless Lusts the Centaurs* Ver. 627. train — I find then the *Lapithæ* are out of *Mr. D.*'s favour, sure they were *Williamites*, and therefore forgotten; but *Virgil* and *Ovid*, both

both remember them, as concern'd as far as the other in *Pirithous's* wedding-feast, and the unhappy Consequences.

Ver. 647,  
8, 9, 50.

These four lines are all spurious, *Excrescences of the Translator's Brain*, and as just as his Thoughts commonly are. The *Gyants* at *Guild-Hall*, doubtless, put him in mind of his threatening Statues, unless he Dreamt of those which came to supper with *Don Juan*, in the *Libertine*. His *Persian Arras* is very quaint too; and, I suppose, the Town of *Arras*, since our late Wars, has taken shelter under the Wings of *Casheen*, or *Ispahan*; or it may be, *Babylon* was the Ancient Name of *Arras*; for I'm sure, Mr. D. had some reason for that *Epithet*, and the rest is as plain as the Nose on a Man's Face, that in *Persian Arras* — *Vests thro' their shady Fold*, good Grammar again! Betray the streaks of ill dissembled Gold. This had certainly turn'd my Stomach, but, that reading Mr. Cowley's admirable Paraphrase on this *Encomium* of the Country Life, settled my brain again, and made me sleep without the trouble of the *Night Mare*. I pass by his foolish Alteration of *Virgil's* whole Scheme.

Ver. 659.  
60.

*Unvext with Quarrels* — This is an impertinent tautology; we had it in 640 before, and *Virgil* gives us nothing like it.

Ver. 671.

*From hence, Astræa took her flight, and here The prints of her departing steps appear* — This was stolen from Mr. Cowley, and therefore, good. — Free

— *Free from Cares and Strife* — The same Ver. 686.  
ungrounded tautology again.

Nor, when contending Kindred tear the Crown, Ver. 707.  
Will set up one, or pull another down — But a  
Republican will pull both down; and of such,  
we have now, too many.

The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw — Ver. 718.  
This is a Flirt at our Parliaments too, and  
should the Reflection be just, it's besides his  
Text quite; the *Populi Tabularia* were the  
Chancery Court, and the Rolls, where, what  
we seek for, I fear to no purpose, a  
publick Registry of Lands, &c. was kept.

With Wars and Taxes others wast their own — Ver. 727.  
Still girding at the Publick Management; and  
yet, not unwilling that the French King, while  
he kept his Honour, should have put the  
three Kingdoms to greater Charges.

Is an extravagant Paraphrase, of two full Ver. 745,  
lines, and not at all the advantage of the sence; 53.  
besides, the transposition of the Original's beau-  
tiful Order.

The Vines liquid Harvest Bak'd in the Sunshine Ver. 753.  
of ascending Fields — whatever Retrospect the  
Translator may pretend to, is Fustian Non-  
sense.

And winter fruits are mellow'd in the frosts — Ver. 758.  
is a new discovery, and the Farmer commonly  
takes care to prevent the frosts affecting his  
fruit, for rottenness, not a grateful mellowness,  
commonly succeeds it.

— Kids with budding Horns prepar'd — is an Ver. 765.  
elegancy, Valla or Buchan were never ac-  
quainted

quainted with; such another is that 772. *The Herdmen provoke his Health, i. e. they drink his Health in a round.*

Ver. 773.

*The Groom his fellow Groom at Butts defies, And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes.* As this shows Mr D. a compleat Archer, so it's a very good Account of shooting at a Prize fixt on the top of a Pole, which Virgil speaks of only, which he mentions again, at the Funeral Games for Anchises, and which, several Nations practice to this Day; we may be satisfied by this, that Mr. D's sometimes very cautious, and will not *Alsum sapere*.

Ver. 779.

— *From whom the austere Hæturian virtue rose* — What, from Romulus and Remus? that's new! It's true, Mr. D. out of his vast unknown Treasury, sometimes furnishes us with an odd piece of Antiquity, very great, and very surprizing. It's the extream unhappiness of Grævius and Grænovius, that they're unacquainted with him.\*

This Description of the Country Life, is Mr. D's Master-piece, or at least, the most pardonable of any thing we have met with yet; but whosoever reads the Original, and Mr. Cowley's Translation, and this together, will easily find the difference between Tissue and Tinsel, the plain, unaffectedly clear Sence of Mr. Cowley, and the glaring, taudry, superficial Dress of Mr. Dryden. One understood, and study'd his Author, and by a strange Sympathy of Humour, Copy'd him justly; the other, had little of Virgil's Genius, and only study'd

*study'd himself*, and therefore wrote like himself, and almost, has lost the Character of his incomparable, pretended Master.

### BOOK III. Of the GEORGICS.

WE are now entring a new Field, and examining a piece of Mr. D's *Younger Labours*, where to spare our own trouble, and the Reader's expence, our Observations will be fewer, whether his faults be so or not. Mr. D. ought to look for more severity than other Men, since he values himself above all Mankind, and is the most unmerciful in his own Reflections on others; which, considering his own obnoxious State, and how little he was able formerly, when his Blood ran high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle, was extream Imprudence; but we lie open to his Exceptions too, and therefore, need not beg any Pardon.

*Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink* — Is a Patch on a Face which needed it not; Virgil thought not of it, no more than of that impertinent Parenthesis. Ver. 26.

*A Hundred Coursers from the Goal will drive* — Ver. 27. Read your Author again, good Mr. D. and count upon your Fingers, and see if *Centum quadrijugi currus*, are not drawn by above 100 Horses; for *Coursers*, is a very senseless word there. I'm almost certain, those words could not mean single Horse Caleshes; but, so I remember, some positive Pedants have thought a *Hecatomb* was but 25 Oxen, but they

they had some reason, for 25 Oxen might have a 100 feet among them.

V. r. 31. — Shall be reserv'd for Cæsar, and Ordain'd by Me. — is quite beside the Cushion.

Ver. 37. From thence return attended with my train — Thank you, good John Hopkins !

Pr. 40. And shew their Triumph which their Shame displays — Speaking of the Britons, whom Mr. D. very learnedly calls *Britains*, as if it had been so great a shame for a little Island, under a great many petty Kings of different Interests, to be worsted by the *Veterane* united Armies of the Roman Empire ; or as if *solido Elephant* in Latin, were intelligibly Translated by simple Elephant in English.

Pr. 44. His shatter'd Ships on brazen Pillars ride — Very well guest however, and a clear Evidence how one Poet understands another by Inspiration. Virgil promises, in a fit of Poetic Grandure, that he'll erect lofty Pillars, cast of the brazen Beaks of Ships, taken from the Egyptians, alluding to the four brazen Pillars so cast by Augustus's Orders, after the Reduction of Egypt. And has not Mr. D. given this sense very clearly ? Nor, does he shew less discretion in talking of *Niphates* with inverted Urn, and dropping Sedge ; when Virgil talks of the same Mountain, which Horace, on a like occasion, calls *rigidum Niphaten*, which Epithet, tho there is a River of the same name, and rising, as they say, out of that very Mountain, can properly be applied only to such a Mountain

tain, as that part of the *Taurus*, which is so call'd, is.

*With backward Bows the Parthians shall be* Ver. 48.  
there, And spurring from the Fight confess their fear. Virgil's sence is, The Parthians shall be represented there, who confide in their flight, and in their way of shooting backward, which is just the same. So immediately, he makes *Augustus's* two Trophies to be recover'd from *Europe* and *Afric*, which really were meant from *Asia* and *Britain*; which argues good skill in Geography. But neither *Shore his Conquests shall confine*; is an absurd addition; but above all, for clean Paraphrase, and Noble Figures, the next six lines are *Non-pareils*, unless equal'd by the closeness of the six following.

*Comethen, and with thy self thy Genius bring—* Ver. 91.  
as if *en age segnes Rumpe moras*, were spoken to *Mecenas*, which is only applicable to his own Muse.

*Sour Headed, strongly Neck'd—* Virgil says, Ver. 88.  
*big Headed*, and *long Neck'd*, but so small a difference breaks no squares; but, I suppose, he was thinking of the *Manchegan Hero's* *Triumphal Cage*, drawn *A la mode d'Espagne*, when he would have the *Cows* strong Neck'd for the Yoke. But what he means by *rising in her Gate*, and being *free from fears*, I believe, few *Farmers* underitand, whatever the *Ladies* may.

*Watch the quick motions of the frisking Tail—*  
that's a new Diagnostic of the Translator's own Ver. 105.  
N Expe-

Experience; *Dametas* thought such a thing an ill Omen.

Ver. 122. — And prancing in his Gate, for *Et mollia crura reponit*, nicely Translated! and to tempt the Flood, is a very good English Phrase; but attempt it, had been better. And *Argutum Caput*, is rather a lean than a sharp Head, if *Fockies* mistake not.

Ver. 132. — And trembling with Delight, no, he trembles with Rage, and all his other motions shew it; but I'm afraid, the double Chin'd Horse must be a Monster.

Ver. 140. He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe — (to pass the foregoing line,) is the character, not of a Horse well train'd for War, and well Man'd, but of a fiery Steed, under a Clinias, or a *Dametas*, or a Man of Mr. D's own Courage; but it's such a Commendation, as *Virgil* would never have given him, and *Virgil's* next line, would be enough to confute this Translation.

Ver. 149. — Saturnturn'd Horse, &c. Ran up the ridges of the Rocks amain — It was a very strange Beast indeed, and *Pacolet's* could not have much out-done him; but it's a little unlucky, that *Virgil* knew not one word of all this. *Virgil*, good Man! thought that He fill'd Mount Pelion with his Neighings — Mr. D. says no, it was the Plain, the reason must be, He durst not Neigh as he run up the Rocks, for fear of making a false step, and breaking his Neck. It's a wonder Mother Ops did not discover the Traytor by his strange scampering. There

These are a *lewd Illustration* of the most *modeſt* *Expreſſions* of a *chaſt Poet*, who would blush, were he alive again, to ſee himſelf Painted in ſo filthy a Dreſs. Ver. 155.  
60.

*The flying Chariot kindles in the Courſe* — is *Ver. 170.* abſurd Nonſence; but inſtead of farther Criticiſm on theſe 12 lines, take them thus;

Have you not ſeen, when Chariots *lightly wheel'd*

Start from their Stands, and ruſh along the Field.

How the *brisk Drivers* pant with Hopes and Fears,

And each with eager cries his Horſes cheers. They *ſtretch*, and *cut*, and *reach* to give the *Reins*,

While the *hot Axis* ſmokes along the Plains; Now they run ſmooth, now jump, and mounting high,

Rake thro the Air, and ſeem to touch the Sky.

No ſtay, nor reſt! while *Sandy Tempeſts* riſe, And they who ſtrain, the formoſt toward the *Prize*

Grow wet with *Foam*, and *Breath* of thoſe behind,

Such eager thirſt of Praise enflames the meaneſt Mind.

*To ſtop, to fly, the Rules of War to know, To obey the Rider, and to dare the Foe* — The *Lapithæ* were *fine Gentlemen*, and Mr. D. an excellent *Panegyriſt*; but theſe excellencies are wholly new Discoveries, which, *Virgil* not know.

knowing of, would sooner have ascrib'd to the Centaurs, than the Lapithæ. The next four lines are strangely wide from the Text.

Ver. 207. For all's too little for the craving kind — is so lewd an illation, and this whole Period is so scandalously Translated, and beside his Author, as might justly strike the Book out of every modest Hand.

Ver. 218. For fear the rankness — &c. here Mr. D's mad after his old Lucretian Episode, and what Virgil expresses with the greatest purity, he vitiates, and makes wholly obscene and detestable, when all Virgil's meaning is only, that the Mare too rank fed, especially with Grass, won't take so well as one dry fed, and in a lower Condition; which every Horse-breeder knows,

Ver. 231. — Where Nature shall provide green Grass, and fatning Clover — this is somewhat extraordinary in Forests, and what his Author forgot.

Ver. 235. — With holly green — Virgil says, — *ilicibus virentem* —

Ver. 342. Tanagrus hastens thence, and leaves his Channels dry — *Risum teneatis* — Virgil says, The roar of Cattle bitten by the Breeze reaches the very Skies, and makes the woods, and dry banks of Tanagrus, a Winter Torrent, but dry in Summer, Echo again, Mr. D. supposes the Brook runs away frightened at the noise, which is extremely Poetical.

Ver. 261. Set him betimes to School, and let him be Instructed in the Rules of Husbandry — these, and the following lines, would put a Man beside all

all patience ; certainly, Mr. D. wanted this care himself ; but if *Calves* must go to School while their *Youth* is flexible and green, nor have seen the bad Examples of the World ; and the Stubborn Children must begin to be broke early. St. Francis for my Money ! Unless the Translator thinks he can do wonders in the Case.

*Thy flattering Method on the Youth pursue, Ver. 170, 5*  
*Joyn'd with his School-fellows by two and two —*  
*E'er the Licentious Youth be thus restrain'd, Or*  
*Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd —*  
 all this of *Calves* still ! Sure, *Calves* thus Educated, would make excellent Poets ; I'm sure some Poets for want of it, have prov'd meer Brutes,

*Who fill'd the Pail with Beestings of the Ver. 183.*  
 Cow — Well remember'd again, Mr. Buys, this comes of not going to School to learn the Country Trade.

*And let him clashing Whips in Stables hear — Ver. 191.*  
 is beyond question, the meaning of — *Stabulo frænos audire sonantes.* So again, — *Et plausæ sonitum cervicis amare* — Make him understand The loud applauses of his Master's Hand. Is not this, exquisite Interpreting ? To which, may be added — *Inscius ævi* — very well explain'd — Guiltless of Arms —

It's an endless work to mark the Absurdities of this Translation, yet, who can forbear observing how Mr. D. Translates — *spumas ager cre cruentas* —

*Sustains the goring Spurs — but who can*  
*guess why he Translates — Belgica vel molli Ver. 316.*

*melius feret effeda collo* — Or, bred to Belgian Waggon leads the way, Untired at Night, and chearful all the Day?

Ver. 360. His Horns, yet soar, he tries against a Tree, And Meditates his absent Enemy — is ridiculous Nonsense; and all this Battle of Bulls so impertinently vary'd from his admirable Author, as if he design'd an abuse, not a Translation of him; and tho' Virgil might say in Latin — *Signa movet* — meaning, — He marches forward, could any Man of sense remember what he was speaking of, and say, A Bull, single too, moves his Camp? It's a wonderful Honour to our English Tongue, to have a toping Author write thus.

Ver. 376. The secret Joys, &c. — This, and several following lines show how hard it is for an inveterate Debauchee to be modest, and what care ought to be taken of such as pretend to Translate Latin Authors, who it seems, creep under the shelter of their Authors Names to instill Filthiness, and Obscenity into the Minds of such who can't command the Originals; the Faults are too many to be noted.

Ver. 399. The sleepy Leacher shuts his little Eyes, About his churning Cheeps the frothy Bubbles rise — Virgil has nothing like this, and every word in it is ridiculous. The Boar while he's grinding and rooting, can't be very sleepy, Love commonly keeps the Lover awake. Shuts his little Eyes — that is, for Sleeping or Meditation; for why mayn't Boars have as good Morals as the best educated Oulves in the World? But

the

*the Chaps must churn in the Dream, or else the Pigsyes must be awake again; and for the frothy bubbles, they must rise from the Churn, and, must needs be extraordinary indications of violent Love. The Sluces of the Sky were open spread* — is another very sensible Expression, and much to Virgil's purpose.

*But far above the rest, &c.* — here again *Vir.* 419. our Translator runs at random, indulging his own lewd Fancy, and neglecting his Text.

*But when they seem exhausted swell the Pail* — *Ver.* 484. Never, certainly, has any Man met with such *Cows and she Goats* as Mr. D. Their dugs are inexhaustible, and the least of 'em would almost make a *Cheddar Cheese* at a Meal. But *Camelots made of Goats hair* is a Bull, and neither private Centinels, nor *Marriners* are much troubl'd with *Camelot Cloaks*.

*In depth of Winter to defend the Snow* — is a *Ver.* 495. particular way of speaking, which Mr. D. much delights in; and *to defend the Snow*, is indeed, *to defend from the Snow*, which is a Phrase as clear as the *Sun at Midnight*.

— *Produce in open Air Both Flocks, and send* *Ver.* 502. *'em to their Summer fare* — needs not to be reflected on, but as the *English* to *In saltus utrumque Gregem atque in pascua mittes*.

*Before the Sun, while Hesperus appears* — *Vir.* 504. what can that mean? *Hesperus* appears presently after *Sun-set*; but that can't be the Poets meaning, but it's *Lucifer*, as *Virgil* calls him, which appears before the *Sun* in the Morning, and which, follows in the rear of

the departing Stars, as Ovid; and while he shines, and before the Sun's up, the Dew lies in deed upon the Grass; but it's plain, Mr. D. knows no difference between the Evening and the Morning Star.

Ver. 522. When Linnets fill the Woods, &c. Mr. D. will defend himself here by his Friend Ruæus, and other Dutch Commentators; yet Servius hints at the Nightingale; and since the Poet is describing the Evening when Linnets are all hush'd, Common Sense would have taught him, that Virgil could mean no Bird but the Nightingale, and this, a judicious Translator would easily have observ'd.

Ver. 556. — The Ice an Hostry now for Waggon — which, if it answer Virgil's — *Hospita Plaustris*, is a very considerable Discovery, and is somewhat beyond the Thames, during Blanket Fair; so again, — And thence By weight the solid Portions they dispence, is not Virgil's — *Et totæ solidam in glaciem vertere lacuna.*

Ver. 566. The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls — by no means; they are stall'd to prevent it, for, there they are warm, and their Keepers find means to give 'em Fodder, tho the Snow be very deep.

Ver. 571. — Or makes a distant War with Dogs — can never be the sence of — *non agitant immisfis Canibus* — Mr. D. here mentions several Implements of Hunting, which Virgil names not, but takes no notice of — *Puniceæve agitant pavidos formidine pinna* — was it because it was

insignificant, or because, he really did not understand it?

— Such are the cold Ryphaean race, and such *Ver. 586.*  
 The savage Scythian, and Unwarlike Dutch —  
 Pray, what difference must we put between  
 the Ryphaean race and the Scythian, since the  
 Ryphaean Mountains are in Scythia? And what  
 temptation could Mr. D. have, to attack the  
 Dutch in their Winter Quarters? Was it be-  
 cause they are of the same Flegmatic and  
 Unwarlike Temper with himself? Of all Per-  
 sons, a Roman Writer would never have call'd  
 the Batavians unwarlike, and they'd rarely  
 mention 'em without Honour. And Mr. D.  
 should have remember'd he was now Tran-  
 slating the great Master of Decency among the  
 Romans, and not Advice to a Painter. The  
 Batavians are Celebrated by the Romans, both  
 for their Fidelity, and their Valour. And  
 those who are acquainted with the Story of  
 their Recess from Spain, must own, either that  
 the Spaniards were meer Cowards, and Men of  
 no spirits, or that the Dutch were not so un-  
 warlike as our Malecontent would make 'em.  
 And the Camps of Prince Maurice, and Prince  
 Henry Frederic, were the Schools of Mars,  
 where most of the great Commanders of the  
 last Age werebrought up in the Art of War;  
 and perhaps, His present Majesty, the Heir of  
 those Martial Princes, has let the World see  
 that his Countrymen can fight; nor have our  
 Naval Broils prov'd 'em altogether unwarlike,  
 for it's possible Men may be stout Soldiers, and

curi-

*cunning Merchants* at the same time ; but however, they must be with our *Translator, rude Barbarians, drest in the skins of Beasts, Bears, and Foxes.* I remember Report talkt such things of some of that *unwarlike Crew* who came o'er with the *Prince of Orange*, but the same report said they were *Swissés and Laplanders*, which frighted some very *unwarlike People.*

Ver. 608.

— *And to the Taste restore the savour of the Salt* — for *Et salis occultum referunt in lacte saporem* — Does not such an Interpretation shew an extraordinary *acumen* ?

Ver. 610.

*Some, when the Kids the Dams too deeply drein, With Gags and Muzzles their soft Mourns restrain* — This is Mr. D's sence. *Virgil's is, When it's time to wean the Kids, some put a prickly Muzzle on their Noses, which hurting the Dam, she'll let 'em suck no more ; but for Gaging 'em, that's a new Device ; as new a way of speaking is that of — Pursuing the fear of flying Hares with the crys of Hounds, and To rouse from their Dens the bristled rage of Boars ; which, shews too no great skill in Hunting* But I must remember, Mr. D. long since, rejected *cant Words, and terms of Art.*

Ver. 631.

— *And shunning Heavens broad Eye, Calum* does not signifie that *broad thing.* But the *English Parnassus* is a very good help sometimes. *And Snakes familiar to the Heath succeed, Disclose their Eggs, and near the Chimney breed* — this, beside that superfine Phrase of *succeeding to the Hearth* — is *nihil ad Iphicli boves.* I don't

don't remember that the *Italians* had *Chimneys* in their neat Houses, nor in their *Sheep-coats*, nor did they live in *Virgil's* days, as they had done under the Government of old *Saturn* beared.

— *Cum frigida parvas*

*Præberet spelunca domos, ignemque laremque  
Et pecus & dominos communi clauderet umbra.*

*Juven. Satyr 6.*

which Mr. D. thus scantily Translates —

*When in a narrow Cave, their common shade,  
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were  
laid.*

And which, was thus Paraphras'd by a former Hand;

*'Twas when whole Families and Gods were  
found*

*Nestled in little Burrows under ground;*

*When Hall and Kitchen were one nasty hole,*

*Where Men and Swine in common dirt might  
roul — But these Days are now past;*

and therefore, Mr. D's Version's *unseasonable,*  
and *childish.*

*Or with hard Stones demolish from afar His* Vir. 640.

*baughty Crest, the seat of all the War — is a*

*strange kind of Language; and sure, that de-*

*molish is a Cant word, and very oddly apply'd;*

but by the *seat of all the War*, I suppose, Mr.

D. means the *place where all the danger springs;*

now that's the *Mouth*, not the *Crest*, for, I

think, the *venom* seldom lies there, but a-

bout the *Teeth*; now if the *Teeth* be demolish-

ed,

ed, the *Adder* will soon be *Crest-fallen*, I make no doubt; but what *demolishing* it means, I confess, I know not; nor do I believe, that when a *wounded Adder*, or *Snake hides his Head* — he leaves *expos'd to blows his Back and batter'd Sides* — any longer than needs must.

Ver. 668. — *Forgets to rear The hopes of Poison for the following Year* — is all *fustian* again, and *extravagant*; for tho the *Calabrian Snake* may fly off his *Nest at a Man*, or for thirst may go a great way off, and be very dangerous to all he meets, it does not follow at all, that he must leave his *Brood*; such a *Thought* could never have grown out of *Virgil*, and looks but *scurvily* now it's *stuck* to him.

Ver. 673. When the raw *Rain* has pierced 'em to the quick, Or searching *Frosts* have eaten thro the *Skin* — where *Virgil* teaches his *Shepherd*, that the *scab* breeds in his *Flocks*, either in moist *slabby weather*, or in severe *frosts*, either of which affect 'em to the quick. But for that, when burning *Icicles* are lodg'd within, it's an *Original*; and if the *Court Ladies* can't understand it better than your *Shepherds* and *Farmers*, it will pass for *exquisite Nonsense*; however, burning *Icicles* will always be admir'd.

Ver. 681. And their *Flock's Father* — his usual *Periphrasis* for the *Ram*. *Forc'd from high to leap* — false *English*, and which, that he might have been all of a piece, should have been — *whom in Floods they steep* — and that had been better *Rhyme* too — *Swims down the Stream, and plunges in the deep* — now durst I lay a *Jacobus*,

*cobus*, that if the Father of the Flock be forc'd to leap from high, he'll plunge in the deep before he swims down the Stream—so that this is an egregious *Hysteron Proteron*. But if Mr. D. stands to see Sheep wash'd in a River, he'll find they are not only thrown in from high, but that Men are fain to take somewhat more pains with 'em, and if after washing, they are left to swim down the Stream, it's only for a convenient Landing place.

*Virgil's Medicine for the Scab among Sheep, Ver. 683*, is a Composition of Lees of Oil, Mercury, Flower of Brimstone, Rosin, Bees-wax, Squills, Hellebore; for which, now a-days, they take Tobacco stalks, and Pitch— for these, Mr. D. orders, Mother'd Oil, Founts where living Sulphurs boil, The Scum that swims on molten Silver, fat Pitch, black Bitumen, the wanton labour of the Bees, with Hellebore and Squills deep rooted in the Seas— Quære, who's the better Leach, and more intelligible Author? Add to this, — *The secret Vice is fed* — for *alitur vitium*, as if *vitium* in Latine were of no larger a signification, than *vice* in English, and you have an excellent Doctor and Interpreter together.

*Virgil for the Fever in Sheep, advises — In Ver. 700.*  
*ter ima ferire pedis venam* — i. e. says, *Servius*, to Breathe a vein on the top of the Foot, or between the Nails. Mr. D. advises to breathe a vein underneath the Foot, so he constru'd his Author; but what part of the Hoof, pray, do the veins lie in in Horses, Kine, Goats, or Sheep?

Re-

## Notes on Dryden's Virgil.

*Revenge the Crime, and take the Traytor's Head* — but, why is it a Crime for a Sheep to be sick? Or how comes the sick Creature to be a Traytor? Or why must he lose his Head? These Questions, I confess, are to me unanswerable, to kill one which is diseas'd to prevent Contagion, is good, but Shepherds very seldom turn Headsmen. But this agrees well enough with the Nation of Sheep, because Virgil calls 'em *gentem*, which shows a deep reach; and with the Shepherds happy Reigns — for *Regna Pastorum* — Dr. Busby would never have pardon'd such Construing.

Ver. 722.

— *The dumb Creation* — i. e. *Trees*, unless they happen to be vocal; *Earth*, unless there be some *Aetnaean Rupture* in it, *Sea*, *Sky*, *Stars*, yet Virgil talks nothing of these; but *Birds* and *Beasts* are not the dumb Creation, unless every thing be so which can't speak with *Humane voice*. *Birds* and *Beasts* have a *Language* of their own, which they mutually understand, and are as noisie, and as rational too as some Men. Again, whence comes that difference between *tame Cattel*, and the *Beasts of Nature*? Are *tame Cattel* monsters, or unnatural Products? But this is the *Jauntie* way of writing.

Ver. 731.

*Converting into Bane the kindly juice Ordain'd by Nature for a better use*; is the exact sense of — *Omniaque in se ossa minutatim morbo collopsa trahebat*.

Ver. 737.

— *By the holy Butcher* — This becomes Mr. D. and doubtless, is the true English of such

such a *sacerdos* as he would have made, had he been admitted, but in it he shows his respect, not to *Pagan Priests*, whom prehaps, in many cases, it might be proper enough to *ridicule*, but to all, for with him *the Priests of all Religions are the same*.

Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor—not to take notice of Mr. D's ignorance in *Heathen Sacred Rites*, it's plain, he takes *Jejunâ sanie*—to signify *black Poison*, and he's the first, and I hope, will be the last who understands it so. Ver. 742.

And render their sweet Souls — *Dulces Animas* — well Constru'd again! These, doubtless, were some of those *well educated moral Calves*, of whom, Mr. D. gave us so fine an account before. Ver. 744.

— And rugged are his Hairs — never was any thing more *insipid*, than this Noble part of the *III. Georgic*, as Mr. D. has given it us; among the rest, he says, *rugged are his Hairs*. *Virgil* says, *his skin grows hard*; which is a very different thing. But it seems, this *Distemper* sublimes the *brutal Nature of the Horse*, so as he comes to groan with *Manly moans*; I suppose, he means *moans of such Men as were Originated from Deucalion's Mother's Bowels*, which I have shown before, must make 'em of a *very soft temper*. Ver. 752.

Which timely taken ope'd his closing Jaws, But if too late, the Patients death did cause. *Virgil's* sence is, that *When this Pestilence first began, a Drench of Wine prov'd very good for the sick Beast*. But the Pest spreading the Disease Ver. 764.

was alter'd, and what had been *Physick* before, now became the *grand incentive* of the *Distemper*, adding *fury* to the *inward flame*; but he thought nothing of giving the *Dose* sooner or later, for that made no difference. I wish too, Mr. D. would give us some application of l 768, 9. *Ye Gods to better Fate good Men dispose, And turn that impious Error on our Foes;* I doubt not, but it will be very diverting.

Ver. 771. *The Steer studious of Tillage, and the crooked Plough* — this too must have come of those *Calves of liberal Education*, mention'd before.

Ver. 774. *The Clown who cursing Providence repines* — Must every one then who's *sad* repine, and curse *Providence*? It becomes a *Republican Atheist* well enough, or one who has lost the *Bays* to do so; but *Virgil's Farmers* had better *Manners*.

Ver. 781. *His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace* — A dull *Nonsensical* way of saying, — *A heavy dulness hangs upon his Eyes.*

Thus have I gone thro *this Ill. Book*, noting a few of almost *numberless Faults* in *English*, in *sence*, in his *Authors meaning*, and in *propriety of Expression*; and can't but wonder that any Man, who could not but be *Conscious* of his own *unfitness* for it, should go to amuze the *learned World* with such an *undertaking*. A Man ought to value his *Reputation* more than his *Money*; and not to hope, that *those*, who can read for themselves, will be impos'd upon, merely by a *Partially*, and *unsensibly celebrated Name*.

to be

BOOK

## BOOK IV. Of the GEORGICS.

**T**His again is one of Mr. D's *labour'd Pieces*, and which, he values himself upon, where, if I meet with *fewer blunders*, I shall be very glad for *his*, and for the *Readers*, and for my *own sake*; for I know but of one thing more *Nauseousto a wise Man*, than to find faults; and that is, to meet with any one who has so many to find. But to the Book it self.

— *Before the busie Shop* — Mr. D. resembles *Ver. 16.* the *Bees-hive* to as many things as the *famous Preacher* did *Meditation*. Here in a few lines it's their *Station*, their *City*, their *place of Trade*, their *Mansion*, their *Shop*, and doubtless, it's resembl'd to many more things afterwards; but with such a *Copia*, as *Virgil* would have been no ways pleas'd with.

— *As the cold Congeals into a lump of liquid* *Ver. 49.* *Gold* — Who'd think this *liquid Gold* were meer *Honey*? Or where's any *Author* whoever call'd it by that Name? *Virgil's* our *Text*, and it's best *keeping to him*.

— *The niceness of their Nose* — false *Grammar* *Ver. 67.* for *Noses*. Such another *incoherent verse* is that, *And doubled Images of voice rebound*. Which, if any one can make *sence* of, with the *precedent*, or *subsequent Lines*, they'll oblige me.

*The winged Nation wanders thro the Skies* — *Ver. 73.* This supposes *Bees* very *high flyers*, which really they are not, and therefore, *Virgil* says nothing like it.

O

— Drunk

Ver. 77.

— Drunk with secret Joy — for *Nescio quā dulcedine lata*; and for *Progeniem nidosque fovent*, the Paraphrase is wonderful; Their young Succession all their cares imploy, They breed, they brood, Instruct and educate, And make Provision for the future State. These Bees then are brought up at the same Academy, where the Calves were in the former Book under Tutor D—n, but I'm afraid, in the issue, they'll prove Anti-Republicans.

Ver. 87.

Then Milfoil beat, and Honey-suckles pound — this is not Virgil's Recipe, and any Country Housewife could have taught him, that Balm and Honey-wort, are the proper Herbs to daub a Hive with, not the Ground to which you'll draw the Swarm; and so our Botanists interpret *Melissophylla* and *Cerinthe*. And mix with tinkling Brass the Cymbal's droning sound — is a very singular way of speaking. Should these have been beaten and pounded too?

F. Ratum de Plan.

Ver. 90.

Straight to their ancient Cells recall'd from air, The reconcil'd Deserters will repair — what a strange Idea has the Translator of the management of Bees? House-wives will tell him, they don't try to reduce the Swarms to the old, but to new Hives. The old stock turn 'em out for want of room, and they put 'em into new Hives to increase 'em; so that I have known an old stock, in a kindly Fear, throw out two good Swarms and a Cast, which makes 'em multiply apace, else the smothering of their Bees, which is easier than driving, would quickly ruin the Bee-Merchant.

With.

*With shouts, the Cowards courage they excite —* Ver. 98.  
 Here Mr. D. enlarges violently, and gives us a glorious Representation of the *Bee-war*, far beyond his *Author*; and yet methinks, *Virgil* talks very handsomely too; but he knew not any thing of the shouting of *Bees*, nor could he distinguish which of the *Bees* were *Foot*, which *Horse*, and which *Dragoons*, nor between the *Light Horse*, and those *heavy Arm'd*; nor had he any notice of an *Order of Knighthood* among 'em, and knew nothing of the *Bannerets*, these have been discoveries of later Ages; and Mr. D. has honour'd us with a very exact account of them. Thus too, he runs riot from ver. 122 to 130, and beyond his *Author's* design, carries on the *Fray* till it's scarce worth while to part 'em. But if one only can reign — What will become of our new Republicans?

*And like their grizly Prince appears his gloomy* Ver. 145.  
*Race* — As if all the rest of the *Bees* were bred by him, which is much to his Honour — But, we may observe, Mr. D. here talks of the *Lawful King*, and some *Usurper*; *Virgil* makes that *Lawful King* meerly *Elective* at the will of the *Bee-Master*, whose Judgment interposing, quite beside any *Right of Succession*, makes a *Lawful*, when a good, and abdicates an ill-look'd, i. e. a bad King; I would not have Mr. D. misapply it, but it gives us a somewhat particular notion of *Legal Royalty*.

Qu. Whether *Falx saligna*, signifies a *Lath-Sword*?

Vir. 215.

*And came to Plums the sourness of the Sloes —*  
This is such a piece of Husbandry and Elegancy, and rises so naturally from Virgil's words, as may be justly admir'd, but is really inimitable; it's a way of meliorating Fruits, by Graffing beyond any Experiments of my Lord Bacon. Nor less valuable is that, *Each has a certain home, a several stall; All is the States, the State provides for all.* Ver. 228. Which favours too much of Republicanism.

Ver. 232.

*Some o'er the Public Magazine preside —* is a Thought so extreamly ridiculous, as none but Mr. D. could have stumbl'd on; nor could any but he, have dreamt of *Bees making use of Narcissus leaves, in building of their Combs.*

Ver. 238.

*Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive —* Virgil says — *Alia, spem gentis, adultos Educunt fatus* — This looks as if it had another meaning; but Ruæus interprets it just as wisely as Mr. D. and both without any reason; when the true sense is, *Some lead out and exercise the young Bees; i. e. that they may know how, and where to feed themselves, to work, and to gather Honey, and Wax against the time they're to set up for themselves.* And this is proper to be done for the *Fætus adulti*, who are *past Nursing*, when call'd by that name; and every Body must know the difference between *Educere* and *Educare*.

Ver. 239.

*— Some Purge the Grout —* I confess my ignorance of what Mr. D. means by that Employment; Virgil forgot it, and I have not Butler by me; but upon this, I find our Translator

flator fell fast asleep, and quite slept those admirable Lines. — *Sunt, quibus ad Pertas cecidit custodia forti; Inque vicem speculantur aquas & nubila Cæli, Aut onera accipiunt venientum* — What if they were thus Translated?

Some by their Lots before the Portal ply,  
Some view the Clouds, and watch the changing Sky,

Unload their weary'd Mates; and jointly strive

From lazy Drones to clear the thrifty Hive.  
But for the Bees being stung with Envy, and therefore, I suppose, working the harder, it's the Genuine Product of Mr. D's own Brain.

*Subdu'd in Fire the Stubborn Metal lies* — Ver. 247. is neither Poetical, nor proper English, nor tele-rable sense; nor does the Translator mend in those. — *Huge flakes of flames expire, With Tongs they turn the Steel and vex it in the Fire.* And when he tells us the Employment of the Elder Bees, he's as ridiculous as possible; but he's beyond measure exact in the Names of Plants and Flowers, which his Author mentions; and those two, *The hollow murmurs of their Evening Bells Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll'em to their Cells* — ver. 276. are Originals.

— *Their modest Appetites, is Grammar; but Their Heroic Mind — Their strength, are false* Ver. 282. English; and to talk of their not using Woman-kind, is absurd; and the rage of Honey, ver. 299. is a Nonsensical Latinism.

Ver. 313. *The King presides, &c.* are all impertinent, and silly *Excursions*, an *affectation* of *fine Thoughts* without reason, and without any Countenance of his *Author*.

Ver. 326. — *And kindles as he goes*—is what I can make no sense of; if it refer to *God*, here made the *Soul of the World*, *He kindles*, must be understood *passively*, for he is *kindled*, and what sense it will have then, I know not; if it refers to *the several parts of the Creation*, it must mean his *influence kindles them in an active sense*, which is an odd way of speaking, and would require a *larger Commentary* than I'm at leisure for; it may be, *this Translation* may express *Virgil's* meaning more clearly.

Such wondrous *Signs*, and *Instances* of old  
Made Men renown'd, for Sacred Wisdom,  
hold

That *Bees* were by *Ethereal Fires* inflam'd,  
And *Portions of th' eternal Essence* claim'd.  
*God* might thro' all the *parts of Nature* move,  
Thro' *Earth and Seas*, and *Heavens* vast *Orbs*  
above;

Hence *Flocks, Herds, Men*, and all the *Savage Crew*,

Their *Lives* from that *Immortal Substance*  
drew;

All when dissolv'd, to *this* return at last, ,  
Not into *nothings* *Inexistence* cast;

But live the *Life of Stars*; are always bright,  
And always beam'd with *indefectible Light*.

Ver. 340. — *When their Quire surveys, The Scorpion*  
*mend his pace* — such *English* as a Man would  
hardly

hardly look for, from a Master of our Language.

*And break the Waxen Walls to save the State—* Ver. 351.  
Virgil says, Take away the empty Combs to prevent Vermin harbouring in 'em. And here he pursues a Metaphor till it grows nauseous.

— Or Wasps infest the Camp — Every Dictionary, I believe, would have satisfied Mr. D. that Crabrones are Hornets, not Wasps.

These four lines, in which, Virgil talks of the care of the Bees to recover their own ruins and losses, Mr. D. absurdly enough, applies to the Bee-Masters; but he writes for the Ladies, not for use.

— And shagged is their Hair — A singular Observation, but which, the Farmer could scarcely have made without a Microscope; and I'm afraid that line, *Their Friends attend the Hearse, the next Relations Mourn* — is all Apocryphal, and as wide from truth and his Text, is the following line.

*With such a Tempest thro the Skies they steer—* Ver. 447.  
is an absurd sence added to the Poet, who makes them appear thick, as a stormy Shower in the Summer; but never thought of their driving like a Tempest, which had been such an Idea of their first rising, as would have been hist at by Augustus and Mæcenas, and the Roman Ladies. And such a form the winged Squadron bear, is applicable to nothing which went before.

*On Peneus banks he stood* — is false measure; it's not Pe-neus with two Syllables, but Pe-ne-us

with three, and the penultima long, as any Poet would have show'd him.

Ver. 459. *The third by him, and then from Heavens high King* — Who could imagine Mr. D. a Denizen of Parnassus, who could not find out the difference between two and three upon his Fingers? Apollo was the Son of Jupiter, by Latona, as Homer shows, Aristæus was the Son of Apollo, by Clymene; therefore but the second from his Heavens high King; but, perhaps, he was thinking of — *A Jove tertius Ajax*, and fancy'd Aristæus a Grecian Commander, which might bring his Thoughts to a dislocation.

Ver. 462. *Why dost thou me, unhappy me, create?* This, I doubt, is the first time that any Mother was said to have Created her Child; I hope Mr. D. may know some difference between Generation and Creation, or his Theology, and Philosophy, must run very low.

Ver. 481. — *And clad in party-colour'd Cloth* — i. e. according to the high mode of our English Ladies; but it was the worst Fashion which could have been thought of, for those who liv'd under water, and could not get from their Lodgings but thro' the Flood. Had Mr. D. here err'd with his Author, he had been excusable; but this was meer whimsie and indefensible. Mr. D. it seems, was better acquainted with these Nymphs than his Author; and therefore has fix'd Characters on them all, or else he took 'em from some, whose Names, if known, would doubtless be very diverting.

But

But *Arethusa leaping from her bed* — is a *Ver. 498.*  
 very new thought, nor could I have believ'd  
 the *Ladies lay spinning a bed*, had not Mr. D.  
 found it out; I think *Knoting* was not quire  
 so ancient, or it had been a more agreeable  
 business for such *lazy Lasses*.

— *His careless Mother* — says Mr. D. — *Tua* *Ver. 504.*  
*maxima cura* — says *Virgil*; both respecting  
 the same *Aristæus*. — *Upraiding Heaven from*  
*whence his Lineage came*, And cruel calls the  
*Gods* — this addition both abuses *Aristæus*, and  
*Virgil*.

— *Conduct him here* — is false English, for *Ver. 510.*  
*Conduct him hither*. *Qu. Whether* — *jubet* — sig-  
 nifies, *She wou'd her hand on either side*.

*He hears the crackling sound of Coral Woods* — *Ver. 521.*  
 is wild enough, and from the *Original* distant  
 enough; but why *Coral Woods*? *Rueus* thinks,  
*Virgil* meant only *Weeds* and *Bul-rushes* grow-  
 ing in the bottoms of *Rivers*. And Mr. D.  
 should have remember'd, he was here disco-  
 vering a *Rivers Head*; now *Coral* is no  
 growth of *Rivers*, but of the *Sea*, and there-  
 fore, was by no means to have been mention-  
 ed here.

*And rub his Temples with fine Towels dry* — *Ver. 542.*  
 is a very smooth verse; but since he was wash'd  
 all over, why were his *Temples* only rub'd dry?  
 It's not intimated in — *Tonsisque ferunt mantilia*  
*villis* — There must be some *Mystery* in it, if  
 a Man could but find it out.

Mr. D. talks of *two Bowls*, and afterwards *Ver. 547.*  
 of *this to the Ocean, this to the Nymphs*, which is  
 all

all stuff; in their *Libations* but one was us'd, and when one, the *Principal*, had sprinkl'd a few drops on the *Altar* or *Table*, and had drunk first, the same *Bowl* went from Hand to Hand, as may be seen in that Feast which *Dido* makes to *Aeneas*.

Ver. 558. She sprinkl'd thrice with Wine the Vestal Fire— is an intolerable *Anachronism*. *Vesta* here signifies, the Fire it self, not the Fire as kept to the honour of that Goddess which was an Institution of *Numa Pompilius*, as we learn both from *Livy*, and *Plutarch*.

Ver. 571. — The wily Wizard — a very civil, and a very sensible Expression of him, whom he calls both a Prophet and a God before. For unconstrain'd he nothing tells for nought, Nor is with Prayers, or Bribes, or Flattery bought, is all Riddle, and past my understanding.

Ver. 595: — Beware to strein his Fetters — is a fine new way of speaking, and worthy of the Inventor.

Ver. 599. With Nectar she her Son anoints — No, it was with *Ambrosia*, *Virgil* says, and there's as much difference between them, as between Meat and Drink, for neither of 'em are like true nappy Ale; which of our two Authors now should be chiefly credited? He breath'd of Heaven, and look above a Man; is bombastick impertinence, in which, it's certain, Mr. D. does not creep servilely after sence, a thing, which he condemn'd long since.

Ver. 605. If any Man or Woman can explain the meaning of those three Verses concerning the Cave of Proteus, where heaps of Billows driven by

by Wind and Tyde, In form of War their watry ranks divide, And there like Centries set (a very Poetical word) without the mouth abide — or can show me how they grow out of Virgil's — *Quo plurima vento Cogitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos*, I shall own my self their most Humble Servant.

Her self involv'd in Clouds precipitates her flight — here Mr. D. very honestly contradicts his Author, who tells us only, that She stood at a distance muffled in a Cloud, indeed, to see the event, which answer'd the Character of a tender Mother. That some Copies read *recessit*, is not to the purpose, and is refuted by the Sequel of the Story, where, Cyrene is at hand to cheer up her Son daunted with Proteus's terrible tale. Mr. D. says indeed, She return'd to comfort him, ver. 769. But Virgil says nothing of returning; nor was Cyrene so great a Goddess, as to have known her Son's condition in a trice, if she had not been near, as appears by her insensibility and slowness to hear him when he came crying, to tell her his misfortunes.

— They rousing spirt the bitter Sea; for Gens *Ver. 622.* *rorem dispersit amarum*; the meanest Pedant in England, would have whipt a Lubber of Twelve for Construing so absurdly; what follows is of the same batch, *Unweildily they wallow, first in Ooze, Then in the shady Covert seek repose.* Whereas, Virgil says, The Sea Calves lay themselves down on the shore; and Navigators say, they chuse the Sun to bask in when they sleep. The rest to 630, are meer Kim Kam. And

Ver. 638. *And wearies all his Miracles of Lyes* — It seems then, they were *Roman Miracles*. *Convinc'd of Conquest*, for *Convinc'd that he was conquer'd*, is a very quaint Phrase.

Ver. 642. — *What madness could Provoke a mortal Man* *t' invade a sleeping God!* Mr. D. tacks this to his *Author*, and with his usual Success; for *Aristæus* was a God too, tho a *Shepherd*, as his *Father* had been; he was as *Honourably descended* as *Proteus* himself, and *invok'd as a God*, by *Virgil*, in the beginning of his *Georgics*.

Ver. 645. *Aristæus's answer is in Virgil so apposite, and lively, in the Translation so dilute and insipid*, that, it's intolerable to Compare 'em; but who would think that *Aristæus* meant his *Bees*, by his *perish'd People*?

Ver. 663. *Qu. Whether Ante Pedes*, signifies, *At her Heels*?

Ver. 667. *The Realms of Mars remurmur'd all around* — What Realms were they?

Ver. 727. After abundance of extravagant additions to his *Author*, to show the *Luxuriancy* of his *vanity*, he adds, — *He prays, he raves, all means in vain, he tries, With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprize, But she return'd no more to bless his longing Eyes* — But, we must remember, it's Mr. D's *Orpheus*, not *Virgil's*, of whom, these things are said,

Ver. 735. — *In the leaky Sculler* — i. e. I suppose, in *Charon's lap*; for the *Boat* is the *Scull*, the *Waterman* who rows, is the *Sculler*, as Mr. D. may learn every day at the *Water-side*.

— *On the leaky Sculler* — i. e. I suppose, in *Charon's lap*; for the *Boat* is the *Scull*, the *Waterman* who rows, is the *Sculler*, as Mr. D. may learn every day at the *Water-side*.

Whoever pleases to read *Virgil's Latine* in *Ver. 742.* this Similitude of the *Nightingale*, with Mr. D's *Version*, will soon be sick of the latter, or else must have a very mean taste of Poetry.

*Alone he tempts the Floods, &c. Virgil, So- Ver. 751.*  
*lus lustrabat — quum bene conveniunt!*

On the glad Earth the Golden Age renews, *Ver. 814.*  
And his great Fathers path to Heaven pursues.  
This is one of Mr. D's Interpolations, and what it means, is not very plain. If by *Augustus's Father*, he means *Julius Caesar*, his *History's* but indifferent; and no body ever pass'd that complement on *Julius Caesar*, That he had restor'd the Golden Age, or had much cultivated the Arts of Peace. *Octavius* did so indeed, but that was not pursuing his Father's way; in short, Mr. D. abuses 'em both, by affixing inconsistent Characters on them, and his Author, by presuming to teach him how to Court his Patrons.

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Thus, Sir, at your Desire, I have gone thro' the *Eclogues* and *Georgics*, as Translated by Mr. D. and have been sufficiently weary'd with the Task; I won't pretend to have been infallible in all my Observations, but as I think, I have rarely charg'd him where he was not guilty; so I can easily satisfy him, or you, that I let many pass, only because they were too thick; and none can pass a Rational Censure on them, who reads not *Virgil's Original*,

ginal, and Mr. D's. and these Remarks together. The *Aeneids* I design not to meddle with, at present, tho the Faults in them, are innumerable, and such as convince me, that Mr. D. either did not, or would not understand his Author. After all, I'm not the Translator's enemy, but a Lover of Virgil for whom, if by showing the Errors of this Translation, I could procure an accurate one, I should think this time well spent. I cannot bear to see the best Poets, either Sacred or Profane, Burlesqu'd, or abus'd; and it's no ill Nature, but Zeal for their Honour, which makes me turn Critic; and I must thank Mr. D. that his Mistakes, have given me an opportunity to dive farther into Virgil's meaning, and to admire his beauties more than I had ever done before. If I have turn'd Mr. D's harsh words sometimes upon himself, he may remember, that besides his Brother Poets, he never spar'd a Clergy-Man, which perhaps, might make the Hands the rougher of

Your Humble Servant.

---

The I. Book of Virgil's Georgics made English.

What makes the richest *Tilth*, beneath  
 what Signs  
 To Plough, and when to match your Elms  
 and Vines?

What

What care with *Flocks* and what with *Herd*s  
agrees,

And all the management of frugal *Bees*,

I sing *Mæcenas*; Ye immensely clear,

Vast Orbs of Light which guide the rolling  
Year;

*Bacchus*, and Mother *Ceres*, if by you

We satning Corn for hungry *Mast* pursue,

If taught by you, we first the *cluster* press,

And *thin cold streams* with *sprightly juice* refreshit.

Ye *Fawns* the present *Numens* of the Field,

*Wood Nymphs* and *Fawns*, your kind assistance  
yield,

Your gifts I sing! And thou, at whose fear'd  
stroke

From rending Earth the fiery *Courser* broke,

Great *Neptune*, O assist my artful Song!

And thou to whom the Woods and Groves  
belong,

Whose *Snowy Heifers* on her flowry Plains

In mighty Herds the *Cæan Isle* maintains!

*Pan*, happy Shepherd, if thy cares Divine,

E'er to improve thy *Menalus* incline;

Leavethy *Lycean Wood* and *Native Grove*,

And with thy lucky smiles our work approve!

Be *Pallas* too, sweet Oils Inventor, kind;

And he, who first the crooked *Plough* design'd!

*Sylvanus*, God of all the Woods appear,

whose Hands a new drawn tender *Cypress*  
bear!

Ye *Gods* and *Goddesses* who e'er with Love,

Would guard our Pastures, and our Fields im-  
prove!

You,

You, who new Plants from unsown Lands  
supply ;

30. And with condensing Clouds obscure the Sky,  
And drop 'em softly thence in fruitfull  
Showers,

Assist my Enterprize, ye gentler Powers !

And thou great *Cæsar* ! Tho we know not  
yet

Among what Gods thou'lt fix thy lofty Seat,  
Whether thou'lt be the kind *Tutelar God*  
Of thy own *Rome* ; or with thy awfull nod,  
Guide the vast *VV*orld, while thy great Hand  
shall bear,

The Fruits and Seasons of the turning Year,  
And thy bright Brows thy Mother's Myrtles  
wear :

40. Whether thou'lt all the boundless Ocean sway,  
And Sea-men only to thy self shall pray,  
*Thule*, the Farthest Island kneel to thee,  
And, that thou may'lt her Son by Marriage be,  
*Tethys* will for the happy Purchase yield  
To make a *Dowry* of her watry Field ;  
Whether thou'lt add to Heaven a brighter Sign,  
And o'er the *Summer Months* serenely shine ;  
Where between *Cancer* and *Erigone*,  
There yet remains a spacious *Room* for thee.

50. Where the hot *Scorpion* too his Arms declines,  
And more to thee than half his *Arch* resigns ;  
What e'er thou'lt be ; for sure the Realms  
below

No just pretence to thy Command can show :  
No such Ambition sways thy vast desires,  
Tho *Greece* her own *Elysian Fields* admires.

And

And now at last, contented *Proserpine*  
Can all her Mother's earnest Prayers decline.  
What e'er thou'lt be, O, guide our gentle  
course,

And with thy similes our bold attempts en-  
force ;

With meth' unknowing *Rustics* wants relieve,  
And tho on Earth our sacred vows receive !

60.

In early Spring, when first the melting Snow  
Begins from Mountains hoary tops to flow,  
And western Gales dissolve the Frozen Soil,  
Then let my Bullocks first begin their toil.

Groan at the weighty Plough, and make the  
Share

VVith constant work a chearful brightness  
wear !

That Soil must gratifie the greediest Swains,  
VVhich *Summer* twice, and *Winter* twice su-  
stains.

Ground turn'd so much, with heavy Crops  
defies

70.

Barns narrow walls, and in huge Stacks must  
rise.

But e'er the Plough a Field unpractis'd tries,  
First let's observe, beneath what VVinds it lies,  
VVhat Air it's in, hot, dry, or moist, or cold,  
It's former Crops, and how Manur'd of old,  
VVhat Fruit the Land will bear, and what re-  
fuse,

Some better Grain, some nobler Vines pro-  
duce ;

Some are for Fruits, and native Pastures best :

Hence *Timolus* is with fragrant *Saffron* blest.

P

India

80. *India* with *Ivory*, the *V*World supplies,  
*V*Which *Incense* from the soft *Sabaean* buys ;  
 In *Steel* for Trade the hot *Sinopian* toils ;  
 And *Pontus* sells the fatid *Beavers* spoils ;  
*Epirus* is for fleetest *Mares* renown'd,  
 Oft with the fam'd *Olympic* *Garlands* crown'd.  
 Nature of old these lasting *Sanctions* made,  
 And certain *Tasks* on certain *Countries* laid,  
 E'er since *Deucalion* stones behind him threw,  
 And made *Man's stubborn Race* the *V*World re-  
 new.
90. Go to then streight, and at the *Years* first  
 Hand,  
 Let sturdy *Oxen* turn the fruitfull *Land* ;  
 And let the dusty *Summers* *Sun* digest  
 The sloping *Turf* with inward fatness blest.  
 But if the *Soil* be poor when *Charles's Wain*  
 In *Autumn* rises, let the wary *Swain*  
 The *Land* with shallow *Furrows* sleightly  
 Plow  
 Here lest a *Crop* of baneful *Weeds* should grow,  
 And choke the *Corn*, there lest the moisture  
 drein'd,  
 A scorching *Drought* should burn the barren  
 Sand.
100. Sometimes a new reap'd *Field* recovers  
 best  
 When left unplow'd each other *Year* to rest ;  
 Else, when the *Sign* is chang'd sow *Broad-Corn*  
 there,  
 Where *Pulse* had flourish'd the preceding *Year*,  
 Where the thin *Vetch*, and bitter *Lupines* grew,  
 The stalks Plow'd in the mellow'd *Soil* re-  
 new.

So oft the Noblest Crops of *Wheat* we find,  
Where those dry Husks stood rattling in the  
wind.

But hungry *Flax*, and *Oats* exhaust the Field,  
And Poppies, which forgetful Slumbers yield.  
Yet still that cure's the easiest, and the best,  
To leave the Ground each other Year at rest.

110.

Rich fatning *Dung* on Glebe half spent be-  
flow,

And Mossy Lands with Sooty Ashes sow.

It's oft prov'd good the barren Fields to fire,  
Where Haum and Leaves, and crackling Flames  
conspire ;

Whether their inward warmth the ground  
relieves,

And fatning Food, and secret vigour gives ;

Or flames against the barren parts prevail,

And off the useless moisture quite exhale ;

Or finds new ways, and clears exhausted Pores,

120.

And freer Sap to springing Plants restores ;

Or bakes the Glebe, and stops it's gaping Veins

Against th' untimely flows of soaking Rains ;

Or to secure it from the fierce extreams

Of *Winters* cold, or *Summers* furious Beams.

He too improves his new laid Lands who  
breaks

The tough unbearing Clods with sturdy *Rakes*,

Then lays 'em smooth with weighty twisted

Thorns.

Kind *Ceres* too, his pains with wealth adorns,

Who, where the *Leys* are low, cross Plows the

130.

Lands,

And stirs 'em oft, and every Clod commands.

## The I. Book of the Georgics

Such careful Tillage makes the *Myrians* boast,  
Their wondrous Crops, when on the *Phrygian*  
Coast,

Fair *Ida* her astonish'd Brows can raise,  
When she the monstrous growth beneath fur-  
veys.

I'll pass those by, who, when they're new-  
ly sown,

Streight Harrow all the crumbling Ridges  
down;

Then all the Plains from Neighbouring Rivers  
flow;

When all for want of moisture languid grow.

140. Or from some higher Grounds by gentle  
dreins,

Draw down embody'd Waters o'er the Plains;

Which o'er the Stones their chiding mur-  
murs yield,

And cool the thirst of all the neighbouring  
Field.

What should I mention those who, when  
the blade

Makes all the *Leys* diffuse an even shade,

Left too too weighty Ears the stalk should  
crown,

Let in their Sheep and feed the rankness down.

Or when the glutted Fields have drunk at  
large,

With double Plows th' excessive wets dis-  
charge;

150. Chiefly in Vernal Months, when every Flood  
Breaks o'er it's Banks, and spreads the Fields  
with mud;

And

Made English.

213

And every swamp a standing Water shews,  
And moisture warm, and noxious vapour  
spues.

Thus when the busie Men and Oxen toil  
To turn, and manage, and improve the Soil.  
Sometimes th' improving Soil, of hurt com-  
plains,

By greedy Wild-Geese, and destructive Cranes,  
And from wild Chichory, whose noxious  
shade,

And bitter Roots the forward Crops invade.

Great Jove himself first clog'd our Lives with 160.  
Pains,

Taught Tillage, and repaid our Art with gains.

He wherted Humane Wits with studious care;

Nor would his Reign a lazy temper bear;

Before his Government no careful Swains

Plow'd up the Field, or measur'd o'er the  
Plains,

No Balks, no Mounds the proper Owners  
show'd,

But all in Common, Golden Plenty flow'd.

What from unwounded Earth by Nature  
sprung

Into their Arms a blest abundance flung.

Jove made the gloomy Serpents poisonous  
grow,

Wolves ravenous, and Storms at Sea to blow. 170.

No more the sweets from dropping Branches  
flow'd,

No more the flames at wholsom distance  
glow'd,

- No Rivers now with native Nectar swell'd,  
 But all their Lives by sleights and practice held.  
 For new Inventions now their thoughts they  
 strein'd,  
 And Art by slow degrees perfection gain'd.  
 He made them get their Bread with restless  
 pains,  
 And force their fire from flints obscurer veins.  
 Then hollow'd Trees the Rivers wondring  
 bore,  
 180. And Sea-men first presum'd to quit the shore,  
 The Stars in various Constellations threw,  
 And all their names, and all their numbers  
 knew.  
 And could fit times for Voyages declare  
 From Pleiad's, Hyad's, and the Northern Bear.  
 Bird-lime and Springes, then for Birds were  
 found.  
 And Hounds to draw the spacious Forests  
 round.  
 With jagged Spears the largest Brooks they  
 try'd,  
 And let long Nets drive down the briny Tide.  
 Beside the Wedge, they'd thro' the Timber  
 draw  
 190. The well edg'd Ax, and plated ringing Saw.  
 Then various Arts in various ways appear'd,  
 And want extream, which nothing sharper  
 fear'd,  
 With indefatigable pains renew'd,  
 Forc'd every bar, and every stop subdu'd.  
 When

When common Trees, and sacred Groves  
deny'd

Their Mast, and Jove's blest Oaks no more  
supply'd.

Kind Ceres first the Share and Coulter show'd,  
And Men by her Divine Instruction Plow'd;

Yet troubles soon attack'd their labours there,  
And Bire, and Mill-Dew blackt the weightless

Ear.  
Now the wild Teazle starves our hopeful Fields,  
Thistles and Thorns, the richest surface yields,

And where a Golden Crop had rarely fail'd,  
There Darnel soon, and barren Oats prevail'd.

And now, unless with restless Rakes and Hoes,  
You Brakes and Briars, and springing Weeds

oppose,  
Shout off the Birds, and lop the shady rows,

Till the free Air thro every quarter flows,  
And beg, and pray for seasonable Rain;

You'll look on others rising Stacks in vain ;  
In vain you'll envy their Industrious Care,

And must to Woods again for wretched Mast  
repair.

Now will we teach the Tools which Far-  
mers need

When e'er they'd House their Crops, or sow  
their Seed ;

A Plough-Share, Coulter, and a weighty Beam,  
A slow-paced Cart, and Gears to fix the Team,

Such Ceres kind, once taught her Host to make,  
The Sledge, the Tumbrel, and the weighty

Rake,

And if you'd be for Husbandry renown'd,

220. Tools yet more mean must in your Yards be found,

Implements of the pliant Oser made,  
Sieves, Riddles, Fans with turning Canvas  
made,

Or on the Knees of toying Threshers play'd.  
Now search the Woods some crooked Elm to find,

Or for a Plough-Beam force it to your mind,  
Give it Eight Foot in length, and double Ears  
Of Iron tooth'd, to fix the toiling Steers.

Then some fair Beech, or Teil in season fell,  
Which for a lightsome Yoke, and Staff excell.

230. And for a Plough-Stail take a smoke-dry'd Oak,  
To check the Wheels, and guide the Coulters  
stroke.

Here, could I many ancient Rules declare,  
Unless you scorn the Countries meaner care.  
To make your Barn a solid Floor assume,  
Forge Dust and common Earth, and binding  
Loom,

Temper and mix 'em well, till firmer grown,  
You roll 'em level with a pondrous Stone.

Then won't it crumble, nor the creeping weed,  
Nor other Pests of Corn about it breed;

240. Else Mice in it, and Rats will build their Nests,  
And plenty fill the little proggings Beasts.  
There dark Ey'd Moles will cast, and loath-  
some Toads

Lurk in their holes, and Vermin swarm by loads.  
Weevils the largest heaps of Grain infest,  
And Ants with fears of future wants possess.

Then

Then watch the time when budding Almonds  
show,

And tender Twigs with fragrant Blossoms  
bow.

If thick the Fruit, and thin the Leaves appear,

'Twill prove a sultry, but a plenteous Year;

But if the Leaves above the Fruit abound,

The Sheaves will be but lank, and empty found.

I've seen the subtle Farmer, wisely sure,

His Seed with Lees of Oil, and Nitre cure:

That Art your Seed in weight and bulk improves,

And all the Vermin of the Field removes;

But when it's nicely cull'd, and plump, and fair,

And steep'd, and warm'd with all his utmost

care.

'Twill soon degenerate, till with Art renew'd,

Cull'd o'er, and still with double care pursu'd.

Thus all things suffer in their fatal course,

Change every day, and every day grow worse.

So when a Man with restless toils and pains,

Rows up the Stream, and ground but slowly

gains;

If he but slacks his Arms a while, he's gone,

And in the rapid Stream is hurry'd head-long

down.

Besides, the Farmer with a curious Eye,

Should watch the various motions of the Sky;

On *Charles's Wain* his Observations make,

And on the rising Kids, and glittering

Snake,

As those who venture on a stormy Sea,

And near *Abydos* take their dangerous way.

When

- When *Libra* balances the Day with Night,  
 And parts the Globe with equal shades and  
 light,  
 Then Yoke your Oxen, Swains, your Barly sow,  
 Till Winter's cold extream, and churlish grow.  
 Then Harrow in your Flax and Poppy-seed,  
 And ply your busie Ploughs with early speed.  
 Sow Beans in Spring, and in a mellow Soil,  
 Clover and Millet ask your Annual toil.  
 When first bright *Taurus's* Golden Horns ap-  
 280. pear,  
 And letting *Sirius*, shows the rising Year.  
 But if with Ryes and Wheats, you'll sow the  
 Field,  
 And none but Grains which solid substance  
 yield.  
 First let the *Pleiades* a Mornings set,  
 And the bright Crown before the Sun retreat  
 Before you sow, or trust the Field Manur'd,  
 With all those hopes your yearly toils ensur'd.  
 Some can't indeed, for the right season stay,  
 Whose greedy hopes as wretched Crops repay.  
 But if you'd common Tares or Vetches sow,  
 290. Or any pains on *Egypt's* Pulse bestow,  
*Bootes* let the proper season shows,  
 And the wise Swain from thence, to middle-  
 Winter sows.  
 The Times and Seasons that we thus might  
 know,  
 The Sphere by certain Lines is parted so,  
 That thro' Twelve Heavenly Signs the Golden  
 Sun  
 Might Yearly with commanding Influence run.  
 Five

Five Climates the superiour Skies divide,  
 One with eternal heats and scorchings fry'd,  
 From which the two extrems on either Hand,  
 Horrid with Ice, and gloomy Tempests stand.  
 The Two between *Joves* condescending Grace  
 Made Habitable for our Mortal Race;  
 Thro' them the *Zodiack* cuts its Oblique way,  
 Whence Twelve bright Signs the lower World  
 survey.

300.

And since to us the *Scythian* Mountains rise,  
 Beneath our feet the Southern Circle lies;  
 O'er us the Freezing Constellations roll,  
 And our Horizon views the Northern Pole.  
 The Southern sinks to those dark deeps below  
 Where Ghosts reside and Strygian waters flow.  
 O'er us the monstrous winding Serpent glides,  
 And like some Flood the neighbouring Bears  
 divides.

310.

The Bears by jealous *Juno's* fury scar'd,  
 And from the cooling Oceans waves debar'd.  
 Some think there Reigns impenetrable Night,  
 And Clouds repell the smallest Gleams of light.  
 Or that with us when chearful Light decays,  
 There *Phosphorus* his Morning Beams displays;

And the gay Sun's hot Car that Hemisphere  
 surveys.

320.

Hence, we before the various seasons know,  
 And when to Reap the Fields, and when to Sow.  
 When with our nimble Boats at Sea to ply, (fly,  
 Where Warlike Fleets with Canvas Wings may  
 When Timber may be kindly fell'd, and be  
 From Sap, and penetrating Vermin free.

Nor

*The I. Book of the Georgics*

Nor do we watch the moving Signs in vain  
 How they alike thro' all the Quarters Reign.  
 When Frost and Storm the bulie Swain con-  
 fines,

330. He then at leifure various Works defigns ;  
 At leifure ends, which in a clearer Sky  
 He'd hurry o'er, or too confus'dly ply.  
 One Plates anew, or files his blunted Shares,  
 Or for his Cattel hollow Troughs prepares,  
 Brands them, or Figures out his Sacks for Corn,  
 Another sharpens Stakes, or Forks if worn ;  
 Makes ready Twigs with which his Vines he  
 binds,  
 Or nimble Skeps with pliant Ofiers winds.  
 Then's time to grind your Corn, your Batch to  
 bake ;

340. Some Liberties on Holy-days we take ;  
 Some work, all Laws of Gods and Men permit  
 On those great Days; no wife Religion yet  
 Forbad the Boor his flooded Fields to drein,  
 Or mend his Fences to secure his Grain.  
 To burn the Thorns, or greedy Birds t' allure,  
 Or sickly Sheep in wholsom Streams to cure.  
 Oft too he drives his slow-pac'd As to Town  
 With Oil, or mellow Apples loaded down ;  
 Which, there he trucks for necessary things,  
 350. And Pitch, and Rosin home, and Mill-stones  
 brings.

The Silver Moon too with her powerful Rays  
 Marks out th' unlucky, and auspicious Days,  
 On her Fifth Day ne'er stir the Fruitful Earth,  
 Then Hell and Hellish Furies took their Birth.

On

On that curst Day Earth with a hideous roar  
*Cæus, Briareus, and Typhoeus* bore.  
 At Heavens bright Realms the Brother mon-  
 sters flew,  
 And *Ossa* thrice on staggering *Pelion* threw,  
 Thrice huge *Olympus* from the Centre torn,  
 Was to the top of groaning *Ossa* born. 360.  
 Thrice angry *Jove* impetuous Lightnings  
 hurl'd,  
 Rush'd down the three-pil'd Hills, and save the  
 Starry World.  
 Next to the Tenth the Seventh's a Lucky Day,  
 To prove your Bullocks, and your Vines to lay;  
 Or warp your Pieces; on the Ninth you'll be  
 Safe in your Journeys, and from Padders free:  
 Some Business in the Night may best be done,  
 Or e'er the Dawn leads up the rising Sun:  
 Night's best to Cut your Haum, your Meads  
 to Mow,  
 While to the Scythe the dewy Vapours flow. 370.  
 I'th' Chimney Corner one a Winter Night  
 Makes Matches, while his Wife with Songs  
 delights  
 His Ears, and makes the chearful hours con-  
 sume,  
 Or with her nimble Shuttle plies the Loom.  
 Else he boils up his Must with gentle Fire,  
 And makes superfluous Particles retire;  
 And ever as the rising scum appears,  
 He with a Bough the foaming Copper clears:  
 But Mid-days heat best reaps the burden'd  
 Fields,  
 And Mid-days heat the fairest Flooring yields. 380.  
 Sow

## The I. Book of the Georgics

Sow then, and Plow when the kind season's warm,

And tho you strip to work you'll catch no harm.

But be some Rest in lazy Winter gains,  
And reaps the Fruits of all his former pains.

From House to House the jolly Farmers feast,  
With easie Thoughts, and honest plenty blest.  
As Sea-men when their Ships have made their Port,

Put out their Waist-cloaths and dissolve in sport.  
Yet then beat Acorns down, your Olives clear,

390. Get what your Bays, and Purple Myrtles bear.  
When Earth lies cover'd o'er with driving Snow,  
And Rivers scarce beneath their Ice can flow.  
The Swain for greedy Cranes his Springs sets,  
And for the Stag extends his Toils and Nets;  
Or traces to their Fawns the listning Hares,  
Or else his *Balearian* sling prepares.

With mighty force he whirls it round his Head,

And strikes the game with glowing Bullets dead.  
What should I sing, what Constellations  
Reign,

400. What Storms in Autumn sweep along the Plain?  
The Farmers work when days in length decline  
And Summer Beams with fainter Furies shine,  
Or when wet Spring rolls hurrying towards  
an end,

And bearded Ears o'er all the Fields ascend,  
And Milky Grains the swelling Husks extend?  
Oft have I seen the gathering Vapours jarr,  
And full grown Winds commence a fatal War,  
Then.

Then when the Reapers ply'd the Golden Field,  
 And Mowers made the crackling Barlies yield.  
 I've seen the storm tear up the standing Corn, 410.  
 The weighty heaps on rapid Whirl-winds born,  
 And Stalks, and Ears like horrid Tempests fly,  
 Spread far and wide, and darken all the Sky.  
 Oft have I seen prodigious Spouts ascend,  
 And gathering Clouds their heavy Wings extend,  
 Till Heaven all black with gloomy Tempests  
 grown,  
 Seas thro' the Air at once rush tumbling down,  
 Drench'd all the chearful Harvest, drown'd  
 the Field,  
 The sinny Dikes, and low sunk Rivers fill'd,  
 Till the swell'd Waters o'er their Bounders  
 flow'd, (glow'd,  
 And Seas, enrag'd with foaming Whirl-winds, 420.  
 Nay, *Jove* himself, in that unnatural Night  
 With ruddy Bolts enhaunc'd the dismal fright.  
 Shock'd the wide World, with hideous Thunders  
 roar,  
 Till Savage Forests Herds could bear no more,  
 In Humane hearts dejecting Terrors reign'd,  
 While *bestern* Lightnings with a fatal Hand  
 At *Rhodope*, and lofty *Athos* hurl'd,  
 And flames around the glowing Mountains  
 whirl'd;  
 And pouring Rains and Storms embodied more,  
 Made the Woods reel, and dash'd the founding 430.  
 shore. (Signs,  
 For fear of this, observe the Months and  
 Which way old *Saturn's* frigid Orb inclines.  
 See

- See in what secret Roads bright *Mercury*, (Sky.  
 Northward or Southward wanders thro the  
 But above all, the bounteous Gods adore  
 Thy Tith once past, of all thy Yearly store  
 A chearful Sacrifice to *Ceres* bring,  
 When sinking Winter greets the rising Spring,  
 When fatted Calves, and racy Wines delight,  
 440. And shady Hills to wholsom sleeps invite,  
 Then let the merry Youth to *Ceres* bow,  
 And with thy self, to her their service vow.  
 New Wines with Milk and Honey Sacrifice,  
 And let your Prayers before her Altars rise.  
 Lead then the Consecrated *Heifer* round,  
 Thrice let her trace the pious *Farmer's* Ground.  
 Let all the jolly *Lads* her steps attend,  
 And that she may with happy smiles descend.  
 To humble Cells let all the Jovial Crew  
 450. The Goddess with her loudest Prayers pursue,  
 Nor let the Sickle touch the ripen'd Corn  
 Till all the Swains with Oaken Wreaths adorn  
 Their chearful Brows, and in an Antick Dance,  
 Her mighty Name with sacred *Hymns* advance.  
 And, that we might by certain *Signs* descry  
 Heats, Rains, and e'ry Wind which rakes the  
 Sky. (creed,  
 Great *Jove* himself, the changing *Moons* de-  
 To show what Weather every Month should  
 breed, (the Swain  
 What *Signs* rais'd Southern storms, and when  
 460. Should near their Stalls his grazing Herds retain.  
 When *Storms* are brewing from an unseen  
 cause,  
 A *Billow* breaks at Sea with mighty flaws.

The

The lofty Hills with crackling noises found,  
And rising Murmurs roll the Forests round,  
And hollow groans from distant Cliffs rebound.

The Ship may then expect an angry Sky,  
When off from Sea the *Gulls* directly fly,  
And with a suddain Clamour stretch to shore,  
And *Fen-ducks* wanton all the Meadows o'er;  
Or when the *Hern* his watry haunt forsakes, 470.  
And o'er some Cloud his Airy Passage makes.  
Off you may see before a Storm can rise  
Bright *Star-like Meteors* shoot along the Skies,  
And where they pass thro shades of darksome  
Night,

A glittering Tract drawn out of Silver light.  
See Chaff, or Leaves as nimbly whisking round,  
And stillest Lakes with floating Feathers  
crown'd.

But if a Northern dreadful Tempest roars,  
Or East, or Western Gusts assault the Shores;  
High Flouds o'er all the Country Banks prevail, 480.  
The cautious Sea-Man furls the dripping Sail.  
Nor yet can sudden *Flaws* the Swain surprize,  
Who reads *Prognostics* with attentive Eyes;  
If he'll observe the soaring *Crane* aspire,  
And from the Vale, before the Storm, retire.  
He'll oft the *Bullocks* spacious Nostrils find  
Toss'd toward the Skys, and snuffing up the  
Wind.

He'll see the prating *Swallow* skim the Lake,  
Or croaking *Frogs* their old complainings make;  
The busie *Ants* their ancient Lodgments fly, 490.  
Drag out their Eggs, and narrow Tracts apply.

Vast *Bows* suck up the Rain, and noisy *Crows*  
 Scar'd early home, a threatening Change disclose.  
 The Fowls which haunt the Seas, and those  
 which near

*Caister's* Banks and Marshy Pools appear,  
 Dip down their Heads, and toss the wavy Dew  
 High o'er their Shoulders, and their Mates  
 pursue.

Run back and forward, and with Gesture gay  
 Wash wildly, and along the Waters play.

500. The boding *Coughs* aloud the Rains implore,  
 And stately stalk along the Sandy shore.

Thus too, the merry *Maid*s who Nightly spin  
 Their carded Wools, can see the change begin,  
 While from their Lamps the glittering sparkles  
 rise,

And round the Wick a footy Capping lies.

By Signs as sure, the cunning Swain descrys  
*Fair Weather* breaking thro the louring Skys.

Then all the Stars shoot out with brisker gleams,  
 And the bright Moon returns her Brother's  
 Beams

510. With sharper Horns ; no fleecy Clouds appear  
 Aloft, no *Halcyons*, to the Ocean dear,

Bask with their open Wings along the shore,  
 And nasty *Swine* their Litter toss no more ;

But Fogs descend, and belly toward the Plain,  
 And when the *Sun* sinks down beneath the Main,  
 From some lone Turrets melancholic height  
*Owles* hallow shrilly thro the silent Night.

The royal *Hobby* cuts the liquid Air,  
 And the poor *Lark* still rues the Purple hair ;  
 Where

Where e'er the wretched *Lark* for shelter flies,  
 Her cruel *Sire* pursues her thro' the Skies,  
 Where e'er the cruel *Hobby* cuts the Skies,  
 Away the trembling *Lark* for shelter flies.  
 Then oft the *Raven* with a hollow noise  
 More deep than usual, streins his croaking voice  
 They meet in Flocks with uncouth blithness  
 gay,

520

Hop thro the fluttering Leaves, and loosely play,  
 And to their dear lov'd Nests, and young at last  
 Return before the driving Storms are past.

Not that I think they're blest with Nobler  
 Sense,

530.

Or know more nicely what the Fates disperse.  
 But when the Weather, and the various Air  
 Their tempers change, and what before was *rare*,  
*Condens'd* appears beneath a Cloudy Sky,  
 Or *Dense* grows *rarer* when the Season's dry;  
 They with the changing Weather change  
 their Sense,

And flying Clouds their Bosoms influence.  
 Hence thro the Fields we hear the chearful  
 Quire, (admire.

The joyous *Ravens* croakes, the Cattels freaks

If from the rapid *Sun* your Rules you'll rake,

Or from the *Moons* sequacious Circles make;

540.

To morrows *Grey* will ne'er delude your sight,

Nor the false Calmness of the sliding Night.

When first the *Moon's* declining Beams renew,

If then her *Horns* obscure, and gloomy shew,

Thick weighty Clouds are gathering in the  
 Wind,

And all's to wet by Sea and Land inclin'd.

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But if her Cheeks a Virgin blush diffuse,  
Winds, stormy Winds the blushing *Moon* fore-  
shews.

550. If four days old she brightly mounts the Skies,  
The Farmer thence unfailing Signs descrys.  
If bright and sharp her Silver Horns appear,  
That, and the following Days will all be clear.  
No Winds, no heavy Rains will clog the Sky,  
But the expiring *Months* serenely die.  
Then *Sailors* safe a shore, their Vows shall pay,  
And *Offerings* on the sacred Altars lay,  
To *Panope* their grateful Sacrifice,  
To *Glaucus* and to kind *Palæmon* rise.

560. Observe the *Sun* too, watch his rising Signs,  
And how he toward his watry Couch declines.  
The *Sun's* Prognostics all are plain and clear,  
Both when he mounts, and when the Stars ap-  
pear ;

If with a spotted *Limb* he climbs the Skies,  
Or *Masques* in Clouds, or half his Beams denies,  
Then look for Showers and for a Southern wind,  
To Plants and Herds a moist unwholsom kind.  
If when he rises first his languid Beams  
Break thro the gather'd Clouds with watry  
Gleams.

570. Or if the *Morning* leaves her Saffron Bed,  
Her faded Cheeks with deadly paleness spread,  
What ratling storms of Hail their looks attend?  
What Leaves can then their tender Grapes de-  
fend ?

Your Observations yet are surer far  
When down Heavens steep he drives his burn-  
ing Carr ;

His

His Brows oft change then with a various hue,  
And Winds his Red, and Rains his Black pursue.  
If gloomy spots mix with his ruddy Flame,  
All mighty Winds, and mighty Rains proclaim.  
With such a Sky I'd never quit the shore,  
Be drill'd to Sea, or once my Boat unmoore.

580.

But if his *Rise* unclouded Beams display,  
And with unclouded Beams he close the Day,  
Fear neither Rains nor Winds, the North then  
moves,

Drives off the Clouds, and ruffles thro the Groves  
In short, the *Farmer* by the *Sun* may know  
Whence Clouds will rise, or gentle Gales  
will blow,

What Storm the Watry South designs to bring,  
What Weather from the falling Night may  
spring,

590.

For who'd with false *Prognostics* charge the *Sun*?  
He warns us off of Mischiefs scarce begun;  
Foreshows blind *Insurrections*, unfledg'd *Farrs*,  
Fermenting *Treacheries*, and brooding *Wars*.

He pity'd *Rome* when murder'd *Cæsar* dy'd,  
And to the World his chearful Beams deny'd,  
Behind a gloomy Scurf obscur'd his light,  
And Godless Men fear'd an Eternal Night.

'Twas then the Time when Seas, and Air, and  
Earth,

Contriv'd to give prodigious Monsters birth.  
Dark Heaven on that Inhumane Action scowl'd,  
And *Dogs* obscene in every Quarter howl'd;  
Ill-boding *Schriech-Owls* with their ominous  
Notes,

600.

Scream'd thro the Day, and stretch'd their fate-  
full Throats.

Hot

- Hot ~~Erna~~ burst his fiery bounds below,  
 And made *Sicilia's* Fields with Sulphur glow,  
 Made melted Rocks in livid Torrents roll,  
 And shot vast fiery Globes against the Pole.  
 Th' affrighted *German's* heard the dismal sound  
 Of clanking Arms which march'd the *Welkin*  
 round. (reel'd,  
 610. The Snowy *Alps* with uncouth tremblings  
 And silent Groves prodigious voices fill'd.  
 Pale meager *Ghosts* broke from the rending  
 Tomb,  
 And glaring stalk thro' Nights obscurer gloom.  
 Brutes (horrid strange!) with Humane Lan-  
 guage spoke, (broke.  
 And staggering Earth her shattered Surface  
 Swift Brooks a passage to their Streams deny'd,  
 And quite forgot the Seas attending Tide;  
 Big with their Tears the sacred Marbles stood,  
 And sweating Statues dropt a Sanguine Flood.  
 620. Po, Prince of Streams, with uncouth madness  
 swell'd, (fell'd,  
 Bore down the Groves, and Forests headlong  
 At once drown'd all the Fields, and Herds and  
 Stalls,  
 Hurry'd with violent fury to his dreadfull falls.  
 Beasts *Livers* all with boding Lines were Vein'd,  
 And bloody Springs their Streams with Gore  
 distain'd. (sounds,  
 Th' unpeopled Streets were fill'd with hideous  
 And howling *Wolves* there took their Mid-  
 night rounds.  
*Lightnings* n'ere shot so thick from Cloudless  
 Skies,  
 Nor such portentous *Comets* plagu'd our Eyes  
 Phi-

Philippi then a griev'd Spectator stood, (Blood. 630.  
And saw her Fields o'erflow'd with streams of  
While Roman Troops in War with Romans clos'd,  
And Friends their Friends with equal Arms  
oppos'd. (once more

Heaven angry, thought it worth it's while  
To enrich the barren soils with Roman Gore.  
To glut the wide Pbarsalian Fields around,  
And the large Plains by lofty Hemus crown'd.  
The time shall come, when as the toiling Swains  
With crooked Plows shall furrow up the Plains.  
They'll find our Spears with eating Rust con- 640.  
sum'd,

And hollow Helmets long in Earth inhum'd,  
And Pigmy Heirs shall with amazement see  
The mighty Bones of their Gigantic Ancestry.

Ye kindred Gods who o'er great Rome preside,  
Quirinus too to all the Gods ally'd !

And Mother Vesta, whose protecting Hand  
Makes Tiber flow, and Rome triumphant stand.  
O let this one, this gallant Youth remain,  
And the vast ruines of the World sustain !  
Enough of Blood for Perjuries we've paid 650.  
To Woes by false Laomedon betray'd.

To us the Gods, Great Caesar ! envy thee,  
And all thy Triumphs here with Envy see,  
They grudge to see a wretched Age, oppress'd  
With Lawless Guilt, by such a Guardian blest.  
For all our lower World's involv'd in Blood,  
And horrid Sins with impious Art pursu'd.  
The Plough lies rusting by, the Soldiers scorn,  
The Fields uncultivated, wild, forlorn. (make,  
New Swords of Scyth's, the Martial Farmers 660.  
And arm'd, their desolated Lands forsake. (En-

Explodes sounds with marching Troops from  
 far,  
 And nearer Germany renews the War.  
 All Leagues are broke, and Civil Wars divide  
 Cities by all the nearest Bonds ally'd.  
 We see *this* All in dire confusions hurl'd,  
 And Tyrant *Mars* rage thro an Impious World,  
 The fiery *Courfers* rushing from the Stand  
 Fly out, and scorn the Charioteers command.  
 In vain he draws the Bit, along the Plains  
 The head-strong Horses scour, and scorn the  
 .030 founding Reins.

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## F I N I S.

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## E R R A T A.

**P**AGE 6. line 20. for read, p. 7. l. 15. after *David*  
*des* ? l. 22. after *his* d ? p. 8. l. 1. d. the l. 19. af-  
 ter for, . p. 19. r. *ruiner*. p. 13. l. 6. r. *Sim's* p. 15. l.  
 25. after *say*, add *is*. p. 20. l. 13. r. *enrag*. l. 18. r.  
*subinelligitur*. p. 21. l. 21. r. *Racer*. p. 23. l. 23. r.  
*Cassius*. p. 28. l. 35. r. *Truans*. p. 38. l. 24. r. *abuser*.  
 p. 54. l. ult. r. *Piper*. p. 63. l. 13. r. *Gallans*. p. 101. l.  
 17. r. *Angus*. l. 12. r. d. good. p. 111. l. 13. r. *The*. l.  
 16. f. *ma* d, r. *quo* d. p. 113. l. 17. f. *weid*, r. *sand*.  
 p. 125. l. 15. r. *horus*. p. 134. l. 14. f. *casi*, r. *corp*. p.  
 139. l. 1. af. *math*, r. *surpic* d. p. 188. l. 30. f. *Heath*,  
 r. *Heath*. p. 219. l. 31. r. *Whm*. p. 221. l. 10. r.  
*low*.

Many more Errors in the Pointing, the Reader will  
 observe, and Correct himself.

